m, no. c
2,00. } 2 vs

DUKE
UNIVERSITY
LIBRARY

Treasure Room

THE

FRIEND OF YOUTH.

TRANSLATED FROM THE

FRENCH OF M. BERQUIN;

COMPLETE

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

NEWBURYPORT:

PRINTED BY JOHN MYCALL, FOR THE PROPRIETOR OF THE BOSTON BOOK-STORE, N° 59, CORNHILL, BOSTON.

CONTENTS

TO THE

SECOND VOLUME.

	Page
NARRATIVE of a Shipwreck —	5
Letter from Julia Montague to Emily Beaumont — —	78
Letter from Emily Beaumont to Julia Montague — —	81
The Honeſt Farmer — —	91
Anthony and his Dog — —	194
The firſt Trial of Courage —	205
Little Grandiſon — —	212
———, Part II. —	269

THE FRIEND OF YOUTH.

NARRATIVE OF A SHIPWRECK.

ON the 17th of November, 1780, I embarked on board the St. Lawrence brigantine, then lying in the baſon of Quebec, and bound to New-York, being charged with diſpatches from General Haldimand, commander in chief in that province, to Sir Henry Clinton. The ſame day, on receiving our ſailing orders, we weighed anchor, and dropped down to the harbour called Patrick's Hole, in the iſland of Orleans, in company with a ſchooner bound to the ſame port, on board of which was an Enſign,

Drummond, of the 44th regiment, with duplicates of General Haldimand's dispatches. In this place, we were detained six days by a contrary wind; at the expiration of which time, the frost had sat in with prodigious severity; and the ice was forming fast in all parts of the river. Had the wind continued unfair for a few days longer, we should have been entirely blocked up by it, and had happily escaped the calamities which afterward befel us.

On the 24th, the wind being fair, we got under way, and proceeded down the river St. Lawrence, as far as the Brandy-Pots; islands so called, about forty leagues from Quebec. At this place, the wind veered about to the north-east, which obliged us again to anchor. The weather continued intensely cold; and the vessel being leaky, made so much water, as to render it necessary to keep one pump continually going. A change of wind soon after enabled us to proceed on our voyage, and to make the island of Anticosti, which is at the mouth of the river St. Lawrence; when the wind coming round again to the eastward, we were obliged to beat off and on, between this island and Cape Roziere for four days; our vessel at the same time increasing her leaks to such a degree, that we were under the necessity of rigging the other pump, and of keeping them both constantly at work. Being now in a higher latitude, the severity of the cold had increased in proportion, and the ice began to form so fast about the ship, as to alarm us exceedingly, lest we should be entirely surrounded by

by it; which we only prevented, by cutting and breaking vaſt quantities of the ice from her ſides. To this taſk, with that of keeping the pumps at work, the crew, together with the paſſengers, were ſcarcely equal; only nineteen perſons being on board, of whom ſix were paſſengers, and the remainder very indifferent ſeamen. As for the maſter, from whom, in the preſent emergency we might have expected ſome degree of exertion, inſtead of attending to his duty, and the preſervation of his ſhip, he remained continually in a ſtate of intoxication in his cabin.

On the 29th the wind came round to the north-weſt, and we proceeded down the gulf of St. Lawrence, with two feet water in the ſhip's hold. The wind kept gradually increaſing till the 1ſt of December, when it blew a perfect gale from the north-weſt quarter; and the ſhip's crew being now almoſt overcome with cold and fatigue, ſeeing no proſpect of gaining upon the leak, the water having already increaſed to four feet in the hold, nor a poſſibility of making any port, they came to the reſolution of working no longer at the pumps; which was unanimouſly agreed to, by all the foremaſt-men. They accordingly left off working, and declared themſelves quite indifferent about their fate; preferring the alternative, of going to the bottom together with the veſſel, to that of ſuffering ſuch ſevere and inceſſant labour in ſo deſperate a ſituation. Their fatigues, it muſt be confeſſed, from the 17th of November had been exceſſive: and though hope might ſtill remain, yet our preſent

preſent circumſtances were ſuch, as to exclude at leaſt all probability of ſaving the veſſel. However, by the force of perſuaſion and promiſes, together with the timely diſtribution of a pint of wine per man, which I had fortunately brought on board, they were diverted from this deſperate reſolution; but with great reluctance, ſaying, with ſome truth, as we afterwards experienced, and with more than they themſelves were aware of, that whether the veſſel filled or not, was a matter of no conſequence. This delay, though not exceeding a quarter of an hour, had increaſed the depth of water another foot; but the men added to their exertions, being encouraged by the wine, which was iſſued to them every half-hour, ſucceeded ſo far, as to reduce the water in the ſpace of two hours, to leſs than three feet. The captain ſtill remained in his cabin.

During the 2d and 3d of December, the gale ſeemed to increaſe rather than diminiſh. The ice formed ſo thick on the ſhip's ſides, as to impede her way very much through the water; which furniſhed us with a new labour, that of cutting it off, as faſt as it formed, with ſaws and axes. The leak continued to gain ground. The ſchooner that was in company, far from being able to afford us any aſſiſtance, was in as leaky a condition as our own veſſel, having ſtruck upon ſome rocks at the iſland of Coudres, through the ignorance or neglect of her pilot. A heavy ſnow beginning to fall, it was with the utmoſt difficulty we could get ſight of each other, though at no great diſtance, and,

in

in order not to part company, fired every half-hour. The ſchooner, at length, made no anſwer to our guns; whence, we concluded, ſhe had foundered; nor were we wrong in our ſuppoſition. There were ſixteen perſons on board, every one of whom periſhed.

On the following day the gale increaſed prodigiouſly, and the ſea began to run high, with a heavy fall of ſnow, ſo as to prevent our ſeeing twenty yards a-head of the veſſel. The men being exceſſively fatigued, the water had riſen to its uſual quantity, of between four and five feet. The mate, whom I have not yet taken notice of, an intelligent young man, and well acquainted with his profeſſion, judged, from the diſtance we had run, that we could not now be far from the Magdalen Iſlands, which lie about mid-way in the gulf of St. Lawrence. Theſe iſlands are nothing more than a cluſter of rocks, ſome appearing above, and others hidden under the water, and have been fatal to many veſſels. Seamen wiſh often to make them in fine weather, as they ſerve to take a new departure from; but in foggy or blowing weather they as ſtudiouſly avoid them. The mate's conjecture was but too well founded; for in leſs than two hours, we heard the ſea breaking upon the rocks; and ſoon after diſcovered the principal iſland, called the Deadman, cloſe under our lee; the point of which, it was with the greateſt difficulty that we weathered. Having happily cleared the main iſland, we were ſtill far from thinking ourſelves ſecure; for being unable, on account of the heavy

heavy fall of ſnow, to ſee many yards a-head of the veſſel, and, being in the midſt of the ſmall iſlands, there appeared very little probability that we ſhould paſs clear of them all in the ſame manner. Not being able to diſtinguiſh any one, in time to avoid it, we were obliged to leave the veſſel to the direction of Providence, and fortunately, I might ſay almoſt miraculouſly, ran through them all, without damage. The anxiety and perturbation of mind that the crew and paſſengers were in, while in the midſt of theſe rocks, may be eaſily conceived: and now, that the danger was over, it turned out to be a fortunate occurrence for us; for, by this time, the ſailors being ready to ſink under the accumulated diſtreſſes of cold and fatigue, and depreſſed by the little hopes they had of ſaving the veſſel, had nearly determined, a ſecond time, to quit the pumps; and leave the veſſel to her fate: when acquiring freſh ſpirits from the danger we had eſcaped, and, as the vulgar are generally inclined to ſuperſtition, attributing what was perhaps accident alone, to the immediate interpoſition of Providence, they agreed to continue their efforts a little longer; towards which, they were likewiſe not a little encouraged, by the wine which I diſtributed to them occaſionally.

During the night, the gale continuing, and the ſea running very high, we were apprehenſive of being what ſeamen call pooped, or having the ſtern or poop of the veſſel beaten in by the waves; which happened in fact as we apprehended: for about five in the morning of the

5th,

5th, a large wave broke on the ſhip's quarter, which ſtove in our dead-lights, filled the cabin, and waſhed the maſter out of his bed, where he had remained ever ſince the commencement of the gale. This accident, was attended with worſe conſequences than we at firſt imagined; for we ſoon diſcovered, from the increaſe of the leaks, that the ſtern-poſt had been ſtarted by the impulſe of the ſea. Having nothing in the after-hold, no other reſource was left but that of attempting to ſtop the leaks with beef, which we cut into ſmall pieces for that purpoſe: but this expedient we ſoon found ineffectual, and the water continued to gain on us faſter than ever. The ſailors finding all their labours fruitleſs, and the leak, which was conſtantly increaſing before, now rendered by our late misfortune entirely irreparable, abandoned themſelves totally to deſpair; and again refuſed to work at the pumps any longer. They had not however long remained inactive, before we contrived once more to perſuade them, to make another effort to clear the veſſel; when, to our great ſurpriſe and conſternation, we found the pumps ſo hard frozen, that it was impoſſible to move them.

All endeavours now to keep the ſhip clear were ineffectual, ſo that in a very ſhort time ſhe filled to the water's edge. Having no longer, as we imagined, the ſmalleſt foundation for hope, we reſigned ourſelves, with as much fortitude as poſſible, to our fate, which we expected every moment, to be that of going to the bottom. Notwithſtanding, when the veſſel was quite full,

we

we obſerved ſhe was very little deeper in the water than before; and, then recollecting a circumſtance, which the trouble and confuſion we had been in had almoſt obliterated, namely, that we had a quantity of lumber on board, immediately accounted for the phenomenon of her not ſinking beyond a certain depth in the water; and began to recall hopes of ſaving our lives, at leaſt, if we could but prevent her from overſetting, till we could make the iſland of St. Johns, or ſome other iſlands in the gulph. Having no guns on deck, (and not much lumber) to render the ſhip top-heavy, we contrived to prevent her from overſetting, by ſteering directly before the wind; though not without ſome difficulty, as, from the little way ſhe made through the water, the waves frequently waſhed clear over the decks. Beſides taking care to keep the veſſel ſteady, we uſed every precaution, to ſecure our boat from being waſhed overboard, the loſs of which would, in our preſent circumſtances, be a dreadful misfortune. The cabin, being raiſed above the level of the main deck, was tolerably clear of water, and afforded us ſome little ſhelter from the ſeverity of the weather. Thither we retired, leaving only one man upon deck to govern the helm, who was faſtened by a rope, to prevent his being carried away by the waves, which, at times made a free paſſage over us.

The

The gale ſtill continued, without remiſſion, the ſnow falling ſo thick, at the ſame time, as to prevent our ſeeing to the maſt-head. We knew, from the diſtance we had run, that we could not be far from land. The captain imagined, from our courſe, during the night, and ſince the ſhip filled in the morning, that we muſt be near the iſland of St. John's, which lies between the Magdalen iſlands, and the Gut of Canſo. This gave us hopes of ſaving our lives, in caſe we could run aſhore on ſome ſandy part of it, till they were daſhed, by the further information we had from the captain, that the north-eaſt ſide of the iſland, was nothing but a continued reef of rocks, from one end to the other, and that there was but one harbour where ſhips could put in, which he recollected, was on the oppoſite ſide of the iſland. In a few hours after, we obſerved the waves grew ſhorter and break higher, which is always found to be the caſe on approaching the ſhore; and likewiſe, a number of gulls and ducks flying about, a further ſign we could not be far diſtant from it.

We now concluded that we were about to run upon the rocks, which, the captain informed us, ſkirted the north-eaſt ſide of the iſland, and on approaching the land, laboured under greater dread and apprehenſion, than amidſt all the dangers we had before experienced, the idea of being caſt upon thoſe tremendous rocks, being more terrifying than that of being buried, as our companions were, in the boſom of the ocean. The ſhip had ſtill made conſiderable way through the water, though full, and with no other ſail

ſet, but a cloſe-reefed fore-top-ſail, which was the only one we could diſplay; and the canvaſs being new, it had hitherto ſtood the gale. The captain propoſed bringing the ſhip too, to keep her off the land; which I oppoſed, as well as the mate, urging the probability that, we ſhould overſet her in the attempt; and that moreover, ſhould we be able to effect it, ſhe muſt, after all, drive aſhore, as in her preſent ſtate, it was impoſſible to make any way to windward. Our opinion, however, was rejected, and an attempt was made to brace about the fore-yard; but it was found impracticable, the ropes and blocks being covered with ice. We were, therefore, obliged to let it remain as before; and the water having ſuddenly changed its colour, we expected the ſhip to ſtrike every inſtant. Small as our expectations were of ſaving our lives, I thought it incumbent on me, to take every precaution to ſave the diſpatches I was charged with, and therefore ordered my ſervant to open my trunks, and collect all the letters they contained, which I put into a handkerchief, and faſtened about my waiſt. He, at the ſame time, offered me the money he found in them, to the amount of one hundred and eighty guineas, which I deſired him to diſpoſe of as he thought proper, thinking it, in the preſent emergency, rather an incumbrance, than a matter worthy of preſervation. My ſervant, however, thought otherwiſe, and took care to ſecure the caſh, which was, afterwards, of more ſervice to us, than at that time I could poſſibly have imagined.

The

The weather continued thick, as usual, till about one o'clock, when suddenly clearing up, we discovered the land, at about three leagues distance. This sight gave us no small satisfaction, taking it, at first, to be the island of St. John's, which, being inhabited by several French and English families, we might have expected some assistance from them; but, on a nearer view, found, from the plans we had on board, that it had not the least appearance of that island, there being no such mountains and precipices laid down, as we discovered. On drawing nigher, we observed the sea break high, and have a very dismal appearance, about three miles from the land. As it was necessary for us to pass through those breakers, ere we could gain the shore, we expected that our fate would be determined there; but, contrary to our expectations, there was a considerable depth of water, so that we went over the reef without touching, though not without shipping many heavy seas, which, had not the vessel's timbers been strong, and her loading light, must infallibly have dashed her to pieces. The land now began to have a dreadful appearance, seeming, at the distance we were off, to be high and rocky; but, on approaching within a mile of it, we had the pleasure of descrying a fine sandy beach, and a bold shore. The sea ran high, but not to such a degree as on the reef we had already passed. As we advanced, the water continued to have a depth beyond our most sanguine wishes, so as to allow us to come within fifty or sixty yards of the beach before we struck. Now was the time for every

men's apprehenſions to be on the rack, as we might expect, on touching the ſhore, that the ſhip would go to pieces. At length ſhe grounded, with a violent concuſſion. On the firſt ſtroke the main-maſt went out of the ſtep, and on the ſecond, the fore-maſt; but neither of them fell over the ſide, the deal boards in the hold being ſtowed ſo cloſe together that the maſts had no room to play below; at the ſame time the rudder was unſhipped, with ſuch violence, as to be near killing one of the ſailors. As ſoon as the ſhip had grounded, the ſea began to beat over her in every part, each wave lifting her four or five feet nearer the ſhore. In a ſhort ſpace of time the ſtern was beat in by the ſea; and then, having no ſhelter in the cabin, we were obliged to go upon deck, and hang by the ſhrouds, leſt we ſhould be waſhed overboard. In this uncomfortable ſituation we remained, till the veſſel was beat ſo high by the waves, that we could venture to walk upon deck. We now perceived that the ſhip's keel was broken, which we imagined would occaſion her to go to pieces: this, however, did not happen for the preſent; which I can only attribute to the boards in the hold being ſo interwoven with each other, and frozen together by the ice, as to give a degree of ſolidity to the veſſel.

Our firſt care now was to get out the boat; which was not be accompliſhed, without difficulty, on account of the quantity of ice that was in and about it, and our reduction in number of effective hands by the intoxication of ſeveral of the crew, who had thought that the moſt effectual

tual method of getting rid of the apprehenſions they laboured under. Our veſſel had, from the violence of the waves daſhing againſt her, broached too, with her broadſide to the wind, ſo that afforded ſome ſhelter for the boat to the leeward. Having, with much labour, cleared the boat of ice, and prepared her for launching, I ordered ſome liquor to be diſtributed to thoſe who were yet ſober, and then aſked, if any were willing to embark with me in the boat, and make the attempt to gain the ſhore. The ſea running ſo high, that it appeared ſcarcely poſſible for the boat to live in it for a minute, very few were willing to make an experiment ſo full of riſk; ſo that all who offered themſelves, were, the mate and two ſailors, together with my ſervant, and a boy, who was a paſſenger on board. What gave us the greateſt embarraſſment in this undertaking, was, the ſurf which broke over us every moment, and the intenſeneſs of the cold, which froze every drop of water immediately, ſo as to cover our clothes with a ſheet of ice. At length we got the boat into the water, and having thrown into it an axe and a ſaw, I leaped in, followed by my ſervant and the mate. The boy followed us, but not ſpringing far enough, fell into the water: he did not, however, ſink immediately; and we contrived to drag him into the boat, but not without difficulty; our fingers being ſo benumbed with the cold, that we had ſcarcely the power of uſing them: and this accident was, in the iſſue, by the chill it gave him, of fatal conſequence to the unfortunate youth. The two ſailors, who had agreed to go with us,

next leaped into the boat; and all the reſt ſeemed ready, notwithſtanding their former heſitation, to follow the example, when I found it neceſſary to ſhove her off from the ſhip's ſide; for, being very ſmall, ſhe certainly would have ſunk, had ſo many perſons crowded in together. The ſhip was lying about forty yards from the ſhore; but, before we got half-way to it, we were overtaken by a wave that almoſt filled the boat, and the next drove us on the dry ſand.

To find ourſelves once more ſafe upon the land, gave us no ſmall ſatisfaction, though in ſo deſtitute a ſtate: the joy at having eſcaped thoſe dangers, which ſo long had been the chief objects of our dread, made us, for a few moments, forget that we were ſnatched from them, merely to be expoſed to others more inevitable; that we had eſcaped one ſpecies of death, probably to undergo another, more lingering and painful. What moſt affected us, was, the diſtreſs of our companions, whom we had left on board, whoſe lamentations, and cries for help, we could hear very diſtinctly. But it was impoſſible for us, however anxious, to afford them any aſſiſtance. Our boat being beat high upon the ſand, could now be of no uſe, either to us or to them, while the ſea was running to ſuch a degree, that it was not in the power of a human being to relieve them.

The night was now approaching, and we had not long remained in this ſituation, ere we found ourſelves getting ſtiff with cold; and the gale continuing as ſevere as ever, we were obliged to wade, with extreme difficulty, up to our waiſts

in

in ſnow, to the ſhelter of a thick wood, about two hundred and fifty yards from the beach. This afforded ſome relief from the piercing north-weſt wind; yet a fire was ſtill wanting, to warm our frozen limbs, and we had not wherewithal to kindle one. We had, indeed, taken the precaution to put a tinder-box in the boat, but the water had rendered it totally uſeleſs. Freezing, as we ſtood, there was nothing to be done, but to keep the blood in motion by exerciſe: I, therefore, recommended it to the men, to move about, being better acquainted with the nature of cold climates, and that of froſt, than any of my companions. My advice was ſtrictly adhered to, for about half an hour, when the young paſſenger, whom I have already mentioned, being overcome with the ſeverity of the weather, threw himſelf down, in order to ſleep; for extreme cold always occaſions a ſleepy ſenſation, that is not eaſily to be reſiſted. I uſed my utmoſt endeavours, both by perſuaſion and force, to rouſe him, and make him ſtand on his legs, but all to no purpoſe; ſo I was obliged to let him purſue his inclination. After walking about for half an hour longer, during which time, I felt ſuch a ſtrong deſire to ſleep, that I ſhould have lain down myſelf, had I not been aware of the fatal conſequences attending it, I went to the place where the boy lay, and, putting my hand on his face, and finding it quite cold, I obſerved to the mate, who was cloſe by, that I believed he was dead. To which the youth anſwered, immediately, that he was not yet dead, but would be ſo very ſhortly; and requeſted I would write,

if

if I ſurvived, to his father, at New-York, and inform him of the circumſtances of his ſon's misfortune. In about ten minutes, we found that he had expired, and, as I imagined, without any pain whatever, at leaſt without any acute ſenſation of it. Theſe trivial matters would be unworthy of notice, but as they ſerve to ſhew the effect of intenſe cold on the human body, and to prove, that freezing to death, is not always attended with ſo much pain as is commonly ſuppoſed.

The death of the boy could not deter the reſt of my fellow-ſufferers from giving way to this drowſy ſenſation; and three of them lay down, in ſpite of my repeated exhortations to the contrary. Finding it impoſſible to keep them on their legs, I broke a branch, and, deſiring the mate to do the ſame, our employment, during the remainder of the night, was to prevent them from ſleeping, by beating them continually with the branches. This was an exerciſe uſeful to ourſelves, at the ſame time that it preſerved the lives of our companions. The day-light, which we looked for with ſuch anxious expectation, at length appeared, when I deſired the men to pull down their ſtockings, and let me examine their legs, as they obſerved they had no feeling in them. As ſoon as I caſt my eyes on them, I perceived, very clearly, that they were frozen, at leaſt, half way up; and deſired they would immediately rub them with ſnow, which they did for a conſiderable time, but to little purpoſe; for it was impoſſible to reſtore them to their feeling.

I then went with the mate, down to the beach, to ſee if we could diſcover any traces of the ſhip, and our companions, whom we had left on board, and, to our great ſurpriſe and ſatisfaction, found ſhe had not yet gone to pieces, though the wind continued with unabated ſeverity. My firſt ſtudy, now, was, how to get them aſhore, our own ſafety, as well as their's, depending on it. I was almoſt ſtiff with cold, but found feeling in every part, and was therefore certain I could not be frozen. What ſeemed greatly to facilitate the undertaking, was, that the veſſel had, by this time, beat much nigher the ſhore, ſo that the diſtance was but very ſmall at low water. It was high flood, when we arrived on the beach; we were therefore obliged to wait till the tide was out, when we adviſed the people on board, to faſten a rope to the jib-boom, by which they might ſwing themſelves, one by one, toward the ſhore. They accordingly adopted this expedient, and, by watching the motion of the ſea, and ſeizing the opportunity of ſwinging themſelves, as the waves retired, they all got ſafe on the land, except a carpenter, who was a paſſenger in the veſſel. He did not think proper to venture, in this manner, or was unable, having, the night before, made rather too free with the bottle. We were happy, however, to get ſo many of them on ſhore, every one of whom, a few hours before, we concluded muſt have periſhed.

The captain had, fortunately, before he left the ſhip, put ſome materials for ſtriking a light, in his pocket. We therefore went to work in cutting

cutting wood, and gathering the branches that lay ſcattered upon the ground, of which we made a fire, with all poſſible expedition, and were happy, for ſome time, in hovering about it, and warming our benumbed limbs. Conſidering the extreme cold we had endured for ſuch a length of time, no luxury could be equal to that of the fire; but this gratification was, like many others, to ſeveral of my companions, followed by the moſt excruciating pain, as ſoon as their frozen parts began to thaw. Several of thoſe who had remained all night in the veſſel, as well as thoſe who came aſhore with me in the boat, had been frozen in different parts of their members. The diſtreſs that was now painted in the faces of theſe unfortunate men, from the tortures they underwent, was beyond expreſſion: this I knew would be the caſe, before I heard them complain; but, as there was no remedy, did not think it neceſſary to give them any intimation of it.

When we came to examine into our numbers, I obſerved that a Captain Green, a paſſenger, was miſſing; and was informed, that he had fallen aſleep on board the veſſel, and had been frozen to death. We were rather uneaſy about the man who ſtill remained on board, yet had ſome hopes of ſaving his life, in caſe the ſhip did not go to pieces, at the return of low water: but it being too difficult to undertake in the night, we were under the neceſſity of waiting till the following day. This night we paſſed a little better than the laſt; yet, notwithſtanding we had a good fire, we found extreme inconve-

niency

niency from the total want of covering, as well as from hunger, a new misery, that we had hitherto been unacquainted with. Besides which, the greatest part of our number were in the most wretched state imaginable, from the sores occasioned by the frost.

The next morning, as many of us as were able, went to the beach, to contrive some means to extricate the carpenter, whose voice we heard on board the vessel. The sea still running with the same violence as before, we could not put out the boat to his assistance, and were, therefore, obliged to wait the return of low water, when we persuaded him to come on shore in the same manner as the others had done; but this he accomplished with much difficulty, being very weak, and frozen in different parts of his limbs. We still remained without any kind of provisions, and began to be reduced in strength, for want of nourishment.

The 7th and 8th, the gale continued as boisterous as ever; and, in the night, between the 8th and 9th of December, the ship went to pieces, from the stern to the main-mast, from the extreme violence with which the sea broke against her. By this part of her going to pieces, we obtained some provisions, which washed on shore, viz. some pieces of salt beef, likewise some fresh meat, that hung over the stern, and a quantity of onions, that the captain had on board for sale. This relief was very seasonable, it being now the fourth day since we had eaten any kind of provision whatever. Having no utensils, we dressed our meat in the best manner we could, and made what

what we thought a moſt delicious repaſt. The ſenſe of hunger being aſſuaged, we ſet to work in collecting all the proviſions we could find ſcattered upon the beach, being apprehenſive that we ſhould not ſoon get a ſupply from any other quarter. This done, our next care was to get ourſelves under cover, and form ſome kind of ſhelter from the piercing blaſt. This taſk was not an eaſy one, ſo many of our company being unable to move, and of the remainder, none but the mate and myſelf capable of any active exertion, being all more or leſs bitten by the froſt; and our number reduced to ſeventeen, by the loſs of two perſons, as already mentioned. A quantity of deals had floated on ſhore from the wreck: of theſe we carried about two hundred and fifty into the wood, and by ten at night completed a kind of houſe, about twenty feet long and ten wide; which was conſtructed in the following manner. We cut two poles of the abovementioned length, and, having no nails, tied them at a proper height on the outſide of two trees, at the diſtance of twenty feet from each other: the interval between the poles, which was equal to the breadth of the trees, ſerved for the ſmoke of our fire to go through; the fire itſelf being laid in an oblong poſition, extending itſelf nearly the whole length of the houſe. Againſt theſe croſs poles we placed boards with a ſlope of about ſixty degrees towards the ground, which conſtituted the two principal ſides. The two other ſides were compoſed of boards placed perpendicular, the trunks of the trees being taken in, and forming part of each ſide, on one of theſe ſides, that looked toward

ward the ſouth-eaſt, we left a vacancy for the entrance.

This buſineſs being over, we examined the quantity of proviſions we had collected, and had the ſatisfaction to find that we had in ſtore, between two and three hundred pounds of ſalt beef, and a conſiderable ſtock of onions. As to bread, we had none; for, when the veſſel went to pieces, the caſks were ſtove, and the bread loſt. Economy and good management, were now highly neceſſary, to make our little ſtock laſt as long as poſſible, it being quite uncertain when we could get any relief; and, in conſequence, it was determined, that each man, whether ſick or well, ſhould be confined to a quarter of a pound of beef, and four onions per day, as long as the latter ſhould laſt. This wretched allowance, but juſt enough to keep a man from ſtarving, was the utmoſt we thought it prudent to afford ourſelves, leſt we ſhould be in an uninhabited country; for as yet, we were rather uncertain on what coaſt we were caſt away; though afterwards, on comparing circumſtances, we concluded it muſt be on the iſland of Cape Breton.

On the 11th of December, being the ſixth day after we landed, the gale abated, and gave us an opportunity to launch our boat, and get on board what remained of the veſſel. Three of us accordingly embarked, having, with much labour, launched the boat, and cleared her of the ſand and ice. As ſoon as we got on board the wreck, we went to work at opening the hatches, and having but one axe, and the cables being frozen over them in a ſolid lump of ice, it took the

whole day to accompliſh it. The next day, the weather being ſtill moderate, we went again on board, and having cleared away the remainder of the cable, we cut up part of the deck, in order to make room to get out two caſks of onions, with a ſmall barrel of beef, containing about one hundred and twenty pounds, and three barrels of apples, ſhipped by a Jewiſh merchant, of Quebec. We likewiſe found a quarter caſk of potatoes, a bottle of oil, which proved very ſerviceable to the men's ſores, another axe, a large iron pot, two camp-kettles, and about twelve pounds of tallow candles. With much difficulty we got this great ſupply on ſhore. On the 13th, we made it our buſineſs to get our proviſions ſtowed away in a corner of the hut, when, on opening the apple-caſks, we found their contents, to our great ſurpriſe, converted into bottles of Canadian balſam, a more valuable commodity, to be ſure, than apples, but what we could gladly have exchanged, in our preſent ſituation, for ſomething more friendly to the ſtomach than to the conſtitution. This diſappointment, as may be ſuppoſed, extorted a few hearty good wiſhes towards the Jew; yet we found, afterwards, ſome uſe for his Canadian balſam, though ſomewhat different from what he intended it ſhould be applied to.

The conſiderable ſupply we got from on board the wreck, enabled us the next day to add four onions to our daily allowance. We went on board once more on the 14th, and cut as much of the ſails as poſſible from the bowſprit, with part of which we covered our hut, and made it tolerably

tolerably warm and comfortable, notwithſtanding the ſeverity of the weather. By this time the ſores of the men, who had been froſt-bitten, began to mortify, and cauſed their toes, fingers, and other parts of the limbs affected, to rot off, their anguiſh being at the ſame time almoſt intolerable. The carpenter, who came on ſhore after the others, had loſt the greateſt part of his feet, and on the 14th, at night, became delirious, in which unhappy ſtate he continued, till death releaſed him the following day from his miſerable exiſtence. We covered him with ſnow and branches of trees, having neither ſpade nor pick-axe to dig a grave for him; nor would it have been poſſible, if we had been provided with them, the ground being in this climate ſo hard frozen during the winter, as to be almoſt impenetrable. Three days after, our ſecond mate died in the ſame manner, having been delirious ſome hours before he expired. We felt but very little concern at the death of our companions, either on their account or our own: for, in the firſt place, we conſidered it rather a happineſs than a misfortune, to be deprived of life, in our preſent wretched ſituation, and, in the ſecond, becauſe there became the fewer mouths to conſume our little ſtock of proviſions: indeed, had not ſome paid the debt of nature, we ſhould in the end have been reduced to the ſhocking neceſſity of killing and devouring one another. Though not yet reduced to this neceſſity, our condition was ſo miſerable, that it ſeemed ſcarcely poſſible for any new diſtreſs to make a ſenſible addition to it. Beſides the proſpect of periſhing, through

want, in that desolate place, and the pain arising from a perpetual sense of hunger and cold, the agony that the greatest part were in, from the sores occasioned by the frost, was beyond expression, while their groans were almost equally distressing to the remainder—but what affected me more than all our other miseries, was, the quantity of vermin, proceeding from the men's sores, and continually increasing, which infested us in every part, and rendered us disgusting even to ourselves. Several, however, who had been but slightly frozen, recovered in a short time, with the loss of a few toes and fingers; no one having entirely escaped the frost, but myself. On the 20th another sailor died, after having been, like the others, some time in a delirium, and was buried, or rather covered, in the same manner. Our number was now reduced to fourteen persons; yet we did not think it prudent to increase the allowance of provisions, but still kept it at the rate originally fixed on, of a quarter of a pound of beef *per diem*.

The mate and I had frequently gone out together, since we were shipwrecked, to try if we could discover any traces of inhabitants, but, hitherto, without success. About a fortnight after we had fixed ourselves in the hut, we took the opportunity of a fine day to walk ten or twelve miles up a river, upon the ice, where we observed many tracks of moose-deer and other animals, some of which we might have killed, had we been provided with arms and ammunition. In our progress up the river we discover-

ed

ed ſeveral trees cut on one ſide, as we imagined, by an axe, which gave us reaſon to think there might he Indians near at hand. On going up to the place, we could plainly perceive, that there had been ſome there lately, by their wigwam, which ſtill remained with ſome freſh bark about it. We likewiſe found the ſkin of a mooſe-deer hanging acroſs a pole. We travelled a good way further, in hopes of making ſome more diſcoveries of this nature, but to no purpoſe. It gave us, nevertheleſs, ſome ſatisfaction to find, that we were in a place where inhabitants had been lately, as it was probable they might again return there. In caſe this ſhould happen, I cut a long pole, and ſtuck it in the ice, upon the river; then with my knife, which I always took care to preſerve, as it was the only one among us, cut a piece of bark from a birch tree, and forming it into the ſhape of a hand, with the fore-finger extended, and pointing toward our hut, fixed it on the top of the pole, and took away the mooſe-ſkin, in order that they might perceive that ſome perſons had been on the ſpot ſince they left it, and the route they had taken on their return. We then purſued the way to our habitation, and communicated this agreeable information to our companions, who were not yet able to move about: trifling as the hopes were, which we could in reaſon derive from this diſcovery, yet it gave them conſiderable ſatisfaction. Twenty days being elapſed ſince our ſhipwreck, and our proviſions being very much reduced, I began to entertain a ſuſpicion, that there was ſome foul play during my abſence at

different times from the hut, in ſearch of inhabitants. I was therefore determined to find out the truth, if poſſible, by keeping a conſtant watch at night; by which means I at length diſcovered, that the depredators were no other than the captain and two ſailors, who had conſumed no leſs than ſeventy pounds, beſides a quantity of onions, in ſo ſhort a ſpace of time. To prevent ſuch unfair practices for the future, the mate and I never went out together, one of us conſtantly remaining in the hut.

We continued in a ſtate of ſuſpenſe, from our laſt diſcovery, for ſome days, when giving up, at length, all hopes of ſeeing any Indians or inhabitants in this place, having proviſions only for ſix weeks longer, and a few of our men, together with the captain, being recovered, I propoſed leaving our habitation, with as many as could work in the boat, in ſearch of inhabitants. This propoſal was unanimouſly aſſented to; but when we came to think how it was to be put in execution, a new difficulty ſtarted itſelf, namely, that of repairing the boat, which had been beat in ſuch a manner by the ſea upon the beach, that every ſeam was open. We firſt attempted to ſtop them with dry oakum, but ſoon found that it would not anſwer the intended purpoſe, and having ſaved no pitch from on board the wreck, we began to deſpair of the poſſibility of repairing them. I, at length, thought of making a kind of ſuccedaneum for pitch, of the Canadian balſam, which, as I before mentioned, had been ſhipped for apples, and had been by us brought on ſhore under that deception. We accordingly went to

work

work in making the experiment, and boiled a quantity of the balſam in the iron kettle we had ſaved, and frequently taking it off the fire to cool, we ſoon brought it to a proper conſiſtence. A ſufficient quantity of it being prepared, we turned up the boat, and having cleaned her bottom, gave her a coat of the balſam, which effectually ſtopped up all crevices for the preſent. This done, we got a ſmall ſail rigged to a maſt, which ſhipped and unſhipped occaſionally; and then pitched upon the perſons who were to go with me in the boat.

By the 1ſt of January, with much difficulty and fatigue, we got our boat in tolerable condition, ſo that ſhe could ſwim, without making much water; likewiſe our maſt and ſail rigged, in caſe we ſhould happen to get a fair wind, which we could not often expect on this coaſt, at the preſent ſeaſon of the year; for, during the winter months, it blows almoſt conſtantly from weſt to north-weſt, which is immediately on the land. We could not expect, therefore, to have much occaſion for our ſail; nevertheleſs, it might ſometimes be ſerviceable, and afford ſome relief to the rowers. We had agreed to take ſix in the boat, viz. the captain and mate, two ſailors, myſelf and ſervant: of the others, none were ſo far recovered as to be judged equal to the fatigues we might expect in this expedition. Our ſhoes being all nearly worn out, my employment, during the whole of the next day, was, to make a kind of mowkiſins, or Indian ſhoes, of canvaſs. My needle was nothing more than the handle of a pewter ſpoon, which I had

faſhioned

fashioned, as well as I could, for the purpose, and the same canvass supplied me with thread. As soon as I had made twelve pair, which was two for each man in our party, we divided the provisions that remained, into fourteen equal parts, which amounted only to a quarter of a pound of beef *per* day, for six weeks; those who were to stay behind, sharing as much as we who were to go in the boat, notwithstanding the great fatigue which we had every reason to expect. Every necessary preliminary being adjusted, we proposed setting off the next day; but the wind blowing fresh at north-west, were obliged to remain where we were, till the fourth. By this time, the ice, floating in prodigious quantities on the coast, and in some places collecting, and blocking up the bays, rendered our undertaking extremely hazardous; yet we thought it more adviseable, to face any danger, and to encounter any hardship, than to remain in our present situation, with a certainty of starving.

In the afternoon of the 4th, the wind moderating, we got our provisions, and whatever little matters might be of service to us, into the boat; and, having taken leave of our companions, sat off on our expedition. Having got about eight miles from the place of our shipwreck, the wind began to increase, and blow very hard at south-east, which was immediately off the shore. The boat, as well as the oars, being none of the best, we were on the point of being blown out to sea, but by dint of rowing, made shift to get into a deep bay, about a mile a-head, where we thought

thought we might paſs the night with ſafety. Having got every thing on ſhore, we hauled our boat up as high as our ſtrength would permit, ſo as to prevent the ſea from doing her any more damage. This done, we ſet to work in lighting our fire, and cutting our wood for the night: we likewiſe cut ſome pine-branches, the ſmaller of which ſerved us to lie on, and the larger, in the form of a wigwam, to ſhelter us from the inclemency of the weather.

The place we had landed on, was a fine ſandy beach, with little or no ſnow on it. Having obſerved ſome ſmall pieces of wood caſt on ſhore by the tide, that had formerly been cut with an axe, and a number of long poles ſcattered along the edge of the bank, which had likewiſe been cut in the ſame manner, I thought it likely there might be ſome inhabitants near at hand; and propoſed, as ſoon as we had taken a little refreſhment, to go along the beach to a high point of land, at about two miles diſtance, which was clear of wood, and appeared to be cultivated; thinking from thence we might make ſome uſeful diſcoveries. I accordingly ſat out, ſoon after, with two of the men; and, before we had proceeded a mile, ſaw the remains of a ſhallop, or Newfoundland fiſhing-boat, almoſt covered with ſand, which ſeemed to have been ſet on fire. This gave us hopes of diſcovering ſomething elſe to our ſatisfaction, and we proceeded, as faſt as we could, to the point of land. Having gained the top of it, we deſcried, to our inexpreſſible joy, a few houſes, about half a mile diſtant, toward which we directed our courſe, having no doubt

doubt but that we ſhould now meet with ſome relief; but, on coming up to them, found they were only the remains of ſome old ſtore-houſes, which had been built there for the curing of cod-fiſh; and, to all appearance, had been abandoned ſome years before.

This was a mortifying diſappointment to us. We determined, however, to make the moſt of our diſcovery; and, obſerving a number of old caſks lying about, in different parts, we ſearched them, as well as the houſes, very minutely, in hopes of finding ſome proviſions; but to no purpoſe. As we walked along the point, we gathered about a quart of cranberries, ſome of which we ate, preſerving the remainder for our companions. Having reconnoitred every part of this point, without any further ſucceſs, we returned to our boat, and communicating the diſcoveries we made to our companions, gave them their ſhare of the berries we had gathered. Even theſe diſcoveries gave us much ſatisfaction, as they tended to confirm our hopes of finding ſome inhabitants in the courſe of our voyage along the coaſt.

In the mean time, the wind came round to the north-weſt, and blew with ſuch violence, as to prevent us from proceeding on our voyage. It continued ſo for two days, when, happening to get up in the middle of the night, I was aſtoniſhed on obſerving, while the wind continued blowing as hard as ever, that the ſea was entirely without agitation. I immediately awoke the mate, to inform him of this extraordinary phœnomenon: and going down to the beach together

gether, to know the cauſe, we found the ſea all covered with ice, nothing but a large ſheet of it being to be ſeen for leagues around. This was an alarming circumſtance, as it ſeemed to preclude all poſſibility of proceeding any farther, and might give us cauſe even to regret having left our habitations; for, though we were ſo near, it was impoſſible to return by land, beſides other impediments, on account of the depth of ſnow, which was impaſſable, unleſs with ſnow-ſhoes.

The wind continued to blow from the ſame quarter for two days longer; and at length, on the 9th, it became perfectly calm. Next morning the wind came round to the ſouth-eaſt, which was directly off the land, and in a ſhort time blew extremely hard, ſo that by four o'clock in the afternoon, there was not a piece of ice to be ſeen along the coaſt, the whole of it being blown out to ſea. This was a very pleaſing ſight to us, as it gave us a proſpect of being extricated from our preſent dreary ſituation. However, the violence of the wind prevented us from moving till the 11th of January, when the weather being moderate, and a fine light breeze blowing along the coaſt, we launched our boat with much difficulty, being greatly reduced in ſtrength, for want of a due degree of nouriſhment. Having got round the clear point of the land, we hoiſted our ſail and put before the wind.

The weather being very moderate, and little or no ſea running, we made tolerable way, and had not proceeded far, before we deſcried an extremely high point, about ſeven leagues a-head, with

with a continued precipice along the coaſt, ſo that it was impoſſible for us to land on any part of it, before we came to that headland. This made it very dangerous to attempt the paſſage; for if the wind ſhould happen to come round to the north-weſt, we muſt infallibly have periſhed among the rocks. But danger was no longer an object to be conſidered by us; ſo we got out two oars, not being able to uſe any more, as the boat had been ſo much damaged, that two men were conſtantly employed in keeping her clear of water, and, with the aſſiſtance of a fair wind, made the point about eleven o'clock at night; but finding no place that we could poſſibly land on, we were obliged to keep along the coaſt till two in the morning, when the wind increaſing, and a ſtony beach appearing, on which we ſhould not have thought it expedient to land, had the wind been moderate, we were obliged to put aſhore, and immediately got our proviſions out of the boat. The beach was of ſome height from the ſurface of the water, the ſea having beat the gravel up into a kind of bank; which rendered it impoſſible for us to haul our boat up. We were therefore obliged to leave her to the mercy of the ſea.

The place where we landed, was a beach of about four hundred yards in length, bounded at the diſtance of about fifty yards from the water's edge, by a precipice of at leaſt one hundred feet in height, which incloſed it on all ſides. If the wind ſhould come round to the north-weſt, we knew that we ſhould be entirely deprived of ſhelter, yet, as it blew too freſh for us to attempt putting

putting to sea again, we were obliged to remain there, notwithstanding these inconveniences.

On the 13th the wind came round to the north-west, and blowing very hard, the sea beat with such violence against the shore, as to drive our boat twenty yards higher than she was, and to beat several holes in her bottom. Now was the time for us to feel all the miseries of our present situation; for, being surrounded by precipices, which prevented us from sheltering ourselves in the woods, and having so little covering, and no firing, but what we collected from some pieces of timber, which floated accidentally upon the shore, we could but just keep ourselves from absolute freezing. The same weather continued for eight days, with a prodigious fall of snow, a circumstance that added to our other inconveniences. At length, on the 21st, the weather became more moderate, and the snow ceased, having in the course of this last week, fallen to the depth of three feet, perpendicular. This gave us an opportunity of cooking our provisions, which we had done but once, since our landing. Even this was a great loss to us, as the water that the meat was boiled in, afforded us almost as much nourishment, as the meat itself.

Next day we contrived, with much labour, to turn our boat half way over, in order to examine the damage she had received, which we found considerable; the coat of balsam being entirely rubbed off, and several holes made in her bottom. We expected the ice would go to sea, as it had done once before, whenever the wind should come round to the southward; and

therefore thought, if we could but get our boat repaired, that we might ſtill have ſome chance of meeting with inhabitants. But the great difficulty was, how to repair it; for we had no pitch or balſam left, and but little dry oakum, which was of no ſervice to us, without the former. After trying various methods, we at laſt gave it up as a thing entirely impracticable, and began to turn our thoughts toward ſome other means, of getting out of this bleak and barren place, to ſearch for relief, in an uninhabited country.

Though it was impoſſible for us, to climb the precipice, by which we were encompaſſed, yet, if we were determined to abandon our boat, we imagined, that we might eaſily get into the woods, by walking along ſhore upon the ice, which ſtill covered the ſea, and had ſtrength ſufficient to bear any weight. In fact, the mate and I, propoſed walking a few miles on it, in order to make the experiment. We accordingly ſat out, and had not proceeded far, before we came to the entrance of a river, and a fine ſandy beach, where, had our good fortune directed us to land, we might have lived more comfortably, and have preſerved our boat. But what was to be done now, that we could get into the woods? We could not think of walking acroſs them, in ſearch of a cultivated country: beſides, that we ſhould be entirely ignorant, how to direct our courſe; the depth of ſnow, which had, by this time, increaſed to ſix feet, in the wood, rendered it impoſſible for us to travel, without ſnow-ſhoes. After conſulting together, we at laſt

came

came to a reſolution, of taking, the next day, what proviſions we had, upon our backs, and coaſting along the ice, till we could diſcover ſome inhabitants; expecting, from its preſent appearance of ſtrength, that it would remain for ſome time longer: and the wind having drifted the greateſt part of the ſnow off it, we computed that we ſhould be able to walk about ten miles a day, even in our preſent weak and reduced condition.

This being fully reſolved, we were to ſet out the morning of the 24th; but on the night preceding it, the wind came round to the ſouth-eaſt, and blew hard, attended with ſnow and rain; ſo that in the morning, as I already apprehended would be the caſe, that whole ſheet of ice, which the night before looked ſo firm, was demoliſhed, or driven out to ſea. Thus were all our ſchemes fruſtrated—neither ice to walk on, nor boat to carry us through the water; not even a poſſibility of moving from this place, where we were embayed, and ſurrounded by inſurmountable precipices. Thus circumſtanced, we were again obliged to turn our thoughts toward ſome ſcheme for repairing our boat: upon that our only hope depended. We had plenty of oakum to ſtop up the holes and ſeams, but nothing to ſubſtitute in the room of pitch, to prevent the water from penetrating. I at length thought of a plan, which I imagined might have the wiſhed-for effect, namely, that of throwing water over the oakum, and letting it freeze into a cake of ice. As ſoon as day appeared, I reſolved to put this ſcheme to the teſt,

and having cleared the boat of ſnow and gravel, immediately went to work. The men in general made light of my undertaking, and aſſiſted, with much reluctance, thinking that they were throwing away their labour. However, I ſoon convinced them to the contrary; for, by four o'clock in the afternoon, by continually throwing water over the oakum, we froze up every ſeam and hole, in ſuch a manner, that not a drop of water could enter, as long as the weather continued freezing, as at preſent.

On the 27th of January, the weather being moderate, and a light breeze directly off the ſhore, we got our boat very carefully launched, and ſat off early in the morning from this ill-omened bay. We had the pleaſure to obſerve that the boat made little or no water, ſo that we were enabled to keep our four oars continually at work. As we advanced along the coaſt, we found it ſtill bordered by nothing but barren precipices, with every four or five miles perhaps a ſmall ſandy beach.

The weather continued very moderate all the day of the 27th, ſo that, by ſix o'clock in the evening, we computed that we had rowed about twelve miles from where we departed in the morning. This indeed would be but an indifferent day's work for people in health and vigour, but a great deal for thoſe in our circumſtances; not only being extremely weakened and reduced, but the boat itſelf being very heavy and unwieldy, from the quantity of ice in it. We put aſhore about ſix o'clock, upon a ſmall ſandy beach, and, by placing oars under our boat, dragged

dragged her carefully ſome yards from the water, ſo that ſhe lay very ſafe, while the wind continued as it then was. We next cut ſome branches, and having made a fire, ſheltered ourſelves, as well as poſſible, in the wood. Our tinder being nearly conſumed, I was obliged to furniſh a freſh ſupply, by cutting away the back part of my ſhirt, which I had worn ever ſince we left the ſhip.

A ſhower of rain, the next day, unfortunately melted all the ice off our boat: we were, therefore, prevented from going any farther, till a return of the froſt, and had the mortification to loſe the benefit of a fine day, in the courſe of which, we might have proceeded, with a good boat, ſeveral leagues more on our journey. What made the matter worſe, was, that our proviſions were now reduced to two pounds and a half of beef for each man. On the morning of the 29th, the mate having wandered a little diſtance from our fire, returned in haſte to inform me, that he had diſcovered a partridge perched on the bough of a tree, which he thought I might poſſibly deviſe ſome method of catching. I immediately went to the place where he had ſeen it, and found it in the ſame ſituation as before. Obſerving that the bird was very tame, and not above fourteen feet from the ground, I cut down a long pole, and taking part of the rope-yarn that faſtened my canvaſs ſhoes, made a running loop of it, and fixed it to the end of the pole; then walking ſoftly under the tree, and lifting the pole gently up, I fixed the loop about the partridge's neck, and giving it a ſudden jerk, cloſed the loop,

and ſecured the bird. The mate, as well as myſelf, as ſoon as I had caught it, laughed very heartily, for the firſt time that either of us had any inclination to ſmile ſince our ſhipwreck. We then went toward the fire with our prize, and boiled it in ſome melted ſnow, together with a little ſalt water, to give the broth a reliſh: having divided it, when dreſſed, into ſix equal parts, and caſt lots for the choice of each, we ſat down to what we found a delicious meal; the only one, excepting the quart of cranberries, for which we were indebted to chance, or providence, ſince we had been caſt upon the iſland.

On the afternoon of the 29th, it began to freeze hard, when we took the advantage of the froſt, to ſtop the boat's leaks, as before; and the wind ſtill continuing moderate, we launched her, as ſoon as that buſineſs was completed, and put to ſea. The day being almoſt ſpent, before we ſat off, we could not make above ſeven miles, to a ſandy beach and thick wood, which ſeemed to afford a tolerable ſhelter. In this place we paſſed the night; and the next day, the weather being ſtill favorable, we launched our boat betimes in the morning, in order to get, before night, as far as poſſible on our journey; but we had not proceeded above ſix miles, before the wind freſhening up from the ſouth-eaſt, obliged us to put aſhore, and haul up our boat.

A heavy fall of rain, which continued the whole day, rendered our ſituation extremely uncomfortable, and melted again the icy cauiking of the boat. We were therefore to conſole ourſelves, as well as we could, in the certainty of remaining

maining here till the return of the froſt, and mean while, propoſed to reconnoitre, as far as our reduced ſtate would allow us, into the country. In this, however, we were prevented by the quantity of ſnow which ſtill lay on the ground, and was not yet ſufficiently frozen, to bear our weight, without rackets, or ſnow-ſhoes. Toward the ſpring of the year, in theſe cold climates, they may, for the moſt part, be diſpenſed with, when the ſnow has become more condenſed by its own weight, the influence of the ſun, and the rains, which began to fall at this ſeaſon. The froſt then returning, after the thaw, forms a kind of incruſtation on the ſurface, that will bear a man's weight, without ſinking. Had this ſeaſon been arrived, we ſhould have abandoned our crazy boat, and, taking the little proviſion we ſtill poſſeſſed, have made an attempt to diſcover inhabitants, by a march into the heart of the country; perhaps it was fortunate we could not attempt it, as in all probability, we ſhould have periſhed in the woods.

Not having it in our power to wander toward any other part, we walked along the ſhore as far as we were able, and ſaw nothing that could attract our notice, but ſome ſtumps of trees, from which the trunks might have been cut ſome years before: from this circumſtance, we could collect no very ſanguine hope of being near an inhabited country. Soon after, the wind coming round to the north-weſt, and bringing the froſt along with it, we were once more enabled to repair our boat, and to prepare for launching it, as ſoon as the wind ſhould abate its violence. This happening,

pening, in ſome degree, on the 1ſt of February, we immediately embarked, and purſued our coaſting voyage; but the ſeverity of the cold having formed a quantity of ice, it was with extreme labour that we contrived to get five miles before night, one of our party being employed in breaking the ice with a pole, and clearing it from the bows of the boat.

The following day, the wind blowing freſh from the north-weſt quarter, prevented us again from proceeding any farther, till the 3d, when, coming round to the weſt, which is directly along the ſhore, and the moſt favourable that could blow for us, we were enabled to embark, and purſue our voyage. Our boat, notwithſtanding all our diligence in caulking, made now ſo much water, that we were obliged to keep one man conſtantly at work in baling it out with a camp-kettle. The wind, however, was as fair as we could wiſh, and being neither too ſlack nor too violent, we, for ſome time, went at the rate of four miles an hour, with the aſſiſtance of our oars; but ſoon after, the wind increaſing, we laid in our oars, and ran under our ſail alone, at the rate of about five miles an hour.

After having run above ſixteen miles, we diſcovered an exceeding high land, about ſix leagues diſtant, with ſeveral other mountains and large bays between us; and, it being yet early in the day, a fine wind, and no great ſea, we were in hopes, if the wind ſhould not increaſe too much, that we ſhould be able to reach it before night. As we proceeded along the coaſt, we found it in every part high and rocky; which made us very

uneaſy

uneasy, lest the wind should rise, before we could make the head-land. About two o'clock in the afternoon, when we supposed we were within three leagues of it, we discovered an island about twenty miles from the main; and, on comparing circumstances, we concluded that the island must be that of St. Paul, and the high land, the north point of Cape Breton. The prodigious height of the land, led us into an erroneous computation of its distance; for, notwithstanding we had supposed that we were within three leagues of it, when we first discovered the island of St. Paul, we found, before we reached it, that we had run near five leagues.

It was almost dark by the time we reached the North Cape; where, finding no place to land, we were obliged to double the Cape, and continue our journey. The wind now began to freshen, and we had a heavy sea from the north-east to encounter, as soon as we came opposite to the Cape. After having doubled it, our course lay in a very different direction from what it had been in the morning; so that we were obliged to strike our sail, and take to the oars. The wind, at the same time, blew so hard off the high lands, that it was with the utmost difficulty we could keep along the coast: had we not been assisted by a heavy swell, that came from the north-east, we must certainly have been blown out to sea.

Finding no place to land during the night, we continued rowing as close as we could to the rocks, till about five in the morning; when, hearing the sea run on the shore very long and heavy,

heavy, we imagined that we muſt be off a ſandy beach. We accordingly rowed toward the land, and, at the diſtance of fifty yards, for it was yet dark, were able to diſcern a beach at leaſt four miles in length. It was not, however, a convenient place for us to put in, on account of the ſurf, and a long and heavy ſea that rolled on it; yet being ſo much fatigued with rowing, that we were incapable of proceeding any farther, we were obliged to attempt a landing. This we effected with more eaſe than we looked for, and ſuffered no other inconvenience, but that of having our boat nearly filled with water on the beach. Having landed, our firſt care was to haul up the boat, that ſhe might meet with no further damage from the ſea. We then got into the woods, which lay cloſe to the ſhore; and, as I had taken the precaution to put our tinder-box in my boſom, before we landed, to preſerve it from the water, we contrived to kindle a fire; a refreſhment we had much occaſion for, having got wet in landing, and being in ſo weak and reduced a condition, that it was with the greateſt difficulty we could keep ourſelves awake for a few minutes, when before the fire; ſo that we were under the neceſſity of watching in turn, leſt, all being aſleep together, the fire ſhould go out, and we ſhould be frozen to death. Having now time to conſider every circumſtance, and finding, as ſoon as day-light appeared, that the land ſtill continued to have an oppoſite bearing to that on the other ſide of the point, we had no doubt remaining, but that we were upon the north cape of the iſland of Breton, which, together with Cape Roy,

Roy, on the iſland of Newfoundland, marks the entrance of the gulph of St. Lawrence.

Our proviſions were now entirely conſumed, and having not the moſt diſtant proſpect of getting any more, we were ready to abandon ourſelves to deſpair. As we were certain of being on an inhabited iſland, we might have flattered ourſelves with the hopes of getting relief, by perſevering in our dilatory progreſs, had we wherewithal to provide for our immediate ſubſiſtence. Having weighed the neceſſity of the caſe, and the miſery of periſhing by hunger, I was of opinion, as well as the mate, that it would be moſt adviſeable to ſacrifice one, for the preſervation of the reſt; and that the moſt proper method would be, by caſting lots, which ſhould be the unfortunate victim. But this ſhocking, though prudent, reſolution, we agreed to put off to the laſt extremity.

We had not been able to ſecure our boat ſo effectually, but that the ſea had beat her higher up on the beach, and filled her with ſand. We were obliged, therefore, to ſet two of the men to work in clearing her, and afterwards in ſtopping the leaks, as already deſcribed; while the remainder of our party was detached by different routes along the ſhore, to ſee if they could find any kind of proviſion. The mate and myſelf travelled along the ſandy beach, till we were prevented from going any farther, by an inlet of water, when we were a good deal ſurpriſed, to obſerve the tide ebb and flow every ten minutes. We were not, however, at preſent, in a diſpoſition to pay much regard to this or any other extraordinary

traordinary appearance of nature; and seeing a great quantity of oyster-shells lying upon the shore, we searched them diligently, in hopes of finding some that were full; but without success. This again made us curse our destiny, that we should have been cast away on so barren and miserable a country, and in such an unlucky time of the year, when we were not only deprived of the relief we might have got, at any other season, from the natural productions of the earth, but when even the animals, inhabitants of both elements, had retired to their holes and hiding places, to shield themselves from the intense cold which prevails during the winter, in this inhospitable climate.

We still continued our search, notwithstanding the ill success we had hitherto experienced, and contrived, at length, to gather about two quarts of hips, or wild rose-buds, by throwing up the snow, and searching in different parts of the bank. Having, with this sorry food, allayed, in some degree, the keen sense of hunger, and the wind having become somewhat more moderate, we got into our boat, and pushed off, the day being already drawing toward a conclusion. Our progress was, however, soon impeded by the quantity of ice that floated upon the water; which obliged us to put ashore on another part of the same beach. In landing, I had the misfortune to let the tinder-box fall from my bosom into the water, by which means we were unable to kindle a fire; and being exceedingly wet, as was generally the case, when we landed, we were, in this place, in a most uncomfortable situation,

ation, and ſuffered much from the cold. We therefore, thought it beſt to get into our boat again as faſt as poſſible, and return to the ſpot from whence we came, in hopes of finding ſome fire ſtill remaining.

It was with the greateſt difficulty we got back, being the whole way under the neceſſity of breaking through the ice, which had, by this time, formed almoſt into a ſolid ſheet. We were very anxious, leſt our fire ſhould meanwhile, have gone out, and thought it a lucky circumſtance, we had not been able to go any farther from it. On our arrival at the place, we had the ſatisfaction to find, it was not totally extinguiſhed: had this been the caſe, we muſt have periſhed in the courſe of the night. The fire being repaired, I cut up the remainder of my ſhirt to make ſome more tinder; and, as the damage it got had nearly proved fatal to us, was reſolved to be more particular in my care of it for the future.

On the 8th of February, the wind came round to the ſouth-weſt, which cleared off the ice, and enabled us to leave this place by ten o'clock in the morning. As we proceeded along the ſhore, we found it was not quite ſo rocky as it had been on the other ſide of the north cape. We were therefore able to land this night, without difficulty, within a large rock, by which we were ſheltered from the wind and ſea. We were here very comfortably ſituated, in every reſpect, except our want of proviſions. The next day, the weather continuing moderate, we had again proceeded about eight

miles on our journey, when the wind beginning to blow ſo hard as to raiſe a conſiderable ſwell, we were obliged to ſteer to the ſhore; and in landing, had the misfortune to loſe two of our oars, which were waſhed overboard by the ſurf.

On the following day, the wind lulled; and we immediately took the advantage of it, to put to ſea. We had now but two oars remaining; which being double-manned, we contrived to get about ſix miles before night. This was a very hard day's work, conſidering our preſent weak condition; for, having been a length of time without taſting any kind of nouriſhment, we were ſo much reduced in ſtrength, that when we got on ſhore, we could ſcarcely walk for fifty yards together.

The weather being unfavourable on the 11th, we were under the neceſſity of remaining the whole day in the ſame reſting-place; and, having leiſure to ſearch about the ſhore, we were fortunate enough to find a few roſe-buds, which we eſteemed at preſent a great delicacy. Had we not met with this ſupply, it would have been abſolutely requiſite to put our beforementioned ſcheme into execution. We thought ourſelves extremely unlucky, in not having found, in the courſe of our wanderings, ſo much as the body of any dead animal: nor, except the partridge, did we ſee any live one, that we had the ſmalleſt chance of capturing. At different times, we had hopes of catching ſome of the otters that we frequently ſaw on the ice, particularly on the ſmall rivers and inlets: but we never found them at any diſtance from the holes, which they continually

continually kept open, to give themſelves a free paſſage in and out of the water. We likewiſe diſcovered, at different times, ſome beaver's houſes; but could not inſnare any of the animals.

On the 12th, the wind became moderate, and we proceeded, once more, on our journey. The coaſt ſeemed to diminiſh in height as we paſſed along it, which made us hope we were now approaching the cultivated part of the iſland. Next day the weather got milder, with a fall of rain: ſo that it was with difficulty we could get our boat to ſwim, the ice thawing gradually off the bottom. This obliged us to put aſhore long before night; and when we had landed, and made a fire, we found no other immediate want but that of proviſions, having conſumed all the hips or roſe-buds that we had gathered at our laſt landing-place.

Having reconnoitred, very carefully, all around, and ſearched in every part under the ſnow, we were not able to procure ourſelves even that miſerable ſuſtenance. Being now driven to the laſt extremity, we were obliged to ſacrifice our proſpect of travelling any farther, to the immediate preſervation of our lives. About a dozen tallow candles remained, which we had hitherto employed in ſtopping the leaks of our boat, as faſt as ſhe ſprung one in any particular place. Of theſe we divided a ſmall part among us; which gave us ſome relief for the preſent. The two following days we coaſted for a few miles, ſearching for a place where we could meet with ſome hips; but our ſearch proved ineffectual. This

was the only kind of food we could now expect; and had we discovered any place that abounded with them, it was our intention to draw up the boat there, and remain till they were consumed.

We began now to be fully sensible of our desperate situation, and to expect that our fate would be that of perishing with hunger. Notwithstanding that idea was horrid enough, yet, what gave me the most uneasiness, was, that my friends would probably forever remain uninformed of our wretched catastrophe. It may appear to those, who have not been in similar circumstances, that this would take up but a small part of one's reflection, in comparison with the dread of such a death; yet, however it might have been with the rest of my companions, it was that idea that chiefly preyed upon my spirits. In order to prevent it, as far as possible, I took every occasion of cutting out my name on the bark of the largest trees. The fatigue of cutting it, as well as the preservation of my knife, which I observed before, was the only one among us, would not allow me to be more particular. But on the walls of the store-houses, which we had discovered in the beginning of our progress, I wrote a short account of our disasters in English and French, and requested, if any person should fall in with it, that they would transmit it to my father at Quebec.

On the 17th, we made another division of a part of the tallow candles that yet remained; and on the following day, the wind being favourable, we proceeded about five miles: where, finding

finding a flat country, and a ſandy beach, that extended for a conſiderable way, and being ſo much debilitated, that we knew it would be impoſſible for us to go much farther, we put on ſhore, with a determined reſolution to periſh on this place, unleſs ſome unforeſeen accident ſhould bring us relief. To attempt drawing up our boat, would, in our preſent weak condition, be a vain undertaking, ſo we were obliged to leave her, expoſed to the mercy of the ſea. All that we could preſerve was our axe, a ſaw, and the ſail of the boat, which we generally made uſe of as a covering.

As ſoon as we landed, we made it our buſineſs to clear away the ſnow from a particular ſpot in the entrance of the wood, where we intended to remain; and having cut ſome ſmall branches of pine to lie upon, together with ſome larger to ſerve for a ſhelter, which we ſtuck into the bank of ſnow that ſurrounded us, we made our fire. This done, we all went in ſearch of hips, and had the good fortune to find about a pint of them, which, boiled up with a couple of tallow candles, afforded us a tolerable meal.

The next day we paſſed without any kind of proviſions, and being apprehenſive that our little remaining ſtrength would ſoon deſert us, we employed ourſelves in cutting and piling as much wood as we were able, to ſupply the fire. Mean while, the waves had beat our boat ſo high upon the beach, as to be quite dry as ſoon as the wind ſubſided, and to deprive us of the power of putting to ſea again: had we been diſpoſed to do it:

for our ſtrength was by no means equal to the taſk of moving her a ſingle foot.

We again employed the whole day of the 19th in ſearch of hips; but it was not attended with any ſucceſs. Our tallow candles were, therefore, the only reſource we had left, and by this time they became reduced to two. We found ourſelves ſo much weakened the following day, that we could make no further uſe of our axe, and were under the neceſſity of creeping about in our turns, to gather for our fire the rotten branches of trees, that lay ſcattered upon the ground. As we had not a proper quantity of fuel, the fire that we kept up was but juſt ſufficient to preſerve us from freezing: for, though the ſeaſon was ſo far advanced toward the ſpring, yet, excepting ſome particular days, the weather was as cold as in the month of December.

Having now no more than two tallow candles remaining, and finding no longer a poſſibility of gathering any hips, being too weak even to ſearch for them, we thought it likely that we might derive ſome degree of nouriſhment from the kelp-weed, of which there was a quantity lying upon the ſhore. We accordingly collected a little of it, and with melted ſnow boiled it for a few hours in a kettle; but, at the concluſion, found it very little tenderer than at firſt. We then melted one of our tallow candles in the liquor, and having ſupped it up, and eat a quantity of the weed, our appetite became ſomewhat ſatiated: but in about two hours time, we were all affected with a very uneaſy ſenſation, and were ſoon after ſeized with a fit of vomiting, without being

being able to bring the offending matter entirely off the ſtomach. This fit of vomiting having continued for about four hours, we found ourſelves tolerably eaſy, but, at the ſame time, exceedingly exhauſted.

On the 22d we made uſe of ſome more kelp-weed and our laſt tallow candle. It ſtill operated in the ſame manner, but not to ſo violent a degree as it had done before. The next day the wind blew very moderate from the north-weſt, and brought a ſevere froſt along with it. We had now an opportunity to repair our boat; and, if our ſtrength had been ſufficient to launch into the water, we ſhould have changed our reſolution, and have quitted the place. We made, indeed, a faint attempt to launch the boat; but, on finding that we could not move her an inch from where ſhe lay upon the ſhore, we were obliged to give over the deſign. Our candles being all conſumed, we were under the neceſſity of boiling the kelp-weed, without the mixture of tallow, which, however nauſeous at any other time, afforded us, then, not only ſome kind of nouriſhment, but even an exquiſite reliſh.

Having, for three days, taſted no other food but the kelp-weed, we began to ſwell to an alarming degree. This we were at a loſs whether to attribute to the kelp-weed, or to the cold (for we were not able to keep a ſufficient fire): however, I thought then, and do ſtill believe, that it proceeded from the former; for, notwithſtanding we had often before been expoſed to the utmoſt ſeverity of the froſt, and ſometimes without any ſhelter whatever, yet we had never found

ourſelves

ourſelves affected with this extraordinary ſymptom; but, on the contrary, were as much reduced in bulk as we were in ſtrength: whereas, in a few days, the ſwelling had increaſed to ſuch a degree all over our bodies, that, notwithſtanding the little fleſh we had upon our bones, we could ſink our fingers two inches deep on the ſkin; the impreſſion of which remained viſible for above an hour after. Hunger, nevertheleſs, ſtill obliged us to make uſe of the kelp-weed. I have never ſince conſulted with any naturaliſt or phyſician about the extraordinary effects of this weed; yet doubt not but they may be accounted for from natural cauſes.

We paſſed a few days more in the ſame manner; at the expiration of which, we were ſo much ſwollen, as to be almoſt deprived of our ſight, and ſo reduced in ſtrength, that it was with the utmoſt difficulty we could keep our fire in by crawling about in turn, and breaking the rotten branches that lay ſcattered upon the ſnow. The time was now arrived, when I thought it highly expedient to put the plan beforementioned into execution; but, on feeling the pulſe of my companions, found, that ſome of them were rather averſe to the propoſal; the deſire of life ſtill prevailing above every other ſentiment, notwithſtanding the wretched condition they were in, and the impoſſibility even of preſerving it by any other method.

I thought it an extraordinary inſtance of infatuation, that men ſhould prefer the certainty of a lingering and miſerable death, to the diſtant chance of one more immediate and leſs painful.

However,

However, on consulting with the mate, what was to be done, I found, that, though they objected to the proposal of casting lots which should be the victim, yet, all concurred, in the necessity of some one being sacrificed for the preservation of the rest. The only question was, how it should be determined; when, by a kind of reasoning more agreeable to the dictates of self-love than of justice, it was agreed on, that, as the captain was now so exceedingly reduced, as to be evidently the first who would sink under our present complicated misery; as he had been the person to whom we considered ourselves, in some measure, indebted for all our misfortunes; and further, as he had, ever since our shipwreck, been the most remiss in his exertions towards the general good, he was, undoubtedly, the person who should be the first sacrificed.

I must confess, that I thought, at that time, there was some colour of truth in this conclusion: yet, I was not a little shocked at the captain's intended fate, although I had more reason than any one else to be incensed against him, not only on account of his neglect of duty, and his mal-practices at the hut in purloining our provisions, but for another reason likewise. After our shipwreck, I had discovered, by some papers, which had been washed on shore, that, though the captain's pretended destination was to New-York, yet his real one was to the West-Indies, if he could possibly effect it. Thus would he have baffled General Haldimand's intentions, in sending me with dispatches, that might be of the first

firſt conſequence to this country; and not only have diſappointed, but alſo have defrauded me of the money which I paid him for my paſſage.

The determination now made, was kept ſecret from the captain; and it would have been impoſſible for us to live many days longer, without putting it into execution, had we not happily met with relief from a quarter whence we little expected it. On the 28th of February, as we were all lying about our fire, we thought that we heard the ſound of human voices in the woods; and ſoon after diſcovered two Indians, with guns in their hands, who did not ſeem yet to have perceived us. This ſight gave us freſh ſtrength and ſpirits: ſo, getting up, we advanced towards them with the greateſt eagerneſs imaginable.

As ſoon as we were perceived by the Indians, they ſtarted back, and ſeemed fixed for a few moments to the ground with ſurpriſe and horror. This, indeed, is not to be wondered at, when it is conſidered, that, beſides the amazement they muſt naturally have felt, on ſuddenly meeting with white men in this uninhabited part of the iſland, our appearance itſelf, was enough to alarm the moſt intrepid: our cloaths being almoſt entirely burnt off, ſo that we were bare in ſeveral parts of our bodies, our limbs ſwollen to a prodigious bulk, our eyes, from the ſame cauſe, almoſt inviſible, and our hair in a confuſed and diſhevelled ſtate about our heads and ſhoulders, particularly of thoſe who wore it long; for we had not been able to comb it ſince our ſhipwreck. As we advanced toward the Indians, ſome of us

wept,

wept, while others laughed through joy. Being a little recovered from their ſurpriſe, they did not ſhew much inclination to accoſt us, till I got up to one of them, and took him by the hand; when he ſhook it for ſome time very heartily; the uſual mode of ſalutation among the Indians

They began, at length, to ſhew marks of compaſſion at our diſtreſſed appearance; and I imagine, their ſhyneſs at firſt proceeded from the repugnance which it naturally inſpired: for, theſe Indians being converted to Chriſtianity, I will not attribute it to a motive ſo contrary to that doctrine, as the idea of the trouble they might expect, without any compenſation, in relieving us. They then walked with us to our fire, and, ſitting down by it together, one of them, who could ſpeak a little broken French, deſired we would inform him whence we came, and the particulars of the accident that brought us there. I accordingly gave him as conciſe an account as poſſible, of the diſaſters and fatigues we had undergone: during the relation, he ſeemed to be very much affected at our ſufferings.

Having finiſhed my narration, I aſked the Indian, if he could furniſh us with any kind of proviſions: to which he anſwered in the affirmative. Obſerving that we had very little fire, he ſuddenly ſtarted up, and took our axe in his hand; when, looking at it, and laughing heartily, I ſuppoſe at the badneſs of it, he threw it down again, and taking his tomahawk from his ſide, which is a ſmall hatchet that the Indians always carry about them, he went, and, in a ſhort time,

time, cut a quantity of wood, which he brought, and threw upon our fire. This done, he took up his gun, and, without ſaying a word, went off with his companion.

This would have been a very alarming circumſtance to perſons ignorant of the Indian manners; but I was ſo well acquainted with the humour of theſe people, who ſeldom ſpeak when there is not an abſolute occaſion for it, that I doubted not, but they were gone for ſome proviſions, and that we ſhould ſee them again very ſhortly. Notwithſtanding the length of time we had been without nouriſhment, I muſt confeſs, that I felt but little inclination to eat: the fire which the Indian had made, was the greateſt refreſhment to us, as we had been many days without a good one.

After about three days had elapſed, during which interval, ſome of our party were not without anxiety, leſt the Indians ſhould never return, we perceived them coming round a point, at a ſmall diſtance, in a bark canoe. Being arrived, and landed upon the beach, they took out of their canoe ſome ſmoked veniſon, and a bladder of ſeal oil; which they brought up to our fire-place: having put ſome of the meat into our kettle, they boiled it in melted ſnow; and then gave each of us a very ſmall quantity of it, together with ſome oil. I knew very well their reaſon for being ſo ſparing of their meat; for, eating a quantity of groſs food in our preſent ſtate, might be attended with the moſt fatal conſequences. It gave me no ſmall pleaſure to find that the Indians were ſo careful of us.

This

This light repaſt being ended, the Indians deſired three of us to embark in their canoe, that being all ſhe could carry at a time, and proceed from this place to their hut, which lay five miles farther by water, and about a mile from the ſhore, in the middle of the woods. We were received at the ſea ſide by three other Indians, and about twelve or fourteen women and children, who had been there waiting our arrival. Having landed from the canoe, we were conducted by theſe laſt to their habitation in the wood, which conſiſted of three huts or wigwams, there being that number of families among them: meanwhile, the ſame two Indians who had brought us, went back in their canoe for the three remaining men of our party. On arriving at the hut, we were treated with the greateſt humanity by theſe people; they gave us ſome broth to ſup, but would not ſuffer us to eat meat, or any kind of ſubſtantial food whatever.

The two Indians being come back with our companions, and having all received a tolerable refreſhment, I was deſired, at the requeſt of a very old woman, who appeared to be miſtreſs or mother of the families preſent, to give them an account of our tranſactions ſince the day of our ſhipwreck. I accordingly gave a more particular account, than I had done before in French to the Indian, whom I have already mentioned; and he explained it in his own language to the other Indians. In the courſe of my relation, I could perceive that the old woman was exceedingly affected, at certain parts of it; which gave me much ſatisfaction, as I thence derived hopes,

that they would continue, to treat us with the ſame humanity. As ſoon as I had done ſpeaking. the old woman roſe up, and after ſupplying us with ſome more broth, deſired the interpreter to explain to us, the ſhipwreck of the famous French partiſan St. Luc Lacorne, on his paſſage from Canada to France.

He informed me, that this gentleman, of whoſe ſhipwreck I had already heard ſomething, was caſt away directly upon the North-Cape; that a great number of perſons, periſhed on the occaſion, amongſt whom, were two of Mr. St. Luc's children, who were drowned in his arms, as he was attempting to carry them on ſhore. He likewiſe informed me, that after his having remained five days there, and ſuffered much from cold and hunger, he himſelf had relieved him, and conducted him to Louiſbourg; for which ſervice, he ſaid, Mr. St. Luc was indebted to him thirty pounds, which he promiſed to remit from Halifax, but had never performed it. Whether this part of the Indian's ſtory be true or not, it is impoſſible for me to determine: the gentleman himſelf, is beſt acquainted with it. But this I am certain of, that the poor Indians muſt have earned the money very dearly, in conducting him ſo far, at the ſeaſon of the year in which the journey was performed.

Theſe people did every thing in their power, to reduce the ſwelling from our limbs; which they at length accompliſhed, after much difficulty. Having provided for our own immediate wants, our thoughts recurred to thoſe unfortunate men, whom we had left by the wreck. We

were

were under much anxiety for them, leſt by this time they might have periſhed with hunger. However, in caſe they ſhould be ſtill alive, I was determined, no means ſhould be omitted for their preſervation; and, having deſcribed to the Indians the part of the iſland we were caſt away upon, aſked them, if it was poſſible to go to their relief?

From the deſcription I gave the Indians of the ſituation of the river, and of a ſmall iſland that lay nearly oppoſite, they ſaid, that they knew the place perfectly well; that it was above one hundred miles diſtant, through very difficult paths, over rivers and mountains; and that, if they undertook the journey, they muſt expect ſome compenſation for their trouble. This indeed was but reaſonable: for it could not be expected, that the Indians ſhould leave their hunting, by which alone they ſubſiſted their wives and families, to undergo a fatigue of that kind through pure benevolence: and as to their account of the diſtance, I could eaſily give credit to it, as I knew we had come above one hundred and fifty miles by water. I then informed them, for the firſt time, for in fact it did not occur to me before, that I had ſome money, and that, if it would be any object to them, I would pay them for their trouble. They ſeemed much pleaſed when I told them that I had money, and deſired me to let them look at it. Then taking the purſe from my ſervant, I ſhewed them the hundred and eighty guineas that it contained; and obſerving an eagerneſs in their countenances at the ſight of the coin, which I had little ex-

pected among Indians, and that the women, in particular, seemed to have taken a strong fancy to it, I presented them with a guinea each; for which they expressed their satisfaction, by laughing, the only method among the savages of displaying every sentiment of that nature.

However, I was determined, at all events, to save the people, if any of them remained alive, though the Indians should be ever so exorbitant in their demands; and made an agreement with them, at last, that they should set off the next day, which was the second of March, and that they should receive twenty-five guineas at their departure, and the same sum on their return. This being adjusted, they immediately went to work in making a proper number of mawkisins and snow-shoes, for themselves and for the men; and three of them went off the next morning, having received the sum of money agreed for.

After these people knew that I had money, my situation among them was not near so comfortable as before; for they became as mercenary as they had hitherto been charitable, and exacted above ten times the value, for every little necessary they furnished for myself and the rest of my companions. Besides which, I was under constant apprehension, lest they should be incited, by this extraordinary passion for money, to plunder us, and leave us in the same destitute condition in which they found us. The only circumstance, on which I founded my hope of better treatment from them, was their religion: for, as I mentioned before, they were Christians, and rigid Catholics, having been converted by the French,

French, before we got poſſeſſion of the iſland. But, perhaps, it was this very circumſtance of their communication with Chriſtians, that had inſpired them with that vehement love of money. They ſhewed, indeed, every mark of attachment to their faith, being very aſſiduous at their devotions both night and morning; and frequently gave us cauſe to wiſh they had not been quite ſo devout, by diſturbing us with their pſalm-ſinging the whole night. I was very much afraid, at times, if they had learnt that tenet of their ſect, of keeping no faith with heretics, that their profeſſion of Chriſtianity would be of little ſervice to us. My ſervant, being an Iriſh Catholic, they were exceedingly fond of him, and heaped their favours upon him very profuſely. He joined them, for the moſt part, in their roaring, for I cannot, with propriety, call it ſinging, and in their prayers; though he did not underſtand a word of either. Indeed, I queſtion much whether they themſelves underſtood them, for they were the moſt confuſed jargon I ever heard, compounded of their own and the French language, with the mixture of a few broken Latin phraſes, which they had picked up from their converters, the Jeſuits.

Theſe inſular ſavages bore, in general, an exact reſemblance, in their perſons and manners, to thoſe on the continent of America. The principal points in which they differed were, in having their hair long, which is peculiar to the women alone among the continental Indians, and in wearing caps and breeches. Their language was very different from that of thoſe na-

tions, or tribes, which I was acquainted with; though I doubt not but it might have a reſemblance to ſome others upon the continent. I found afterwards, when we got into a part of the iſland where it was to be had, that they had the ſame ſtrong propenſity to ſpirituous liquor, ſo univerſal among the Indians.

It was ſome time before we had recovered any degree of ſtrength, or could digeſt any ſubſtantial food. The only kind we could get from the Indians, was the fleſh of mooſe-deer, and ſeal oil; on which they ſubſiſt entirely, during the time of hunting. Notwithſtanding that we found ourſelves, after our late miſeries, pretty comfortably ſituated among thoſe ſavages, yet I was anxious to get away, on account of the diſpatches I was charged with, which I thought might be of the utmoſt conſequence to his majeſty's ſervice; particularly, as I knew that the duplicates were loſt. I continued, however, in ſo weak a condition, that it was impoſſible for me to move for ſome time; and found, as well as my fellow ſufferers, that ſuch a ſhock to the conſtitution, was not eaſily to be repaired.

After being abſent near a fortnight, the Indians arrived with three men, who were the only ſurvivors of the eight, who had been left behind at the hut. They were in a very reduced and miſerable condition, and informed me, on enquiring the particulars of their tranſactions from the time we left them, that, after having conſumed all the beef, they lived, for ſome days, on the ſkin of the mooſe-deer, which we had left entire, not thinking it worth while to make a partition

partition of it. This being consumed, three of them died, in a few days, of hunger, and the others, were under the necessity of subsisting on the flesh of the dead men, till they were relieved by the Indians. One of the remaining five was so imprudently ravenous, when the Indians came to their assistance, as to eat such a quantity of meat, that he expired in a few hours, in the greatest agonies imaginable; and another, soon after, shot himself, accidentally, with one of the Indians' guns. Thus was our number, which originally consisted of nineteen persons, reduced to nine; and I rather wonder, how so many persons could, for the space of three months, go through such complicated distresses, from excessive cold, fatigue, and hunger.

We all remained another fortnight among the Indians, during which, I was obliged to pay, as before, a most exorbitant price for our diet, and for every necessary that we were provided with. By this time, my health being somewhat re-established, and my money, at the same time, very much reduced, I was resolved to postpone my own convenience, to the good of the service, and to proceed, as fast as possible, with General Haldimand's dispatches, though it was now the most unfavourable season of the year for travelling. I therefore made an agreement with the Indians, to conduct me to Halifax; for which I was to pay them forty-five pounds, and to furnish them with provisions, and all necessaries, at every inhabited place, on our way.

It was settled, that I should depart on the 2d of April, with two Indians, for Halifax, accompanied

panied by Mr. Winslow, a young gentleman who had been a passenger on board the vessel, and was one of the three survivors at the hut, together with my own servant. The Indians were to conduct the remainder of our party, to a settlement on Spanish river, about fifty miles distant, where they were to remain till the spring, when an opportunity might offer for them to get by sea to Halifax. Previously to parting, I gave the captain cash for a bill on his owner at New-York, to provide for the immediate subsistence of himself and the sailors; which bill was afterwards protested by the owner, on the pretence, that the ship being lost, neither master nor crew were entitled to any wages.

We accordingly sat off on the day appointed, each carrying four pair of Indian shoes, or mawkisins, a pair of snow-shoes, and provisions for fifteen days. The same day, we got to a place called, by the English, Broad-Oar, where we were detained, the following day, by a snow-storm. On the 4th, we again proceeded through the woods about five leagues; and, on the 5th, arrived at a place named Broad-Deck, which lies at the entrance of a very fine salt water lake, called Lake St. Peter. This lake communicates, by a narrow inlet, with the sea, from which it is distant about sixteen leagues. At this place, we met with two families of Indians, who were hunting there, and purchased of them a bark-canoe, for five pounds; the Indians having informed me, that some parts of this great lake are never frozen, and that it was requisite to have a canoe to pass over those places; and as we

we were to travel over the ice in other parts of it, I was obliged to purchaſe two Indian ſleighs, in which we were to place the canoe, and drag it after us.

Having remained two days in this place, and provided ourſelves with a few other neceſſary articles, we proceeded on the 7th, for a few miles along the lake; but the ice being bad, we were ſoon obliged to take to the wood. A thaw coming on ſoon after, with rain, made the ſnow, which lay to the depth of ſix feet in the woods, ſo ſoft and heavy, that we could travel no longer on our ſnow-ſhoes, the ſnow ſticking to them in large quantities. We were therefore obliged to make a fire, and remain here; and the thaw continuing for the ſpace of four days, made us very apprehenſive leſt the ice ſhould give way altogether: for the ſpring was now too far advanced, to travel any longer upon the ſnow, unleſs during a froſt. We ſhould then have been under the neceſſity of waiting till the ice was entirely cleared off the lake; which would have taken at leaſt a fortnight or three weeks from the time of its breaking up; in which caſe, we might have been reduced to a condition, equally diſtreſſed, with that we had been in after our ſhipwreck, except that we were provided with arms and ammunition.

However, the froſt returned on the 12th, and the next day we ſat off, and travelled about ſix leagues; ſometimes on floating pieces of ice, and at others, in our canoe, where the lake was open. On the 14th, our proviſions being nearly exhauſted, I propoſed going in ſearch of ſome game,

game, as the country abounded with deer: for the Indians, in general, never think of providing for the next day's wants, but eat on, without reflection, whilſt they have a morſel of food remaining. I accordingly went with one of the Indians into the woods. We had not been three hours on the hunt, before we diſcovered a very fine mooſe-deer; and the Indian ſhot him in about an hour after. We ſkinned this animal, which weighed about ſix hundred pounds, loaded ourſelves with ſome of the beſt parts of its fleſh, as well as the blood, which the Indian took care to collect, putting it in the bladder of the beaſt; and returned to our canoe. We then ſent the other Indian, Mr. Winſlow, and my ſervant, for ſome more of the meat, of which they brought about an hundred pounds.

Being now well ſtocked with proviſions, we had no reaſon to apprehend that we ſhould want, in caſe a return of mild weather ſhould render it impoſſible for us to travel either upon the lake or in the woods. On the 15th, we ſat out very early in the morning, and purſued our journey about ſix leagues, in the ſame manner as before. The greateſt inconvenience that we felt, was the want of bread, which the Indians of this country never make uſe of whilſt they are hunting; and being now much wearied with travelling, our ſtrength having been greatly exhauſted by our paſt fatigues, we agreed to make a halt for a day or two, in the woods. What renders the travelling through the woods, in theſe cold climates, more tolerable than might be ſuppoſed during the winter ſeaſon, is the number of pine-trees,

trees, and other ever-greens, which are interſperſed in different parts; the branches of which ſerve, not only to lie upon, but alſo as a ſhelter from the ſeverity of the weather. We choſe a ſpot abounding with theſe trees; and it is almoſt inconceivable, in how ſhort a time the Indians made us a comfortable habitation of the boughs, called in their language, a *wigwam*. Their method of conſtructing them is as follows: having choſen the ſpot for their fire, they firſt clear off the ſnow, throwing it up into a bank in a circular form, leaving a vacant ſpace, or paſſage, to leeward: and it is to be obſerved, that the more ſnow there is on the ground the better, as it makes the beſt part of the ſhelter. They then cut branches of pines, of a proper length, and placing the thicker ends of them in the bank of ſnow, bend and interweave them toward the top. Theſe branches are croſſed by others, and interwoven with ſmaller ones, in ſuch a manner, as to afford a ſufficient ſhelter from the wind, and from the falling ſnow. The fire is made in the middle of the wigwam, and the ſmoke of it goes out by the paſſage to leeward. The wigwams thus made, are very comfortable, even in the coldeſt weather, and are proof againſt any thing but a heavy rain; beſide which, a change of wind is the only inconvenience they are liable to.

We proceeded again on our journey, on the 18th, and, during that and the following day, travelled ſeveral miles, without meeting with any thing remarkable. I had now leiſure to obſerve the beauties of this lake, which was one of the

fineſt I ever ſaw in America ; though at this ſeaſon of the year, it could not appear to the beſt advantage. As far as I could judge, it is about twenty leagues in length from north to ſouth, and eight wide from eaſt to weſt. A number of ſmall iſlands are ſcattered about in different parts of it, and give it ſomewhat the appearance of the lake of Killarny, and other freſh-water lakes in Ireland. Theſe iſlands have never been ſettled on : yet appear to be very fruitful, and muſt be a moſt delightful reſidence in ſummer, except for the want of freſh water ; which, perhaps, may be the reaſon they have never been inhabited. Had the lake been properly frozen, we might have ſaved ourſelves the trouble of travelling ſeveral leagues, by croſſing over from point to point, and from one iſland to another : but, this not being the caſe, we were obliged to travel round the greateſt part of the bays on one ſide of it.

On the 20th, we arrived at a place called St. Peter's, where there are four or five French and Engliſh families ſettled. I was here received very politely, and entertained at the houſe of a Mr. Cavanaugh, a merchant, who was ſo good as to take my draught for two hundred pounds upon my father, though I was a perfect ſtranger to him. To this harbour veſſels of the greateſt burthen can come with ſafety, and a conſiderable fiſhery was formerly carried on here, till, on the breaking out of the preſent war, the American privateers put a ſtop to it. The force of theſe privateers, even taken collectively, is but trifling ; and it is much to be regretted, that government

vernment cannot ſpare a veſſel or two of force, to cruize about here, and protect the fiſheries; which, together with ſome other branches of trade, might be carried on with as much vigour, and much more benefit, than before the war. This Mr. Cavanaugh, but a ſhort time before I arrived, was plundered, to the amount of three thouſand pounds, by two privateers from Boſton; who came in at their leiſure, and took what they wanted out of his ſtores. Theſe American privateers have likewiſe driven all the ſettlers away from Louiſburg, who had alſo ſubſiſted by the fiſhery; and it is ſomewhat remarkable, that this place, which was, during the two laſt wars, ſuch a bone of contention between us and the French, has not, at the preſent moment, ſo much as a ſingle inhabitant.

I ſhould have taken a ſhallop or fiſhing-boat from this place, and gone to Halifax by ſea, but that there was almoſt a certainty of being taken by ſome privateer along the coaſt. This lake, St. Peter, is but half a mile from the ocean; to which, we were to carry our canoe through the woods, and to proceed, by water, to the gut of Canceau. While the French were in poſſeſſion of the iſland, they had formed a deſign of cutting through this narrow neck of land, and opening a communication on that ſide, between the ocean and the lake, in order to bring in their large ſhips of war, to lie during the winter, in the lake of St. Peter; for there is a ſufficient depth of water in the harbour of St. Peter, for the largeſt ſhips of the line to ride in, though there is not water enough in the inlet, by which the

lake communicates with the ocean, to enable them to paſs up to the harbour.

After ſtocking ourſelves, therefore, with as much proviſions, and other neceſſaries, as we had occaſion for, we ſat off, on the 22d, in our bark canoe, and arrived the ſame day at a place called by the French, Grand Grave; where there is a family or two of that nation. The wind blowing hard, we were obliged to remain here all night; and, on the 23d, proceeded along the coaſt to a ſettlement called Diſcouſſe, where we were detained another day, by ſome floating ice.

On the 25th, we got to a place called Narraſhoc; where we were as hoſpitably entertained as we had been at St. Peter's. I here exchanged the remains of my regimental coat, for a brown ſuit of clothes, intending to paſs for the maſter of the ſhip, in caſe I ſhould happen to be taken by any of the American privateers at Canceau: and as the inhabitants of this place gave me to underſtand, that the people of Canceau were very much diſaffected to government, I took every precaution to diſguiſe the appearance of an officer.

We proceeded in our canoe, on the 26th, to the point of Iſle-Madame; intending to croſs the great paſſage of Canceau. This paſſage is called the Gut of Canceau, from an Acadian ſettlement of that name on the continent; and ſeparates the Iſland of Cape-Breton from Acadia, or, as it is now called by the Engliſh, Nova-Scotia. The iſland of Madame lies in the middle of the Gut, but rather nearer to Cape-Breton

Breton than to the main; and the paſſage to this iſland is called the Small, that from the Iſland to Canceau, the Great Paſſage. On making the point of Iſle-Madame, we found that there was ſtill a great quantity of floating ice in the Great Paſſage, and, not thinking it prudent to venture in our frail veſſel among it, we returned to Narraſhoc, in order to procure a ſmall ſloop or veſſel that could reſiſt the ice.

Having accordingly provided one, we embarked our little canoe in it, and, on the 27th, the wind being as favourable as we could wiſh, got acroſs the paſſage, which is eight leagues, in three hours. The men, who navigated the veſſel to the other ſide, were very apprehenſive of ſome American privateers lying in the harbour of Canceau, having ſeen ſeveral in the bay two days before. Upon this intelligence, I gave my diſpatches and papers to one of the Indians, knowing well, that they never attempt to ſearch or plunder any of theſe people. We were, however, ſo fortunate, as to ſee no privateers on entering the harbour.

On landing at Canceau, I went to the houſe of a Mr. Ruſt, who is the principal man at this place, and acts as a juſtice of the peace under government. for which he receives about 100*l. per annum.* The inhabitants on the other ſide, as well as the people who brought us over, having informed me, that this gentleman always ſupplied the New-England-cruizers with every neceſſary that his ſtores could afford; I was determined, to be very cautious in every thing I ſaid, in his preſence. Having paid the perſon who brought us

over the gut, and thanked him for his private intelligence, I was conducted to the houſe of this Mr. Ruſt, to whom I paſſed myſelf for the captain of the ſhip. He aſked me a number of queſtions, the tendency of which I could eaſily perceive; and therefore, gave him as evaſive anſwers as poſſible. I found that he had a brother-in-law, who was a firſt-lieutenant on board a ſixteen-gun-brig, belonging to Boſton, which had gone out of the harbour of Canceau the day before.

We remained in this place till three o'clock the next morning, when, being apprehenſive of treachery, on the part of our pretended friends; we ſat off, without any intimation of it to Mr. Ruſt. From this gentleman I had purchaſed a piece of ſalt pork, and about eight pounds of biſcuit, which he ſaid was as much as he could ſpare, and for which, I was obliged to pay him at leaſt thrice its value. We were now to proceed in our canoe, along the coaſt to Halifax, and had reaſon to fear that we ſhould be again diſtreſſed for proviſions. However, we were ſo lucky as to find, as we coaſted along, plenty of lobſters and other fiſh, which the Indians caught with prodigious dexterity, killing the flat fiſh with a pointed pole, and the lobſters with a cloven one. We were ten days going from Canceau to Halifax: during which interval, we did not meet with any ſettlement, and ſaw nothing worth mentioning, except a number of picaroons on various parts of the coaſt.

The Indians remained, for a few days, at Halifax; when, having received the balance due to them,

them, they took their departure for the iſland. I was obliged to continue here for two months longer, till an opportunity ſerved for a paſſage in the Royal-Oak, to New-York; where I delivered my diſpatches (in a very ragged condition) to Sir Henry Clinton.

The reſt of my fellow-ſufferers in the ſhipwreck, ſoon after arrived at Halifax, in a ſhallop from Spaniſh-River. The captain, conſcious of the reception he would meet with, did not think proper to go to his owner at New-York, to give an account of the loſs of his veſſel; but took his paſſage in a ſhip from Halifax to London, and now ſerves as a pilot on the Thames. The mate was, on account of his good conduct during the whole of our tranſactions, appointed, by a gentleman in Halifax, to the command of a ſhip bound to the Weſt-Indies.

JULIA MONTAGUE

TO

EMILY BEAUMONT.

My dear Emily,

HAVE you then forgotten your promiſe to come down to the country, and ſpend a few days with me in the beginning of ſpring? Perhaps the fine folks in town, do not ſuppoſe that the ſpring is come yet. I can account for their miſtake. Nothing but the ſun can convince them of its approach; and they keep themſelves ſo mewed up in their apartments, that they think very little of conſulting him. As for us, we enjoy his kindly beams already. The country, which was ſo dull for ſome months, has reaſſumed all its charms. The trees, have ſhaken off winter's ſqualid dreſs; to put on, once more, the livery of the ſpring. The birds, returning in crowds, form the moſt agreeable concerts; while they hide their neſts under the thick foliage of the groves. What can you be doing in town? Were you to paſs the whole day at your window, breathing the freſh air, would you ſuppoſe that you enjoyed the ſpring? Caſt your eyes round you, what do you ſee? A ſky clouded with ſmoke, dirty ſtreets; in ſhort, the ſame objects that you have ſeen all the winter. The

houſe

houſe-tops, it is true, are no longer covered with ſnow and icicles, but your dun tiles, even with this advantage, afford no very brilliant proſpect. Do you ſee, as I do, the ſun's riſing beams deck the freſh leaf with purple and gold; do you ſee the dew-drops ſhine like pearls, before his warmth dries them up; do you ſee him, when he emerges from behind the hill, inundate the vaſt horizon with a torrent of light? I ſuppoſe your town idlers, who have ſtuck ſo long to their fire-ſides, begin to truſt themſelves, at length, to the park, though they ſtill ſhudder with the cold that they have felt; but look at them attentively, you will find that one winter has made them old. Here, on the contrary, every thing ſeems to have grown young again. The brooks have purged their muddy waters; the meadows are enamelled with new flowers; the pale primroſe adorns every bank; and even the prickly hawthorn, prepares to dreſs itſelf in the bloſſoms of May, in order to ſoften its rugged aſpect. How pleaſing, after the dull ſilence that reigned through all nature, to hear the bleating of the flocks, that are ſeen climbing up the green ſlopes; and the clamorous joy of the children and youth, who come out to enjoy their accuſtomed ſports in the fields. Our houſe is built upon an eminence, expoſed to the earlieſt beams of the ſun. I might, if I choſe, receive his morning viſits in my chamber; but I like better to riſe with the dawn, and pay him my reſpects in perſon, upon the top of the hill; and thither I repair in the evening alſo, to take my leave of him.

Theſe,

These, my dear Emily, are some of the pleasures that the country affords; but, I feel the want of a friend to enjoy them with me. Make haste, therefore, and come down. Do not suppose, that whatever time you spend here, will be lost to your improvement: I learn here a thousand things, of which I am ashamed that I have hitherto been ignorant. Our little accomplishments too, I am very sure, will not contract rust in this air. The sweet songs of the nightingale will remind us of cultivating our voices more attentively. The little lambs, that bound and frisk round their mothers, will give us an example of ease, grace, and agility; while the landscape, varying before us at every step, will invite us, to exercise our pencils, and vie with the colouring of nature: such rivals as these, may, perhaps, humble our vanity, but they take no pride to themselves, from our inferiority; and therefore, we can forgive their excelling us. Try to prevail upon your mama to come down along with you: we expect you both, with the most earnest impatience. Adieu, my dear Emily. The moment, that I can suppose my letter to have reached you, I will go and post myself at the end of our avenue, to wait your coming. You will do wrong, to let me moan there long, like the turtle for its absent mate. Once more, adieu. Believe me unalterable in the friendship which I have vowed to maintain for you, while I remain

JULIA MONTAGUE.

EMILY

EMILY BEAUMONT

TO

JULIA MONTAGUE.

I HAVE not forgotten the promiſe that you mention, my dear Julia, and if I have not performed it, I am pretty ſure, when you hear the reaſon, you will not think me deſerving of your reproaches. I choſe rather to appear deſerving of them, than to wound your tender breaſt with my ſorrows. Theſe I can now impart to you, as they are at preſent totally diſſipated. You know how tenderly I love my worthy mother. Well, my dear friend, I have been upon the point of loſing her for ever; and ſhudder ſtill at the thoughts of my danger. Since the death of my papa, her health had been conſtantly on the decline; but I flattered myſelf, that the amuſements of the country, your mama's agreeable company, and the pleaſure of ſeeing me happy in your ſociety, might in ſome meaſure divert her grief, and contribute to the recovery of her health. It was this hope, that made me talk laſt winter, in ſuch high ſpirits, of the pleaſures that we were to enjoy in the ſpring. The firſt approaches of this charming ſeaſon revived in my mind the moſt delicious ideas. I was buſy, the other day, preparing for our jaunt; and mama,

with

with her usual good nature, seeing my impatience, was as earnest on her part, where, as she was packing up her things, a bundle of letters of my father's, which she has always preserved, fell into her hands. It was late in the evening; she therefore sent me to bed, that she might peruse them more at her ease. I have since learned that she was reading them the whole night. They must have agitated her spirits most powerfully; for, in the morning, a fever appeared on her in all its violence, and reduced her in two days to the last extremity. Judge what I must have suffered in seeing her delirious the whole time, and hearing her pronounce my papa's dear name with a voice scarcely audible. I trembled, every moment, lest I should lose her as well as him. What would have become of me, deprived of that dear mother, who seems to care for life on no other account than that of her affection for me? I had ever been sensible of her fondness, but at that moment how much did I feel my love and gratitude increase! Although her situation rendered her unconscious of my care and tenderness, yet, I exerted myself in the melancholy office, as much, as if she had repaid me by her fondest caresses. My father, whose image was so strongly painted in my remembrance, seemed to thank me for her. I never left her bed-side a single moment, and I have now the pleasure to see her recover perceptibly. I cannot express to you, what new sentiments this revolution in my mother's health has given birth to, in my breast. The names of mother and daughter, sound in my ears with a sweetness

ſweetneſs, that I never found in them before. Whatever reminds me of the tender ties of nature, excites in my ſoul more melting emotions than I have ever hitherto experienced. Of this I had a proof yeſterday, which I ſhall long remember.

Mama took me, to ſpend a day out of town, at Lady D——'s, who had teſtified the ſtrongeſt concern for her, during her illneſs. I had always heard this lady mentioned, with expreſſions of reſpect and affection, but my age's levity had hindered me, from making remarks upon her character with any attention. I now reſolved, however, to ſtudy it obſervantly. We found her at our arrival, in a company of near twenty viſitors; ſome of whom, were united to her, by the ties of friendſhip, others, common acquaintances, who had occaſionally, matters of buſineſs to tranſact with her huſband. Her countenance, which was conſtantly brightened with a ſmile of candor and good nature, encouraged even ſtrangers to be at their eaſe, in her company. I admired, with what eaſe ſhe could addreſs all by turns, in the very ſtyle which their ſeveral circumſtances made the propereſt, forgetting no perſon in ſo numerous a company, and yet, in the midſt of all theſe various attentions, overlooking her young family with the care of a mother, though ſhe did not appear in the leaſt engaged with them. In the evening, when the company was retired, mama yielded to the requeſt of her friend, who preſſingly entreated her, to prolong the pleaſure that ſhe enjoyed, in being once more in her ſociety. Lady D——

had

had juſt received agreeable news, from two of her ſons, who were on their travels. Her huſband was returned the ſame day, from a ſhort journey into the country. Theſe two circumſtances, threw her into a moſt delicious frame of mind; and her happineſs, was equally painted in the ſmile that hung upon her lips, and in the ſweet drops that bedewed her eyes. It ſeemed, as if her ſoul, replete with love, feared to contract her joy within herſelf, and would therefore diffuſe it upon all around, to make them partners in her happineſs. The impreſſion was ſo pleaſing, that you could not avoid cheriſhing it, as your own proper ſenſation. Her feelings had the ſame effect, as a fine evening, in which, nature, takes pleaſure to breathe into every boſom, the ſweets that ſhe diſpenſes. A light and lively chearfulneſs, quickly ſucceeded to this tender mood, and from that air of nobleneſs, that character of dignity and good ſenſe, which was to her ſo natural, and which ſhe had ſupported, to ſo much advantage, in the general converſation of the afternoon, I ſaw her with the ſame grace, deſcend to the moſt playful good humour, and the moſt intimate familiarity. Mama was touched with the affectionate part, that ſhe took concerning the happy return of her health; I confeſs, I myſelf was touched with the flattering inſtances of friendſhip, that I received from her lips; but I know not how, ſhe found the ſecret of making her own pleaſure, become ſtill more ſenſibly intereſting to us. Sometimes, by careſſes, ſhe would encourage her daughter, to diſplay before her father, the accompliſhments, which ſhe

she had acquired in his absence: sometimes by ingeniously irritating her, as it were, she would elicit from her daughter's vivacity a thousand strokes of native wit and delicacy. Amiable artifice of maternal tenderness, that endeavourest to adorn children, in all their graces, before the eyes of a delighted father, in order to render him, in his turn, more dear to his children, by the increase of his affection! How well didst thou become that pure, ingenuous soul, which was so much a stranger to artifice of every other kind!

The rest of the evening, was spent in a variety of little amusements, and I entered into the spirit of them more, I think, than I should have done, in any other house, because they generally appear, to be no other than expedients, to beguile the wearisome time away, whereas the chearfulness, spirit and cordiality, with which they are seasoned by Lady D——, renders them real and genuine pleasures. At length, however, the moment of our departure arrived, and I confess to you, not without costing me a very lively regret. We had hardly been seated in the carriage, when, dearest mama, cried I, throwing my arms round her neck, how much do I thank you, for having made me a witness, to the happiness of that respectable family! I know, I shall love you still more for it, than ever I have. You see, my Emily, answered she, pressing me tenderly to her bosom, how much the sweets of nature and of friendship, excel all other pleasures. My heart felt the same impression, and ever does, when I am in the company of my worthy friend.

I never leave her, but I find myself more inclined to practife my duty, and better inftructed by her example, in the means of fucceeding. Ah, mama, how delightful are thofe duties, and how eafy do they appear, from the manner in which Lady D——performs them. I think, to be in her company one fingle day, would be a fufficient inducement to any woman upon earth, to feek the fame happinefs. You are right, my dear, fuch is the charm of true virtue, that at fight of her, all ingenuous fouls feel the moft willing inclination, to follow her example. But many are foon difheartened by fome difficulties, which wear a formidable afpect, and this merely for want of a fufficient fteadinefs of principle. Lady D——, had the courage, to form her principles in her earlieft youth, and never to fwerve from them, during the reft of her life. With all the pleafing qualities and accomplifhments, that were capable of making her fhine in the world; a fortune, fufficient to fupply even thoughtlefs diffipation; and, in fpite of the examples which fhe might have pleaded in her excufe, fhe was early fenfible that her own eftcem, that of her hufband, her family, and her friends, were of more folid value to fuch a mind as her's. All her thoughts, all her actions, have been directed by this virtuous determination. Her efforts became every day eafier to her, and the fuccefs of them was the beginning of her reward. The more fhe has tafted the happinefs of this reward, the more lively dread fhe has felt of lofing it, were fhe to deviate a fingle moment from her plan of rectitude. Hence her courage has never been

been daunted at any difficulty. All her children have been brought up at her own breaſt. They have never been ſick, but her embrace conſoled them. She formed their earlieſt ideas, their earlieſt ſentiments; ſhe has inceſſantly watched over the minuteſt particulars of their education; and even at this day, their happineſs is her only ſolicitude: to that, her generous affection would ſacrifice the deareſt conſiderations of her own happineſs; and, from the calm, in which ſo many ſubjects of inward ſatisfaction ſuſtain her mind, in the midſt of all its activity, proceeds that air of ſerenity and chearfulneſs, that candid ingenuous manner, which gains your eſteem at the firſt look. Being, therefore, always certain of meeting with good will and reſpect from others, as ſhe finds nothing in herſelf unworthy of theſe ſentiments, ſhe needs only to purſue the natural bent of her diſpoſition, in order to be ſure of pleaſing: and to theſe means of pleaſing, with which nature has endowed her, ſhe has united all thoſe that are in the gift of reaſon, cultivated by reflection, reading and experience. It ſeems, as if nothing were beyond the reach of her faculties, in the ſame manner as there is nothing which her feelings do not intereſt. Her converſation is as touching as inſtructive. One would ſay, that all her ideas paſs by her heart, and there clothe themſelves in the expreſſion of the moſt noble and delicate ſentiment. An unalterable equality of temper, an amiableneſs ever new, bind her huſband's affections to her in the ſweeteſt captivity, nor ever allow him to wiſh for other relaxation from his cares, than he finds in

her company. In effect, what ſight can he find, when from home, capable of engaging him ſo much as his own houſe; when he ſees his friends, fatigued amid the buſtling ſcenes of the world, come to this aſylum of peace and honour, to ſeek the pleaſure which thoſe ſcenes could not afford them? The air of frankneſs and becoming liberty that you find in this houſe, diſpoſes all hearts to become ſuſceptible of generous ſentiments, and ſtill farther to open themſelves with the moſt unreſerved confidence. You are there ſafe both againſt others and yourſelf, as in a temple, where every thing inſpires the reſpect and love of a beneficent Deity, whom we ſhould dread to offend even in our moſt ſecret thoughts. Inſtead of the jealouſies and claims of precedence which raiſe diſcord among other women, thoſe whom ſhe has choſen for her acquaintance, only feel, in her preſence, the deſire of meriting her eſteem daily more and more; and this, being equally the buſineſs of all, attaches them to each other by new ties, and leads them to offer her their united tribute of gratitude and friendſhip: thus every thing conſpires, to afford her the ſubliméſt happineſs that a ſoul, endowed with ſenſibility, can taſte. Happy as a wife, happy as a mother, happy as a friend, all around her forms an empire, as it were, the ſubjects of which reſign their hearts to her governance, that ſhe may fill them with virtuous ſentiment and emulation of her noble qualities.

Notwithſtanding the vivacity with which my mother delivered me this portrait of Lady D—, it made ſo powerful an impreſſion on me, that I have

have found it again this morning, quite fresh in my memory. I hasten to send it to you, requesting you, at the same time, to shew it to your mother. I confess to you, I should be happy to see it in the hands of all honest people. Nay, I think, we owe this public homage to virtue, that we should paint the pleasures which it bestows, both in order to encourage those who practise it, and to invite others to do so by the hopes of the same happiness. The only person from whom I should wish to conceal it, is, my Lady D—herself, and that for fear of offending her modesty; if, after all, this very quality would permit her to discover her own resemblance in the picture. Her friends alone would be struck with the likeness, and would thank me for having *given* them *back the image* of those sentiments which they all entertain of her in their hearts. Honest people, in general, would applaud me for having shewed by a living pattern, that virtue is not a stranger upon earth: that it may be allied to the most amiable character, and enjoy the purest bliss that the condition of humanity is capable of tasting.

Let us, my dear friend, who have the happiness to find the same principles in our parents, profit by this new example, and be still further animated to tread in their steps. We are in that happy age of life, when our instructions and occupations are so many amusements; when our first duty, is, to follow the pleasing bent of gratitude and tender affection to those who gave us birth; and whose only ambition is to adorn us by virtues and accomplishments. To these sen-

timents let us join thoſe of the friendſhip which unites us: it began in our infancy; we ſhall ſhortly renew it in the country, and in the moſt ſmiling ſeaſon of the year. All theſe circumſtances ſhould add a force and a delicacy to it, which may extend both its duration and its happineſs to our whole lives. It hath taught you to ſhare the pain that I have felt, from our ſeparation; let it alſo teach you to partake of the joy which my heart alone would not be ſufficient to contain, that of going next week to receive your embrace.

EMILY BEAUMONT.

THE

THE HONEST FARMER.

A Drama, in Five Acts.

The subject of this Piece is taken from *De Eerlyke Landman.* See the *Nieuwe Spectatoriaale Schouwburg*, a Collection of Miscellaneous Pieces in Dutch, printed at Amsterdam, 1782, without the Author's Name.

Characters.

Squire Parks.
Farmer Thorowgood, *his Tenant.*
Martha, *the Farmer's wife.*
Valentine, *their supposed Son.*
George, Jenny, Lucy, } *their Children.*
Steward *to Squire Parks.*
Humphries, Hearty, Meadows, } *Neighbours of Thorowgood.*

Scene. *The Farmer's House.*

Scene I.

(*Martha standing by a table, cutting two slices of bread and butter.*)

After having laboured so hard during the best part of our lives, thus at last to fall into poverty! To what purpose is it, that we have never

never ceaſed our cares and pains for a ſingle moment, in order to breed up our children with credit? If they were but of an age to earn their own bread, it would be ſomething! My dear children, it is not for myſelf, it is for you that I ſhed tears; in loſing our cattle we have loſt our all. What remains, is far from being ſufficient to pay our landlord. What is to become of us? if my good huſband did not ſupport my ſinking courage, I ſhould die with grief. But how worthy a character he is! What a man! How tranquil, in the midſt of our misfortunes! Were I not ſure, that affection makes him conceal the greateſt part of his troubles, from the fear of afflicting me, I ſhould believe he were inſenſible to them. "Why doſt thou weep, Martha, he often ſays, when I can no longer reſtrain my tears? We have had a loſs, it is true; but who knows what Providence has in ſtore for us! I, for my part, make that my dependence." Alas, though never rich himſelf, he was always a friend to the unfortunate. How many families in this village has he ſaved from miſery, by his advice and aſſiſtance! There is not a better man on earth; and I ſtill poſſeſs what many women want in the midſt of riches, a worthy huſband, and children, whoſe good diſpoſitions fill our hearts with joy. Whilſt I think on theſe bleſſings, I feel that Providence watches over us, and my griefs become lighter. Take courage then, Martha, enough is left to conſole thee in thy affliction. *(She advances to the door, and calls)* Jenny, Jenny.

SCENE

SCENE II.

Martha, Jenny.

Jenny. Did you call?

Martha. Here, my child, take thy breakfaſt.

Jenny. Oh, my dear mother, you have given me above half; I cannot eat all this.

Martha. No; look at it, it is no more than thy ordinary portion: you are not ill, I hope.

Jenny. Not at all; but I have not ſo good an appetite as uſual.

Martha. What is it you tell me? how long is it ſince you have been thus dainty? Come, come, eat your breakfaſt like a good girl. Will you take this piece of bread?

Jenny, (taking the bread and breaking it in two.) It is too much, I aſſure you; half of it is ſufficient for me. *(She gives the other half to her mother.)* Here, keep this for Lucy.

Martha. What, has ſhe given you the meaſure of her appetite, pray?

Jenny. This is enough for her; I know, ſhe will not aſk for more.

Martha. You ſeem to think you know your ſiſter wondrous well; but I anſwer for it, Lucy can eat her own ſhare as well as you: here is a piece that I have prepared for her.

Jenny. No, no; ſhe will keep that for the evening, and then ſhe will give me half in her turn: leave us alone, we have ſettled the matter between us.

Martha,

Martha. What means all this? I am curious to know.

Jenny. Why do you ask me? it is a secret between us two: I beg, dear mother, that you will not seem as if you perceived any thing of the matter.

Martha. Nay, now you increase my curiosity, and I must absolutely know the bottom of this.

Jenny. Well then, since you command it, I will tell you all: Yesterday evening, we overheard my father say to you, since we have suffered the loss of our cattle, we must submit to the will of heaven, and try to turn this misfortune into a blessing; we must be the more diligent and industrious, and strive with all possible œconomy, to support our family. You replied with an embrace, that you would be the first to set the example. I made a sign to my sister to retire; we embraced each other also; whatever you had engaged to do for us, we agreed together, in return, to do for you.

Martha. My dear children, you take too large a share in our troubles; they are not suited to your age; fear nothing; heaven will have care of you. Oh, my child, you have made me feel the happiness of being a mother. What earthly good can equal the joy which this instance of your tender duty has given me! But be comforted. I have reserved the remainder of this for you, and you may, at least to-day, eat your bread as usual: it is necessary that you should get strength, in order to earn something for

for us when you grow older. Will you not be glad to labour for your father and mother?

Jenny. Ah, glad indeed! that I shall; but we can begin now: our hands, it is true, are small, but we will work the longer for that, and all that we earn, we will give to my father to purchase more cattle. Then we will rear poultry, and sell our eggs; and this money, all this money, we will gladly bring to you, dear mother. (*Seeing the tears in her mother's eyes.*) Oh, do not weep, I beseech you; you make my heart sink.

Martha. Be satisfied; if I weep, it is for joy: but it is time that thou shouldst breakfast. There are many things to do in the house; and I would have thy father find every thing in order, at his return.

Jenny. Is he gone into the field, with my brothers?

Martha. No, he took a walk down to the hall: he wanted to speak with our landlord.

Jenny. Oh, so much the better. My father always came home in good spirits from him: he is an excellent man, that Mr. Parks, is he not?

Martha. Yes, my dear, hitherto he has been very good to us: pray heaven he may continue to be so now we have occasion for it. But since our great losses, we are no longer in a condition to pay our rent; and often, those who have shewn us the greatest kindness, whilst we owed them nothing, look upon us with a very different eye, when they think they are in danger of losing by us.

Jenny.

Jenny. Our landlord, I am ſure, is not a man of this ſort.

Martha. I hope he is not, child, or we ſhall be much to be pitied.

Jenny. I long for my father's return, to hear the good news. Will he be back this morning?

Martha. He went out at ſun-riſe, and I expect him back every minute.

Jenny, (reſting her hand on the table.) Then before I breakfaſt, I will go and draw ſome beer to refreſh him; he will be glad of a draught after his walk.

Martha. No, no, eat your bread; I will take care of that myſelf.

Jenny. You aſked me, juſt now, whether I would work for my father and mother, and now you prevent my doing ſo.

Martha. Do as you will, then; I will not deprive you of this pleaſure: your father, I know, will repay you, with his careſſes.

Jenny. And I do not know which of us is the beſt pleaſed, when I deſerve them; and I will do my beſt to do ſo.

SCENE III.

Martha alone.

My dear children, heaven is my witneſs, it is chiefly on your account that I dread poverty, and yet it is from you that I receive the greateſt comfort. How much more ought I to love you, ſince

ſince you are the only bleſſing that is left me. Had I never been unfortunate, I ſhould never have had thoſe proofs of your affection. Perhaps alſo you will aſſiſt me in conquering my grief, whilſt I am only ſtriving to hide it from you. No, I will not interrupt, by my murmurings, the innocent gaiety of your tender age. (*She runs to the cradle, takes out the infant, and preſſes it in her arms, looking at it with tenderneſs.*) It is to thee alone that I will utter my complaints; to thee who art as yet inſenſible to the ſorrows of thy parents. I may ſhed tears in thy preſence without fearing to afflict thee. Happy infant, I weep for thy lot, whilſt thou anſwereſt me with a ſmile.

SCENE IV.

Martha, Jenny.

Jenny, (*coming in juſt as Martha has the child in her arms.*) Give it to me, mother, that I may kiſs it. My little friend, when you are as able as I am, you ſhall work for your father and mother too. Oh, you ſhall ſee what care I will take of this little baby, that it may become ſtrong and robuſt. But ſtay, we are buſy at preſent; you muſt go ſleep a little. (*She puts it back into the cradle, whilſt the mother looks affectionately at them both.*) Mother, I have juſt brought the beer; will you lend me the key of the cupboard, that I may fetch ſome clean linen, and a waiſtcoat, for

my father: I know he will return overcome with heat and fatigue.

Martha. Aye, and if he has any good news, he will not care how much he fatigues himself, in order to haſten to us with it.

Jenny, (*ſhutting the cupboard, and laying the linen on a chair.*) I know it; and then he would, without reſting, go to the field: he never loſes a moment.

Martha. This is a good leſſon for us; you, for example, would do well to haſten your breakfaſt, and go to ſchool; as ſoon as you have aſked your father's bleſſing.

Jenny. To ſchool! Oh, no, I ſhall not go there now.

Martha. What do you ſay, Jenny? do you not mean to learn to read and write? No, no, my child, I hope, however we may be reduced, to be always able to afford you this inſtruction, though I ſhould be forced to ſtint myſelf in common neceſſaries for it.

Jenny. But there will be no occaſion for any more expenſe on that account. Does not my brother Valentine read as fluently as our ſchoolmaſter at his deſk? and he will be maſter to Lucy and me: he told me ſo this morning. Siſter, ſaid he, you know that I am allowed half an hour's reſt after dinner, before I return to work; well then, if you will, during that time, begin a leſſon with me, I will finiſh it when I come home in the evening. You have nothing to do but to apply diligently, and I'll anſwer for it, you will ſoon be the beſt ſcholar in the village. Let us begin to-day, and you ſhall ſee.

Martha.

Martha. Now was this Valentine's own thought?

Jenny. Yes, his own indeed, mother; it would never have come into my head. It is I, ſaid he, who have coſt my parents the moſt, being the eldeſt; had they ſpent leſs on me, they would have had the money for you, my ſiſters: I ought therefore to give you back the inſtruction that I have received, now that our father cannot afford it you.

Martha. Alas, could we have known, at the time that we were providing maſters for him, that he would one day have wanted neceſſaries! He has coſt us ſomething, it is true, in his education, but I do not regret it. The money has been well laid out. Valentine is grateful, and does his beſt to give us proofs of it.

SCENE V.

Martha, Jenny, Lucy.

Lucy, (jumping.) Here he is, here he is.
Martha. Who, Lucy?
Lucy. My father; he is juſt come.

SCENE VI.

Thorowgood, Martha, Jenny, Lucy.

Martha, (running to meet him with open arms.) Ah, my dear friend.

Jenny, (*taking his hand.*) My dear father.

Lucy. How glad I am to see you.

Thorowgood. Good morning to you, my dear; good morning to you, children.

Martha. Are not you sadly tired with your walk?

Thorowgood. No, I feel myself quite nimble; but my poor Martha, you look sorrowful; I see, you have been weeping.

Martha. It is true, but do not be uneasy at that, for they were tears of pleasure, at having such dutiful children. If you did but know, how much satisfaction they have given me this morning, on your account!

Thorowgood. These are sweet words to me: there is not a greater happiness, when we do our own duty, than to see it done by those who belong to us. As I went to the Squire's this morning, my heart filled with your idea; now I return home, and find my wife and children wholly engrossed by mine. What comfort is this!

Martha. Will you take any thing? will you change your dress? Jenny has provided every thing for you.

Thorowgood. No, I thank you, there is no occasion. The thought of it alone, is sufficient refreshment to me. (*Kissing Jenny.*)

Martha. Well, you have seen our landlord; how did he receive you?

Thorowgood. As I expected: he has a feeling and good heart. He is a man, Martha, of the highest honour and humanity.

Martha.

Martha. Indeed! Did he compaſſionate our misfortunes? Tell me all.

Thorowgood. As ſoon as he was informed of my arrival, without making me wait a moment, he came out to me, and took me into his beſt parlour.

Jenny. Into his beſt parlour!

Thorowgood. Yes, Jenny: he was drinking coffee with his lady, and they ordered a ham on the ſame table for me; and madam was ſo good as to cut me a ſlice.

Jenny. What, madam herſelf?

Thorowgood. Yes, indeed, with her own hands, and in ſo obliging a manner.

Martha. Oh the dear lady!

Thorowgood. They would not let me ſpeak about buſineſs, till I had finiſhed my breakfaſt.

Martha. How charming is this! and then—

Thorowgood. Well then, my good Thorowgood, ſaid Mr. Parks, what news? Very bad, anſwered I: I have loſt all my cattle, in the ſpace of eight days; by a diſeaſe, brought on by the drought of the ſeaſon. I am ruined, and I am come to inform you of it, that you may be at liberty to let your farm to another tenant. I come alſo to offer you all that I have left in the world: it is a great trouble to me, that I have not ſufficient to ſatisfy you; but I promiſe, on the word of an honeſt man, to labour night and day, till I can do ſo. I ſhall eat of the bread of bitterneſs till I have paid my debt, to the utmoſt farthing.

Martha. Oh, certainly, we will do it readily. What did Mr. Parks ſay to this?

Thorowgood. I was already acquainted with your loſſes, honeſt Thorowgood, ſaid he, and am heartily ſorry for them. I pity you alſo, ſaid madam, with her ſweet voice: I pity you with all my heart.

Martha. The worthy couple! how good they are.

Thorowgood. I do not come here, ſaid I, to excite compaſſion, I have no occaſion for it, as I am able to work. My great concern is, that I cannot acquit myſelf of my debts to you: I own, I feel for my wife and my young family: I, who would have ſhed my blood to preſerve them from want! You who are rich, and without children, know not what it is to ſee thoſe ſuffer to whom we have given life. Ah, if you had ſuch children as I have; if you loved them with all your ſoul, and were beloved by them as I am! In ſaying this, grief made me hide my face; and when I lifted up my eyes again, I ſaw Mr. Parks was no longer looking at me: he had turned toward his wife; their eyes were filled with tears, and fixed on each other. Pity was not the only ſentiment which then affected them; I plainly ſaw, that ſomething, which more nearly concerned themſelves, occupied their minds.

Martha. And did you not aſk them what it was?

Thorowgood. I had not the courage; but as I continued to talk of my children, Mr. Parks ſtrove to change the diſcourſe. I perceived clearly that ſome private affliction was the cauſe of this; and therefore, haſtened to quit the ſubject.

ject, and began talking about my corn, and reckoning, how much it would yield toward paying my rent.

Martha. And pray was not Mr. Parks very angry, when he found it fall so short of that sum?

Thorowgood. Quite the contrary; he bid me not despair. Go home to your wife, said the good gentleman, I will order my horse, and be with you presently, when we will settle every thing. I have always looked upon you as an honest man, therefore I will do nothing in this business, without your concurrence.

Martha. Is this possible? How much do we owe him?

Thorowgood. Four hundred and fifty pounds.

Martha. Alas, alas, how shall we be ever able to pay this money?

Thorowgood. It is true; and yet had we saved our cattle, and our crops had answered this year, we should have had enough and something over.

Martha. But as it is, what will become of us?

Thorowgood. Why all that we can do now, is to collect together our household-goods and farming-utensils, and sell them, to pay our landlord: we will keep nothing but what is on our backs: we can then shew ourselves before him with a clear conscience. This is the only course that we can take to avoid misery. (*Somebody knocks softly at the door.*)

Jenny, (*going to the door.*) I think I heard a knock at the door Yes, I see some one (*She comes back, and speaks in a low voice.*) It is Mr. Pinch.

Thorowgood.

Thorowgood. Mr. Pinch! What does he want with me, I wonder: we have never had any quarrel.

Martha. I ſhudder with fear. We are undone, my dear Thorowgood. We ſhall be taken to jail. I know the ſteward; ſome miſchief is ſure to happen, wherever he interferes.

Thorowgood. Compoſe yourſelf, wife; we have nothing no fear. Take away the children, and leave me alone with him.

Martha. What do you mean? I muſt ſtay with you.

Thorowgood. No, no, leave us together; knave as he is, I am not afraid of him. You only vex me by ſtaying: go, I beg of you.

Martha. Since you inſiſt upon it, I muſt obey. *(She retires, taking Jenny and Lucy in her hand. The ſteward meets them by the way, and bows: the little girls appear frightened, and cling to their mother as ſhe goes out.)*

SCENE VII.

Steward, Thorowgood.

Steward. Thorowgood, did not I ſee you on the road to the Squire's juſt now?

Thorowgood. Very likely: in fact, I am juſt returned from thence. I have been with my landlord, to give up to him the ſtate of my affairs.

Steward.

Steward. What! without conſulting me, have you ſettled matters together?

Thorowgood. No, not yet.

Steward. So much the better. I am come to offer my ſervices, and to put you in a method to defend yourſelf againſt him.

Thorowgood. Againſt him! Pray was it not Mr. Parks who gave you the place that you hold? Do not you ſerve him?

Steward. I allow it; therefore I ſhould not chuſe to be ſeen openly in this buſineſs; my deſign is to ſupport you ſecretly. I can recommend to you a lawyer of this town, by whoſe means you ſhall be the gainer, where you expect to loſe: you underſtand me? He is one of thoſe we call a ſhrewd knaviſh fellow: truſt to him, he'll ſettle the buſineſs for you: he is my friend.

Thorowgood. A knaviſh fellow, and your friend: I ſhould have gueſſed ſo. Only ſee the force of ſympathy.

Steward. You muſt not take things ſo literally; I mean that he is a man capable of bringing you ſafe out of your embarraſſments, and the preſent juncture is very favourable to you; this year having proved ruinous to the farmers in many places, will eaſily account for your becoming bankrupt.

Thorowgood. I ſhall have nothing to do with your plan, Sir, but ſhall pay my landlord my full debt, whenever fortune enables me.

Steward. You deſpiſe the law, then, though it offers you its aſſiſtance.

Thorowgood.

Thorowgood. No, I do not despise it, but I think a man's conscience should be his just law; and if I make a bargain, which is not contrary to that, I think honour obliges me to stand to it; even though the law might discharge me from it.

Steward. Take my word for it, neither your honour or conscience will suffer in this business: it is not your fault that you have had those losses.

Thorowgood. How do you know that? perhaps I was to blame, to purchase so many cattle at once; had I bought but half, my loss would not have been so great, and I should have had money enough left to pay my rent.

Steward. And be it your fault, or not, the the thing is done now. And are you aware of what you expose yourself to, when you leave all to the discretion of Mr. Parks? Why he has it in his power to throw you into prison.

Thorowgood. And if he has that power, why should I seek to take it from him? and if he means to treat me with humanity, why rob him of that pleasure?

Steward. Well, suppose he should not prove rigorous; he is a mortal, you know; and his heirs may not be so tractable; whereas, if you follow my advice, you may secure yourself from accidents, and procure a final acquittance of the debt.

Thorowgood. What! can your lawyer make my landlord believe that he is paid, before he has received his just due?

Steward.

Steward. No, but after having made himself acquainted with your affairs, he can settle them much to your advantage, and put some money in your pocket, besides; you understand me?

Thorowgood. I do not want his assistance for this; I can make the matter as clear to my landlord, myself; he knows, very well, the misfortunes which have reduced me. I cannot now pass for a man of property.

Steward. Very true, but one ought always to do things by rule. Now, this lawyer, whom I recommend, is one of the best in the country in managing a business of this sort: besides, I mean, myself to lend you every assistance in my power.

Thorowgood. I cannot imagine what may be your motive for acting in this manner, so much against the Squire's interest; unless it is, because, he appears willing to settle my affairs, without consulting you, and so deprive you of the perquisites of your office.

Steward. What perquisites?

Thorowgood. Come, come, we know how most stewards make their fortunes. You all love to fish in troubled waters.

Steward. Nay, you talk at random. I only mean to be your friend in this. Put your affairs into my hands, and those of my friend; we will settle them, I'll answer for it.

Thorowgood. I do not doubt it. And so, Mr. Pinch, you think I will let you, to whom I owe nothing, have the fingering of my money, in order to defraud my landlord, to whom I owe so much;

much ; beſides the many obligations that I have to him, for his conſtant goodneſs to me !

Steward. Why, you will not be the leſs his debtor for this ; all your effects are not ſufficient to clear your account with him. Now, if you take my advice, you may preſerve a part, and all that you earn hereafter, will be your own.

Thorowgood. I cannot ſee the thing in this light : I am determined to give up all that I have to my landlord ; and whatever I can ſave hereafter, I will lay by, to pay the remainder of my debt to him.

Steward. Is it your deſign then, to exhauſt your ſtrength by labour, without reaping the profit ? Do you mean to paſs your whole life in working for others ?

Thorowgood, (*with emotion.*) You do not know the pleaſure which a man has, in being ſatisfied with himſelf. With what tears of joy ſhall I, from time to time, carry to Mr. Parks the fruits of my induſtry ! What happineſs ſhall I experience, in having it in my power to prove my gratitude, and to convince him that he was not deceived when he took me for an honeſt man ; and that, when I loſt my little fortune, I did not loſe my probity alſo !

Steward. Ah, Thorowgood, Thorowgood, I ſee, you do not know your own intereſt.

Thorowgood. You mean that I do not promote your's. Do you think that I am to be made thus the dupe to your avarice ? You want to draw me into a knaviſh act, in order to reap the profit of it yourſelf. Why do you not go to my landlord, and offer him your ſervices againſt

gainſt me! It is becauſe you know he has too much goodneſs, to ſeek my ruin; and yet you thought that I might be ungrateful enough to deprive him of his juſt due. No, Mr. Pinch, you may, if you pleaſe, forget your obligations to him; for my part, I ſhall remember mine as long as I live. I have had no occaſion for you hitherto, and I think I ſhall be able to do without you, in future. Go then, and ſeek clients elſewhere, for your roguiſh friends.

Steward. What, do you dare to abuſe me! Do you know that I can, ſoon or late, make you feel my vengeance?

Thorowgood. You ought rather to dread mine, if I were to lay your ſecret practices open to Mr. Parks.

Steward. Oh, good Thorowgood, let me entreat you—

Thorowgood. Be gone for a poltroon, as you are: I am as incapable of uſing my advantage over you, as of taking your advice. (*Steward retires in confuſion.*)

SCENE VIII.

Thorowgood.

Theſe are the men who ought to promote peace in the country, and they often ſeek to ſow diviſions. It is ſuch as theſe who are the ruin of the peaſants, by plunging them into law-ſuits. Inſtead of acting as a mediator between the rich and poor, their only aim is to eſtrange them

from each other. Where is the gentleman who would not have a pleaſure in treating his tenant with humanity, if he did but know that in return, he was regarded as a friend and father? Oh, Mr. Parks, be you ſuch to me! it is more than my own deſtiny that I give into your hands; it is that of my wife and children alſo.

End of the firſt Act.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Thorowgood, Martha.

Thorowgood. No, I tell you, Martha, we have nothing to fear from the Steward; I can aſſure you, he is more afraid of me, at this very inſtant, than ever I ſhall be of him.

Martha. Well, I believe you would not deceive me, unleſs it be to quiet my uneaſineſs.

Thorowgood. Be ſatisfied then; I have ſome good news for you. I thought that Humphries had loſt all his cattle, as well as I; but upon caſting my eye over our garden, I ſaw on the other ſide of the hedge, four fine cows grazing in the meadow below.

Martha. But what then?

Thorowgood.

Thorowgood. You muſt know there is a bargain between us, which gives me a right to two of thoſe beaſts.

Martha. How is that ?

Thorowgood. I will tell you : when the diſeaſe firſt broke out among our cattle, I ſaw Humphries was quite caſt down by it ; as I had always hitherto been more fortunate than he, I offered to do all in my power to ſerve him. He thanked me in ſo affecting a manner, that I wiſhed to give him ſome proof of my good will, upon the ſpot. You muſt know, juſt before the diſorder appeared, we had made a joint purchaſe of twelve cows at a neighbouring fair. It is true, I advanced two-thirds of the money ; but upon his conſenting to graze them, for a certain time on his farm, (which was an excellent bargain for him, in point of money, as we ſettled it) I told him that, whatever of the herd ſhould eſcape the mortality, we would divide equally between us. At that time I had no reaſon to think, that this arrangement would turn out in my favour ; and now, though it has, I ſhould be far from taking advantage of it, if it regarded myſelf alone ; but I am no longer maſter of my own. I am obliged to give up all my remaining property to my landlord. I ſhould therefore think myſelf guilty of a theft, if I did not, on this account, lay claim to every thing due to me.

Martha. And have you ſeen Humphries, ſince our loſſes ?

Thorowgood. No, but I juſt now ſent our ſon George through the garden gate, after him. See, he is come back already.

SCENE II.

Thorowgood, Martha, George.

Thorowgood. Well, ſon, what does Humphries ſay?

George. That he does not know what I am talking about, nor what you have to do with his cows.

Thorowgood, (ſurprized.) You certainly muſt have made ſome miſtake in your meſſage.

George. No, no, father; I told him the whole matter, clearly, as you ordered me; and he underſtood me ſo well, that he repeated word for word to the ſteward, who was with him on a viſit: beſides, he is coming to ſpeak to you himſelf.

Thorowgood. That is well; we ſhall ſettle matters at the firſt word. Humphries knows as well as I do, what we promiſed each other.

Martha. Have you any written agreement between you?

Thorowgood. I do not want it, wife. Can one wiſh better ſecurity, than a man's word? When that fails, there is an end of all integrity.

Martha. You imagine all the world like yourſelf: but ah, my good friend, when intereſt is in the caſe—

Thorowgood. What do you mean? I will never believe my neighbour capable of ſuch villainy. I have always looked upon him as an honeſt man; but here he comes. You will ſee every thing will be explained. *(To George)* You

You may return to your work, George, I do not want you.

George. Very well, father.

SCENE III.

Thorowgood, Martha, Humphries.

Thorowgood. I am glad you are come, Humphries; I'll lay a wager George has made ſome confuſion between us.

Humphries. Indeed I believe ſo; I was not able to comprehend a word of what he ſaid to me. He told me, that you had ſent him to fetch my cows.

Thorowgood. No, I ordered him to demand mine of you.

Humphries. Your cows?

Thorowgood. Yes, thoſe that I ſaw in the meadow. Have not you ſaved four?

Humphries. Without doubt. But how came they to be your's?

Thorowgood. Two of thoſe belong to me. Did not we paſs our words to each other, to divide between us amicably, whatever ſhould be left after the diſeaſe?

Humphries, (in confuſion.) But, Thorowgood—

Thorowgood. No evaſions, Humphries; tell me plainly; was not this agreed between us?

Humphries. I cannot deny it, neighbour; but one ſays many things, that one does not always ſtand to. Do but conſider my ſituation;

to have so fine a herd of cattle as I had, and to save but four out of them!

Thorowgood. I am much more to be pitied, for being under the necessity of asking them of you. When we made the bargain, which of us was most likely to be the gainer by it? had not I the greatest number of cows? did not I agree to it, out of kindness to you? and did not you yourself look upon it in that light?

Humphries. To be sure, neighbour; but after so great a loss—

Thorowgood. I see then the extent of your integrity. You are one of those honest men, who can walk uprightly, as long as prosperity holds, but stumble at the first step, if fortune change ever so little. I find, my wife knew you better than I did; and I plainly see that we must not depend too much on the rectitude of others.

Humphries. But Mr. Pinch assures me, that the law does not bind me to this bargain.

Thorowgood. I have nothing farther to say to you, if you consult the chicane of the law, before your conscience. I was once your friend, and that restrains me from publicly exposing your dishonesty. Go, I give you up your cattle; I should never have claimed them for myself alone; it was on Mr. Parks' account; but I must work a year the longer for him: you may go; I acquit you of your promise.

Humphries, (in a despairing accent.) Ah, Thorowgood, you stab me to the heart.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Thorowgood, Martha.

Thorowgood, (hiding his face between his hands.) I could never have expected this from a man, whom I looked upon as one of my beſt friends.

Martha. Come, cheer up, my good man; it is now my turn to be the comforter.

Thorowgood. Ah, Martha, I can bear up againſt the loſſes of fortune, but not againſt thoſe of friendſhip.

Martha. Be comforted, we ſhall find friends, I will anſwer for it, more to be depended on. See, here comes Robert, our rich neighbour. Perhaps he has ſomething to propoſe for our good.

SCENE V.

Thorowgood, Martha, Meadows.

Meadows. Good-morrow, Thorowgood; well, how goes it?

Thorowgood. Bad enough, truly, neighbour; you know, I ſuppoſe, that I am ruined.

Meadows. Yes, I have juſt been told of it; and this is the reaſon why I am come to ſee you.

Thorowgood. I am now worth nothing.

Meadows. How ſo? have you not a fine field of wheat, of which you may make many a good pound? If you mean to ſell it, I am your man.

I will buy it as it is, and pay the money down; what say you?

Thorowgood. If you have a mind to it, so much the better; my landlord will be here this morning, and you may settle the matter with him. I will not interfere in your bargain.

Meadows. I have nothing to do with Mr. Parks; the wheat is your's.

Thorowgood. It did, indeed, belong to me a few days ago, but it is not mine now.

Meadows, (with surprise.) How! have you sold it to him, then?

Thorowgood. No, but since my losses, being no longer in a condition to pay, I have given him up all that I possess.

Meadows. Are you mad, Thorowgood? why you have the law on your side; till your grain is made over to your landlord by some security, it belongs to you, and you may do what you please with it. Come, come, you have lost too much already: ask Martha what she thinks of the matter.

Martha. Why, I think that we ought, in the first place, to pay our debts, at any rate: if we have lost our cattle, our landlord has not gained by it; the loss, therefore, is our affair, not his.

Meadows. But you must not carry this so far as to deprive yourself of bread. You ought to keep something in reserve, to be above want.

Thorowgood, (looking severely at him.) What, at the expense of our good landlord?

Meadows. But he is so rich! When you have given up all to him, it will be no more in his pocket than a crown piece would be to you.

Thorowgood.

Thorowgood. Why I believe he could do without it; but that is no reaſon that I ſhould take it from him.

Martha. But do not you know what a generous and compaſſionate man he is?

Thorowgood. For that very reaſon I ought to be the more fair in my dealings with him.

Martha. What! would you have us uſe him ill, becauſe he treats others well?

Thorowgood. Fye, fye, neighbour, it would be infamous.

Meadows. Come, come, do not be ſo ſtiff; take my advice: it depends all on the manner in which we ſee things. There is no doubt but your landlord would do you a kindneſs: but to make that matter ſure, do one to yourſelf. Do you want to be one among the number of poor, that he relieves?

Thorowgood. He will not have that pleaſure long, if all his tenants take your advice.

Meadows. You are an obſtinate man, and I loſe my time in talking to you. I have but one word more to ſay: Will you ſell me your wheat; yes, or no?

Thorowgood, (with a ſmile of contempt.) Ha, I underſtand now what you would be at, and why you intereſt yourſelf ſo much in my affairs. Hark ye, you are a rich fellow, and this would be a convenient bargain to you; but I have a better ſcheme than this to propoſe to you.

Meadows. Now you ſpeak reaſon; let us hear.

Thorowgood. I expect my landlord here every minute: he always carries about him a well furniſhed

niſhed purſe, a gold watch, and ſome rings of value. Suppoſe you and I wait for him at the corner of the grove, and rob him of them; it would be no bad adventure this.

Meadows, (ſtarting back.) What do you mean, Thorowgood?

Thorowgood. Why, he is ſo rich, the loſs to him will be no more than a crown would be to us.

Meadows. Aye, but the gallows!

Thorowgood. Aye, that alone reſtrains you: but if I were to judge you, Meadows, I would let you ſee, that you do not deſerve it the leſs for what you have juſt now propoſed to me. I ſee no difference, for my part, between robbing a man of his money, or robbing him of the fruits of his land.

Meadows. Oh, there is a great difference in the two caſes.

Thorowgood. There may be ſo; but if you will reflect a little, I am of opinion, you will think as I do.

Meadows. I do not deſire it, indeed: there is little to be got by this way of reaſoning. Come, come, Thorowgood, conſider your own intereſt a little better: Your landlord will have great obligations to you, to be ſure, when you have reduced yourſelf to want, on his account. He will only deſpiſe you, and treat you the worſe for it.

Thorowgood. If his heart were like your's, I ſhould have reaſon to fear this.

Meadows. And pray what harm have I done you? but you are an obſtinate man. I wiſh to preſerve

preſerve your family from want; it is you that are the hard-hearted man, and will be guilty of all their ſufferings, and perhaps their death. I only deſire to give you your own price for your wheat; that is, if you are reaſonable; and here is the money.

Thorowgood, (ſeizing him by the arm.) Meadows, I have loſt, in eight days, all that I am worth, and am reduced to the laſt farthing; but if ever I am guilty of a diſhoneſt action, even to ſupply my moſt urgent neceſſities, *(pulling off his hat,)* may heaven ſtrike me dead with its thunder.

Meadows, (with a ſmile of contempt.) Very well. No matter what becomes of your wife and children; leave them to beg their bread, whilſt you enjoy on your dunghill, the pleaſure of hearing yourſelf called the worthy Thorowgood, the honeſt man.

Thorowgood. And that is what you will never hear ſaid of yourſelf. Thou wretch, thou haſt more money than thou knoweſt what to do with; and yet, in your eagerneſs to amaſs more, you want to cheat others, and to make me a knave like yourſelf. *(He takes him by the ſhoulders.)* Get out of my houſe this inſtant, before I knock you down. *(Turns him out.)*

SCENE

SCENE VI.

Martha, Thorowgood.

Thorowgood. I never in my life ſaw a more impudent rogue. He knows how much I abhor all ſort of diſhoneſty, and yet he comes ſeriouſly to propoſe a downright robbery to me: he would not have done this, when my affairs were in a better ſtate. Poverty is indeed terrible, when it expoſes us to ſuch affronts as theſe. O Martha, never let us be ſhaken by the miſeries of our ſituation. The poorer we are, the more rigid muſt be our integrity.

Martha. Otherwiſe it will be thought that we were only reſpected for our riches.

Thorowgood. This is my comfort in the midſt of my troubles. Let us not attend, Martha, to what others ſay, we have occaſion only for ourſelves. *(A noiſe at the door.)* Who knocks? cannot I have a moment's peace?

SCENE VII.

Thorowgood, Martha, Hearty.

Hearty. Good morrow, good folks.

Thorowgood, (going haſtily up to him.) What do you want, farmer? are you come to propoſe ſome piece of knavery to me?

Hearty.

Hearty, (*calmly.*) I, Thorowgood; did you ever hear any thing of that kind from me?

Thorowgood, (*throwing himself into his arms.*) No, never, never; forgive me: it was the remains of my indignation which transported me. Did you know what has happened to me within this hour, you would excuse me for distrusting all mankind. The servant of my landlord wants me to commit a fraud; my friend has repaid my kindness with ingratitude; and the richest man in the village, would barter my honesty for a trifling gain.

Hearty. Think no more of these wretches: if they choose to make a trade of doing ill, you are too good, to disturb yourself about them. Hear me; I have but two words to say: I know that it is not in your power to pay Squire Parks; it is at present impossible for me to advance the sum that you want; but try to obtain time of your landlord: I will be answerable for it: he shall have my security.

Martha, (*to Thorowgood, who seems immoveable with surprise.*) See, husband, what goodness! (*To Hearty.*) O my dear neighbour, how came you by so saving a thought for us?

Hearty. It was a very natural one: I said to myself, the kind-hearted Thorowgood was always ready, to the utmost of his power, to give his assistance to others; it would be hard indeed, if he should find no one in his turn to assist him; and I therefore am come——

Martha, (*apart.*) It seems as if heaven had sent him to our succour.

Hearty. Why, Thorowgood, art thou dumb? (*holding out his hand.*)

Thorowgood, (*ſeizing him by the hand, and preſſing it between his.*) Ah, my dear friend Hearty, I am not ſilent from inſenſibility. I feel your kindneſs at the bottom of my heart, but I cannot accept it.

Hearty. And why not; it will not be uſeleſs to you. However well Mr. Parks may be diſpoſed toward you, he will be ſtill better pleaſed when he has my ſecurity for your debt.

Thorowgood. But who will be my ſecurity to you?

Hearty. Your own probity, induſtry, and ingenuity.

Thorowgood. And yet you ſee to what I am reduced; one bad year has ruined me: a ſecond of the ſame ſort, may add your ruin to mine.

Hearty. No matter; I will run the riſque.

Thorowgood. But I will not ſuffer it: it is enough that my family ſuffers by me, without ſeeing my friends do ſo alſo. I ſhould never more enjoy a moment's peace. Every fog, every cloud, the leaſt ſtorm of wind would caſt terror into my heart.

Hearty, (*with urgency.*) My dear Thorowgood, if you did but know how much you afflict me by your refuſal! Will you then let me do nothing for you?

Thorowgood. You have done enough, in thus comforting my afflicted heart: it is torn to pieces; but the tears which I now ſee in your eyes, are as balm to its wounds. O, my good friend,

friend, though it is a ſad thing to become an object of pity, yet, there is a wide difference, between being pitied and being ill ſpoken of. Thanks be to heaven, you will never have cauſe to regret having known me. In whatever place we meet, I ſhall never have occaſion to draw my hat over my face, or turn aſide my head, to avoid the ſhame of bluſhing in your preſence.

Hearty. The more you reſiſt, the more my friendſhip increaſes; and you are ſo cruel, you will not give me yours in return.

Thorowgood. Think well of it, I beſeech you: I know your ſlender means. Should I be your friend, were I to plunge you into difficulties, in order to draw myſelf out of them? No, no, my good neighbour, I am as yet guilty of the ruin of no one; and it ſhall never be ſaid that I will become ſo. As long as I live I will ſleep with a clear conſcience. It is this which converts the mat of ſtraw into a bed of down.

Hearty. I will preſs you no more: I feel that I am not worthy to put an end to your troubles: Providence, no doubt, reſerves that for itſelf. All I aſk, is, that you will depend on me next to Providence; and my hands, and my little fortune, you ſhall always find at your ſervice. Farewel. (*He goes out; Thorowgood conducts him to the door, preſſing his hand.*)

SCENE VIII.

Thorowgood, Martha.

Thorowgood. I have a friend then, my dear Martha: I rejoice, however, that he has left me. I might perhaps have yielded to his entreaties, from the fear of afflicting him. We are delivered then from a great temptation, but we muſt prevent his return. Come, my wife, we muſt act with ſpirit; let us aſſemble together all our effects againſt Squire Parks' coming. I would not have him think that we had deliberated for a moment in doing our duty.

End of the ſecond Act.

ACT III.

(*Houſhold furniture appears diſperſed in different parts of the room, and a heap of clothes and linen on a large table.*)

SCENE I.

Thorowgood, Martha.

Thorowgood. Come, courage, Martha; keep up your ſpirits till we have finiſhed our buſineſs.

Martha. I believe, it is now all done.

Thorowgood.

Thorowgood. How! is this all that we have to give to our landlord? I never wished so much to have our little stock of necessaries in good order about us, as I do at the instant, that I am going to be deprived of them. Have you searched in every corner?

Martha. Yes, my dear, I turned over every drawer in the cupboard.

Thorowgood, (*taking breath.*) I feel myself the lighter for all this; these things were like a load on my heart, which almost stifled it.

Martha. You must be sadly fatigued; you had better take a draught of beer to refresh you.

Thorowgood. Put some for us both into this cup. (*He takes a silver tankard off the table.*)

Martha, (*having filled it with beer.*) What is the matter with you; your hand trembles?

Thorowgood. Nothing at all; but it is so many years since this piece of plate has been in our family.

Martha. It does not go out of it now, however, in a bad cause.

Thorowgood. My grandfather bequeathed it to his eldest grandson; but I, alas, shall not be able to leave it to mine.

Martha. Your last blessing will be the more pure for this.

Thorowgood. Yes, I shall have that consolation. (*After drinking, he shews the tankard to his wife.*) See here, the first letter of your name, which I had engraved with mine.

Martha. Well, my dear, this cypher is no reproach to us; we ourselves have been yet more united.

Thorowgood. And we will be ſo always, though this were the laſt time that we ſhould drink together. Here, my dear wife; (*he gives the tankard to Martha, and whilſt ſhe lifts it to her mouth with a ſigh,*) come, we muſt now put all theſe things in order: let us begin with my wedding-ſuit. (*He takes it off the table, and diſplays it, looking at it attentively.*) How happy I was, Martha, the firſt time I put this on, when I took you to church! and how often has the ſight of it brought back to my mind agreeable remembrances! I never opened that cupboard without looking at it, and I never looked at it, without thinking with pleaſure, on the day of our marriage: it gives me pleaſure, now, for another reaſon.

Martha. For what, my dear?

Thorowgood. For having preſerved it ſo well, that it will help a little toward paying our debts. See, it is in very good condition yet. They do not wear theſe great ſleeves and large plaits now. They did not ſpare ſtuff at that time of day; and I am glad of it: why here is almoſt enough to make two ſuch as are worn now.

Martha. Here is mine alſo; let us put them together; and I ſhall beg of our landlord to let them both be ſold at the ſame time: it would grieve me to have them ſeparated.

Thorowgood. Do not be ſuperſtitious; ſuppoſe they were, my dear, what then? would our hearts be divided by that?

Martha. No, Thorowgood, I have no fear of that; it is not ſuperſtition, my dear huſband; it

it is a ——; I don't know what to call it; but I ſhould rather they were to remain together.

Thorowgood. Come, come, make yourſelf eaſy; Mr. Parks will, I dare ſay, indulge this little weakneſs of yours. *(He lays his hand on a little bundle, neatly wrapped in a linen cloth.)* What bundle is this?

Martha. It is Valentine's: you know it is the linen and jewels which we found with him in his cradle: look at them, they ſeem to be of great value.

Thorowgood, (perceiving that Martha begins to undo the bundle, ſtops her.) Hold, Martha, we have no right to this; nor has our landlord any claim to it: it belongs to Valentine: if he were our ſon, the caſe would be different; put it back into the box: we will ſpeak to Mr. Parks about it.

Martha. Provided he will take our words!

Thorowgood. I have no fear of that; he is juſt and ſenſible: and when I relate the circumſtance to him, he will be of our opinion.

SCENE II.

Thorowgood, Martha, Lucy.

Lucy, (bringing in a bundle of clothes in her arms.) Here, father, here are my Sunday-clothes, and theſe are Jenny's; ſhall I put them on the table?

Thorowgood. Yes, child, by thoſe of your father and mother.

Martha.

Martha, (*with tears in her eyes.*) Oh, my poor children, how sorry I am for you!

Thorowgood. No, Martha, we ought to rejoice, not grieve for them, now. Should we weep for their being good children? (*embracing Lucy, tenderly.*) Tell me then, would you wish to keep these clothes?

Lucy. Certainly, if you could keep yours too; but since you are obliged to give yours to our landlord, I will also do the same. Do not you owe him all you have?

Thorowgood. All, my child.

Lucy. I am sure, I had rather always go in a ragged frock, than that people should say, see how flaunting Lucy is dressed; but it is at other people's expense.

Thorowgood. Right, my dear child; this is thinking as you ought: preserve these sentiments, and you will never be unhappy; nor will your courage ever be cast down.

Martha. Your father is in the right: never fear: we will work night and day, before you and your sister shall want.

Lucy. And we, in our turns, will do our best that you shall not want.

Thorowgood. In thus assisting each other, I hope, we shall be able to bring ourselves out of this unfortunate situation; but should we not, we shall at least have nothing to reproach ourselves with: no man on earth will dare to despise us, or look down upon you. When we are dead, they may tell you, it is true, that your parents were poor, but never that they were dishonest. You need not blush, when you shed tears over

over their graves. No one will push you back, whilst they trample on them with indignation before your face.

Lucy. I will go and see, father, if I have forgotten nothing. When Jenny has done, we shall have something else to bring you.

SCENE III.

Thorowgood, Martha.

Thorowgood. Why, Martha, what still cast down? Shall our children be more courageous than we! We possess all their love; but do not let us lessen it, by giving them cause to esteem us less. They know that it is not our bad conduct which has brought these misfortunes upon us; but if we suffer ourselves to be overcome by a weak despair, we shall appear faulty to them. Come, then, let us think no more of our troubles, than as they have given us occasion to feel the comfort which our children have given us.

Martha. Yes, my dear, it is the sweetest that a mother can feel. Could I ever have expected to see them so sensible and good, at so early an age?

Thorowgood. And why not, Martha? could I ever doubt that a woman like thee, would not bring my children up as worthy as herself? They will be the staff of our old age; when decrepit with years, we may rest assuredly upon them.—But I hear Valentine's voice: I have something to

to ſay to him.—Martha, ſhall I beg of thee to leave me alone with him a little?

Martha. Why do you aſk it? am not I as much concerned as you in every thing that regards him? Do you believe that he is leſs dear to me than to you?

Thorowgood. It is for this very reaſon, that I wiſh you to be away juſt now; it is your tenderneſs for him, that I dread.

Martha. You make me tremble: what can this ſecret be? is it any misfortune that has befallen him?

Thorowgood. No, my dear, on the contrary, it is concerning his good fortune that I am now going to ſpeak to him.

Martha. And are you afraid that I ſhall be witneſs to this?

Thorowgood. Well then, ſtay if you will; but you muſt promiſe me not to contradict what I ſhall ſay: if you love him, and wiſh his good, you muſt acquieſce in whatever I propoſe to him.

Martha. But why did not you before entruſt me with your deſigns?

Thorowgood. Here he comes; you ſhall hear them in his preſence.

SCENE IV.

Thorowgood, Martha, Valentine.

Valentine. Good-morrow, father; I am come to ſee if you are returned ſafe.

Thorowgood.

Thorowgood. Yes, ſon, as you ſee.

Valentine. And how were you received by the Squire?

Thorowgood. As well as I could wiſh; he is not one of thoſe haughty and unfeeling men, who will ſcarcely allow us poor people to be their fellow creatures. He will come here preſently; and you ſee what I have prepared to give up to him toward my debt.

Valentine. What, do you mean to ſtrip yourſelf in one moment of all that you have earned by hard labour?

Thorowgood. This is not the greateſt ſacrifice that I muſt make to-day. I muſt endure a loſs which will go much nearer to my heart.

Valentine. What have you to loſe more?

Thorowgood. Alas, it is thyſelf, Valentine; thee whom I have ever loved ſo tenderly.

Valentine. Me, father!

Martha, (*with emotion.*) What do you ſay?

Thorowgood. Since the word has paſſed my lips, I repeat it: yes, my child, we muſt part.

Valentine. But why do you drive me from your preſence? have I given you any cauſe of complaint?

Martha. Oh, never, never; you know it too, Thorowgood; no ſon was ever more ſubmiſſive, or more tender toward his parents.

Thorowgood. And I, Martha, am as ready as you to declare this. Yes, Valentine, you have done for us a hundred times more than we had a right to expect. I love you with all the tenderneſs of a real father; but, nevertheleſs, you know that I am not yours. Had we continued

in

in proſperity, you ſhould have always been our ſon, our dear ſon; all my other children believe you to be their brother. I meant, after my death, that you ſhould have ſhared with them the little ſubſtance which you have daily helped me to increaſe. This hope was a comfort to my heart, but it is deſtroyed: nothing now is left us, not even the diſtant proſpect of re-eſtabliſhment.

Valentine. And is this the moment which you have choſen to caſt me from among the number of your children?

Thorowgood. Yes, I ought to do ſo: the ties of blood bind them to our lot, whatever it be: if we ſuffer, they ought to ſuffer with us; but you, what right have I to involve you in my diſtreſs? No, Valentine, I adviſe you as a friend; and if it muſt be, I command you, as a father, to quit an unfortunate family. It is time that you ſhould do ſomething for yourſelf; ſince it is no longer in my power to give you a fortune, I rejoice that I have had you ſo well inſtructed as to enable you to gain one.

Valentine. You muſt not remind me of theſe obligations, if you wiſh to have me abandon you; I muſt firſt forget them myſelf: you ſaved my life in my infancy: you have bred me up, and educated me, without expecting any recompenſe; and you command me to be ungrateful for all theſe benefits.

Thorowgood. I have only acquitted myſelf to you as one man ought to another. Should not I have been a monſter, had I left you to periſh?

Valentine.

Valentine. And yet you would have me prove myself one, by withdrawing from you my assistance when you most want it.

Thorowgood. You know me, Valentine; you know that I should be ashamed to live at the expense of another.

Valentine. My life then, to this moment, has been a very shameful one; have not I hitherto subsisted by you alone?

Thorowgood. But have not you sufficiently repaid me by your labour?

Valentine. My hands, it is true, have repaid what your hands have done for me; but my heart has not yet repaid your love. O my father, recall to your remembrance the first days of my infancy, when I was as a stranger in your family. How many times have you pressed me in your arms at your return from hard-labour, which you had prolonged in order to support me. And you, my dear mother, can you forget the many tender caresses that you have lavished on me, at the very time when I was eating the bread of your children? You alone received me, when abandoned by all the world; and shall I now abandon you? I was your son to inherit your fortune, and shall I not be so to share your poverty? Alas, how much you must have despised me before you could believe me capable of this!

(*Martha attempts to speak, but her voice is stifled by her sighs.*)

Thorowgood. Despise you, Valentine! No, my son, I esteem you the more for these sentiments: but I say again, it is time that you should think of doing something for yourself.

Valentine. No, I think only of you: I will burden myself with your labours; I will afflict myself with your griefs: my head, my hands, all that I have, all that I am, I give you. I devote myself entirely to you: whether you go, or remain, I will never quit you. You may fly me, but you shall not hinder my following you. When you hear me groaning the whole night, stretched at the door of your cottage, you will surely open it to me.

Thorowgood. Perhaps I may no longer have one.

Valentine. Then I will follow you to the wild common, or the bleak dreary mountain: wherever you go I will be with you.

Martha, (*to Thorowgood—exclaiming with sobs.*) You hear him, Thorowgood?

Valentine, (*springing eagerly towards her.*) Ah, I knew it well, my dear mother; I knew that you would not drive me from your heart.

Thorowgood, (*melting into tears.*) Come to my arms, my son, my dear son; it is I, now, who entreat thee never more to quit us.

Valentine. Never, never, my father: without relations, without friends, on whom could my heart repose? I have no one on earth but you to love. I feel, that you are a thousand times more dear to me since you have lost your all. I have hitherto only given you the sweat of my brows, but my blood is ready to be shed for you. O my father, since you no longer urge me to quit you, you must press me the more closely in your arms.

SCENE

SCENE V.

Thorowgood, Martha, Humphries.

Humphries, (*comes in at the close of the last scene—advances hastily to Thorowgood.*) And I, Thorowgood, wilt thou repulse me?

Thorowgood, (*looking upon him with indignation.*) What dost thou here, wretch? Is it not enough to have betrayed me? must you also disturb, by your presence, the joy which this moment affords me?

Humphries. Do not oppress me more: I suffer already too cruelly by a bitter repentance. You may either bring me back to the paths of honour, or expose me as the most unworthy of men to the eyes of others as well as my own.

Thorowgood. What then would you have with me?

Humphries. Give me back your friendship. Think not, Thorowgood, that I was so base as to renounce it for a paltry gain: but you know what losses I have suffered. The fear of seeing my children want, had blinded me: but it was using them very ill. I already feel that I shall love them less, after having been guilty of so black an action. Deliver me from my shame: give me back my own esteem, though at the price of my blood, give me back my friend.

Thorowgood. Ah, Humphries, how difficult is it to cure the wound which thou hast made! Nevertheless, I am touched with your speedy re-

turn to virtue, and forget your offence.

Humphries. Make me forget it then myself, and receive that which was the cause of it.

Thorowgood. What do you propose? shall I put a price on our reconciliation? No, Humphries, keep what belongs to you, if you wish my friendship.

Humphries. I will not accept it if you refuse me: have you not advantages enough over me without this? you have no other way of being generous to me. Do not let me have before my eyes what will be a constant reproach to my heart.

Thorowgood. If it be so, I accept your offer; but you must promise me, that, on the first return of good fortune, I shall be at liberty to satisfy myself in my turn.

Humphries. I have no will but yours: from henceforward let our losses and gains be in common between us.

Thorowgood. You have recovered my good opinion. (*He takes his hand.*) Come, Martha, whatever misfortunes may happen to me in the course of this day, I shall always find cause for consolation, since I have preserved a son, and found a lost friend.

End of the third Act.

ACT

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Jenny.

Jenny, (runs acroſs the room to the door of the next apartment.) O Father, O Mother! Come, come quickly.

SCENE II.

Jenny, Martha, Thorowgood.

Martha, (firſt enters.) Well, what is the matter, child? why do you make this outcry?

Jenny. There is a grand coach juſt now ſtopped at the door, with four beautiful horſes, and a number of fine folks all bedizened with lace, both before and behind, and a gentleman in it. O mother, what a ſweet countenance he has!—How do you do, my dear, he ſaid to me ſmiling—Where is your father and mother? *(To Thorowgood,)* he wants to ſpeak to you.

Thorowgood. (haſtily.) Odd ſo, I'd lay my life, it is our landlord: I muſt run to receive him. *(He hurries out,)*

SCENE III.

Martha, Jenny.

Jenny, (*looking ſorrowfully.*) What! this is the gentleman then, to whom, as my father ſaid, all that we have belongs.

Martha. Yes, my child, we owe him a great deal of money; and as we have not half enough to diſcharge our debt, we are willing to do as much as we can, and give him up all our remaining property.

Jenny. And what can he do with it? he has too fine a carriage to make uſe of our cart, and he is too well dreſſed to wear ſuch clothes as we have.

Martha. That is very true; but he will ſell them and take the money; we have no other way of paying, and even that will not be ſufficient.

Jenny. Do you think that he will be ſo wicked as to treat us in ſuch a cruel manner! if you had ſeen how good-natured he looked upon me—

Martha. There is no wickedneſs in all that, Jenny; it is no more than juſtice.

Jenny. It is a ſad thing, however—let me take a laſt look at my holiday-clothes. Could you have thought, Mother, laſt ſpring, when you gave me this jacket and petticoat, that I ſhould wear them only two or three times? It was but laſt Sunday that I felt ſuch pleaſure at being ſo ſmartly dreſſed! and you yourſelf, mother, were

ſo

so happy to see it! (*She takes her mother's hand on perceiving her concern.*) Come, don't grieve, I do not mind my fine clothes; we worked to get them, and we will work to have others: but here is the gentleman coming. I will go look for my sister in the garden.

SCENE IV.

(*Martha in the front—in the back part Mr. Parks, who is coming in with Thorowgood, whilst Jenny is going out.*)

(*When Jenny gets to the door, she meets Mr. Parks: she curtsies slightly, making way at the same time, and then proceeds.*)

Mr. Parks. Well, where are you going, my dear? are you afraid of me?

Jenny, (*half turned toward him.*) Oh no, Sir, no one can be afraid of you that looks in your face: excuse me a moment, I shall be back directly.

SCENE V.

(*Martha in the fore-part, Mr. Parks and Thorowgood behind.*)

Mr. Parks, (*to Thorowgood.*) What a sprightly countenance that little girl has.

Thorowgood.

Thorowgood. Aye, and her ſiſter too, I'll warrant her; they are both of them as lively girls as you would wiſh to ſee.

Mr. Parks, (ſeeing Martha approach, ſalutes her.) Ah! Martha, how goes it?

Martha. As the times are, Sir, but very ſo-ſo. I hope you are well, Sir?

Mr. Parks. Perfectly well, thank God. I have a thouſand things to ſay from my wife: do you know that ſhe had a great inclination to come with me?

Thorowgood. And ſhe would not have done amiſs. Our country air is much better than your cloſe air in town. (*Seeing Mr. Parks hold his hat in his hand.*) But, Sir, I hope you uſe no ceremony here: pray be covered. You are at home in your tenant's houſe.

Mr. Parks, (ſmiles and ſhews him his ſilk hat only to be worn under the arm.) You ſee, it would not go on my head: it is the cuſtom to appear with ſuch hats as theſe in town upon ſome occaſions.

Thorowgood. It is rightly ſaid, what is the cuſtom in town is not ſo in the country. (*Aſide.*) But it is odd enough to uſe hats that will not go on one's head.

SCENE

SCENE VI.

Mr. Parks, Thorowgood, Martha, and two Servants.

First Servant, (who with the other is carrying in a large covered basket.) Where will you have this laid, Sir?

Mr. Parks. There, in the corner; that will do: desire the coachman to take the horses to the best inn, and put up the carriage.

Second Servant. Have you any other orders to give the servants?

Mr. Parks. Tell them to order a good dinner for themselves; I mean to treat them today; but let them avoid drinking to excess. I shall not return to town before the evening; you must be ready at six.

Second Serv. Very well, Sir.

SCENE VII.

Mr. Parks, Thorowgood, Martha..

Mr. Parks. You see Thorowgood, we shall have full time to talk together; but first, I should be glad to see all your family. Where are your children?

Thorowgood. All at work; my sons in the field, and my daughters in the garden. But will you come and look at your corn-fields?

Mr.

Mr. Parks. Not now; in the evening, when the heat of the day is over.

Thorowgood. They look finely: there is to the value of a hundred pounds if there be a ſhilling.

Mr. Parks. Well, ſo much the better. (*He looks round the room.*) But what does all this mean? one would imagine that you were going to have an auction here. Why all this linen and furniture piled up in this manner?

Thorowgood. It is becauſe we expected your coming, Sir.

Mr. Parks. And what then?

Thorowgood. I told you this morning that we ſhould not be able to pay our rent; it is therefore our duty to give you up what we have, and you ſee it collected here. With the ſale of our furniture, clothes, and corn, we mean to pay you as far as we can. Whatever may be deficient, we will endeavour to earn by our labour, till we have paid to a farthing. I hope, Sir, you will at preſent be ſatisfied with this on account, and have a little patience for the reſt.

Martha. As you have been always ſo indulgent to us—and, indeed, it is not by any fault of ours that we are in this diſtreſs.

Thorowgood. You know, as well as myſelf, Sir, that I had drained the marſhes in order to make them fit for paſture, and they were in a thriving way. All the money that we had remaining laſt year, we laid out in cattle, in order to fatten them for ſale. Twenty head of good cattle was a little fortune which promiſed fair to pay our rent, by ſending a few of them off to market.

market. A drought came on ; there was ſcarcely a blade of graſs in my fields. I fed my cattle with the ſtraw of my bed, the thatch of my barn, and ſometimes with the vegetables that were for my family's uſe. When I wanted to get rid of them, I could find no purchaſer, owing to the ſcarcity of fodder. A murrain got among them, and I loſt them all ; I owe nothing, however, to any body but to you, Sir. Come and look at your grounds ; you will ſee whether I have neglected to cultivate them ; you will ſee if my own labour, with that of my wife and children, may not enable me one day to pay all my debts ; I can, however, give you no other ſecurity than my own word : but as I have always been punctual, till now, in my engagements with you, I ſhould hope that you would have ſome reliance on my promiſe.

Mr. Parks. Yes, my friends, I do know you. Why ſhould I not be content with the promiſe of ſuch honeſt worthy people as you are ?

Thorowgood. I give you thanks, Sir ; your kind words are ſtill more pleaſing than your goodneſs itſelf. How ſeldom will a creditor give the character of an honeſt man to the debtor by whom he has loſt !

Mr. Parks. How ſeldom alſo does it happen, my friend Thorowgood, that a creditor, can with truth ſay, that the debtor, by whom he has ſuffered, is worthy of that appellation !

SCENE

SCENE VIII.

Mr. Parks, Thorowgood, Martha.

(*Jenny, carrying with both hands, a large cage with chickens, and Lucy with a baſket of eggs in one hand, and holding up with her other, the corners of her apron, in which are ſome handfuls of half-pence.*)

(*Jenny ſets down the cage at the feet of Mr. Parks, and Lucy her baſket alſo; ſhe then takes Thorowgood's hat, and pouring into it the money that ſhe has in her apron, preſents it to Mr. Parks.*)

Lucy. Here, Sir, is all that we have; our chickens, our eggs, and our money: we have nothing elſe in the world, have we Jenny?

Jenny. No, indeed, Sir, nothing more.

Thorowgood, (looking at the hat over Mr. Parks' ſhoulder.) What ſo much money! how came you by it?

Lucy. With my ſiſter's chickens, my eggs, and flowers, which my mother ſold for us in town.

Jenny. Theſe were our firſt ſavings as a beginning toward our ſupport; but we part with all, freely, for your ſake.

Lucy. That we do with all our hearts.

Thorowgood, (with joy.) And I receive it with all my heart. No money ever gave me ſo much pleaſure! Come, Sir, this is ſo much paid. (*To his children.*) How happy I am, my dear girls, to

to see that you have the same sentiments with your father.

Martha. What then, is it from your own suggestions alone that you have done this?

Jenny. As my father himself is not able to pay, it is but right to help him all in our power.

Mr. Parks. Oh, Thorowgood, what exquisite happiness you must feel under your afflictions! The tenderness of your children is more than a compensation for all your losses. (*To Jenny and Lucy.*) No, my dear girls, I will not strip you of your first riches. Take back what you have so nobly offered me. I have no accounts to settle but with your father.

Thorowgood. Give them their own way; they feel no concern in parting with these things.

Mr. Parks. And do you feel none at seeing them lose their little fortune?

Thorowgood. How, Sir? there is nothing more natural and pleasing than to receive assistance from our children. Were I as rich as a king, all my possessions should be theirs; when I have nothing, whatever they possess, is mine. (*To his children.*) Won't you be always glad to pay for us?

Jenny, (*pressing both hands.*) Ah, father, can you doubt it?

Lucy. I wish we had a hundred times more, we would give it all, with the same pleasure.

Thorowgood. You hear what they say, Sir?

Mr. Parks. And I would not receive it were it a thousand times more considerable. (*To Lucy.*) Here my dear good little girl, take back

your treasure, pray do. (*He attempts to pour the money into Lucy's apron : she declines it ; at length, after many entreaties, she pretends to yield, and takes the hat, but places it on the table, beside the rest of the effects, and says to him, as she retires,*) You will find it there with the other things.

Mr. Parks, (*turning toward her.*) What are you about ? hold, hold.

Lucy. I will not even listen to you. Come, Jenny. (*Both go off skipping and dancing.*)

SCENE IX.

Mr. Parks, Thorowgood, Martha.

Thorowgood, (*pushing the cage and basket under the table.*) I told you that they were shrewd lasses : they are not so easily caught.

Mr. Parks. But what, Thorowgood, do you really mean to make them pay for you ?

Thorowgood. Why not, Sir, it is very natural.

Mr. Parks. Methinks you are little acquainted with the manners of the town.

Thorowgood. It is enough for me to know that I act right : whether in town or country no matter. Justice and duty are to me one and the same thing. Is not this the practice where you live ?

Mr. Parks. It is precisely the reverse on most occasions.

Thorowgood. Do you tell me so, Sir ?

Mr.

Mr. Parks. Yes, my friend, you are surprised, yet it is too true. When by folly and extravagance, ambitious and destructive schemes, people have put it out of their power to pay their debts, they transfer to their children the property which they may have obtained from the credulity and confidence of their creditors; and when the latter, apply for payment, the parents possess nothing, and all that they seemed to have, is found in the hands of their children, who will not part with it.

Thorowgood, (with indignation.) What abominable knavery!

Martha. It is horrible.

Thorowgood. And do the laws take no notice of these tricks?

Mr. Parks. Art and cunning find a way to silence them.

Thorowgood. Your laws are as corrupt as those who stifle their voice, if they will not speak out on such occasions. Hear me, Sir; I am entirely ignorant of law proceedings; but I would not hesitate, to say openly to that justice, who would submit to such restriction—Thou hast no further business upon earth; be gone, then, to hell, where the wicked shall at last meet with due punishment. Were I the dupe of the father, I would go to the children, and ask them, by what right, they retained the property, which ought to be restored to me. If they should tell me, that they received it from their parents, my answer would be, your parents could not bestow it on you; it belongs to me. I would compel

them, without mercy, to ſell the bed from under them, in order to ſatisfy me.

Mr. Parks. Matters are not carried on in that manner with us.

Thorowgood. I would have them carried on in my way: ſuch fathers, and ſuch children, are no better than a knot of thieves.

Mr. Parks. The fathers are the moſt criminal.

Thorowgood. No, Sir, begging your pardon; the latter are ſtill more ſo; the former are knaves, but the others are monſters. When a ſtranger hath relieved us in our diſtreſs, are we not in duty bound, whilſt we have a drop of generous blood in our veins, to relieve him in turn, if he ſhould want our aſſiſtance? and children, who owe every thing to their parents, have coſt them ſo much anxiety, care and toil, ſhall they not act in the ſame manner? I ſhudder at the bare thought of ſuch a thing: were I to ſee my father incapable of paying what he owed, though he had not left me a penny, I ſhould ſtill think myſelf bound to fulfil all his engagements. I ſhould conſider it, as a duty of inheritance, in me, to acquit his memory, and preſerve the integrity of his name. Though I were to live upon bread alone, to the laſt hour of my life, and be obliged to work the fleſh from my bones, I would endeavour to pay all his debts; and when I had done ſo, I would go to his grave, and addreſs him thus: Father, now reſt in peace, thou oweſt nothing.

Mr. Parks. Thou art a noble fellow, Thorowgood!

Thorowgood.

Thorowgood. Yes, Sir, I would do ſo.—Gracious heaven! can we honour with the name of children, thoſe unnatural beings, who rather than deprive themſelves of ſome few comforts of life, would ſuffer their fathers to be treated like knaves? Without being one of their unfortunate creditors, I could curſe ſuch monſters of children.

SCENE X.

Mr. Parks, Thorowgood, Martha, Lucy.

Lucy, (*at the threſhold of the door.*) Father, Humphries' cows are come; would you have them brought in?

Thorowgood. Do you conſider what you ſay? I'll go and look at them: excuſe me for a moment, Sir. This matter concerns you; they are likewiſe your property. I will tell you preſently how I came by them, (*as he retires.*) Thanks be to heaven, bleſſings are flowing in on all ſides to-day. (*Goes out with Lucy, who would not venture in for fear Mr. Parks ſhould preſs her to take back her money.*)

SCENE XI.

Mr. Parks, Martha.

Mr. Parks. Your husband really astonishes me, Martha. I was very sensible, indeed, that he was full of honour and probity; but to find him possess such elevated sentiments in the very depth of distress, is what I must own I did not expect.

Martha. I have always seen him behave in the same manner, Sir, as you do now: in all transactions, his first object is, to find out the side of justice; and when he has found it, he adheres to it, and will support it with all, and against all, beginning with himself. However, he is no more than what he ought to be.

Mr. Parks. True, but then in the situation to which he is reduced, not to hesitate a moment!

Martha. Oh, Sir, you know but little of him; he would see us all without a morsel of bread, rather than have the least cause of reproach to himself; and that without appearing any way disturbed. He is never cast down; he is less the sport of fortune, than his fortune is of him.

Mr. Parks. You must love him dearly, Martha.

Martha. Love him! Ah, Sir, can you doubt it? What would have become of me, but for the comfort that he affords me? I am always happy

happy when I see him with a chearful countenance. I cannot imagine I have any wants as long as heaven vouchsafes to preserve him to me. He is indeed my all upon earth.

SCENE XII.

Mr. Parks, Thorowgood, Martha.

Thorowgood. I give you joy, Sir; two of the finest cows in the whole country! Oh let me alone. I will go to-morrow, yes, I will go myself to market. They will fetch ten pounds a-piece, the least penny. They shan't go for a farthing less, not to a prince. You may reckon upon so much: this will reduce our account so much. We will settle it if you please. My debts hang like a mountain on my shoulders. I long to be eased of the heavy burden.

Mr. Parks. I wish it as much as you can, my friend.

Thorowgood. You know what I remain in your debt for the rest of my rent?

Mr. Parks, (looking stedfastly at him.) Yes, but first of all, Thorowgood, are you really in earnest in this proposal, that I should take your furniture, clothes, corn, cows, and all that you possess?

Thorowgood. Sir, I am always in earnest in matters of business.

Mr. Parks. Have you reflected seriously upon it? Do you consider that all your property is at stake?

Thorowgood.

Thorowgood. My property! it is no longer mine, it is your's. Hear me, Sir; you know perfectly well that I would not attempt to act a generous part to you, at the expenſe of my family. I give you up nothing but what belongs to you. Reſt aſſured that I would not offer it to you, if I thought I could retain it with a ſafe conſcience. It would become me, truly, to make you preſents! You would laugh at me. To cut the matter ſhort, I cannot pay you the debt in ready money: I reſign therefore all my poſſeſſions, without injury to your remaining claim, which I will pay, that I will, you may depend; you ſhall be next in conſideration after the immediate neceſſaries of life are ſupplied.

Mr. Parks, (*coolly.*) Very well; but it would be dreadful to ſtrip you entirely. Chuſe out among all theſe effects what you value moſt. I flatter myſelf you will not refuſe a trifling preſent of friendſhip from me.

Thorowgood. When you talk ſo, it would ill become me to decline ſuch a favour. (*He approaches the table, and takes a ſpade and rake.*) Here then, I will retain theſe inſtruments of my buſineſs; with theſe, together with induſtry and reſolution, we may always find means to relieve our diſtreſs.

Mr. Parks. What, do you take nothing more?

Thorowgood. No, Sir, theſe are ſufficient. If heaven will aſſiſt me, I ſhall not deſpair of ſupporting my wife and children with credit, and of laying up, by degrees, ſufficient to pay you.

Mr.

Mr. Parks. Very well; now is your turn, Martha. I will have no jealousy: you must take something, as well as your husband. Chuse what you will.

Martha. What, must I too? you are too good, indeed, Sir.

Mr. Parks. No compliments. Come, what do you chuse?

Martha. Well then, since you are willing to give me some of your property; (*She runs to the bottom of the room, and drawing a curtain.*) I beg it as a favour, Sir, that you will let me take the cradle of the infant that I have at the breast.

Mr. Parks, (surprized.) What, was it included in the things that you were giving up? Would you have deprived your infant of a cradle?

Martha, (coming forward.) Would he not always have found one in my arms?

Mr. Parks. And could you once think that I would have accepted it?

Thorowgood. I have already told you, Sir, that children should pay for their parents. When the one suffers, what pretence can the others have to refuse sharing in the affliction? There is nothing, that I am not ready to do for my children; but, at the same time, there is nothing that I do not expect from them in return. My blood is theirs, as their blood is mine.

Mr. Parks. What a man! how unshaken in his principles! (*Aside.*) What you have taken, I give you: it is your's. Now you surrender the remainder to me, your household goods, your clothes, corn, and the cattle that you have new-

ly

ly acquired? Do you transfer all right and property in them, to me?

Thorowgood, (*firmly.*) We do, Sir.

Martha. And without any regret.

Thorowgood. Rather ſay, with the greateſt pleaſure.

Martha, (*drawing her purſe out, and offering it to Mr. Parks.*) Receive likewiſe all the money that we have.

Mr. Parks, (*takes it, and throws it on the table.*)

Thorowgood. Won't you reckon it? There are five and twenty pounds.

Mr. Parks. Your word is ſufficient; ſo you make me abſolute maſter of all: and you are ſatisfied that I ſhall diſpoſe of it as I pleaſe, without any oppoſition from you?

Thorowgood. As it is now your property, we have no more title or claim to it than to your lands. We ſhould be ſtrange ſort of folks indeed, to aſſume the liberty of controuling you, in any reſpect, as to the diſpoſal of it.

Mr. Parks. Conſider well the conditions that you are laying on yourſelf. It is not my intention to extort this agreement from you; but once the matter is ſo ſettled—

Thorowgood. Oh! be not afraid that I ſhall attempt to recall my words. No, Sir, we are already too ſenſible of your kindneſs in allowing us time: diſpoſe of all things as you think proper. We ſhall only beg of heaven that all may proſper in your hands.

Mr. Parks. Now we underſtand one another: then I acknowledge in turn that I have no further claim upon you, being ſatisfied for all that

that you might be indebted to me, in consideration of your having surrendered up these effects.

Thorowgood, (*with impatience.*) But no, Sir, you would lose considerably; this will not amount to one half of your debt. Such a parcel of trumpery and rags for a hundred and fifty pounds!

Mr. Parks. But it is my pleasure to take them at that rate. Am not I at liberty to do this as I think proper?

Thorowgood. I have nothing to say as to that; yet, I think it would be better to have them appraised, in order to know exactly what they are worth.

Mr. Parks. Peace, friend; they have a value in my eyes which no person on earth could possibly estimate. They are the fruits of the toil, and frugality of an honest and worthy family. When I reflect how many drops of sweat they must have cost you, I think them of value enough to make me the amplest satisfaction. Now, my good friends, you owe me nothing.

Thorowgood, (*taking off his hat.*) Good Sir, how shall I thank you? (*then turning about, he throws his arms round Martha's neck, and fondly embraces her.*) Heaven be praised, my dear, we are no longer in debt.

Martha. O matchless goodness, how shall we be ever able to shew our gratitude for so much generosity!

Thorowgood. With our hearts, Martha; and there we have funds to discharge our obligations. (*he advances toward Mr. Parks.*) Will you now be

be ſo good as to tell me where we ſhall carry all theſe things, and when you will be pleaſed to have the keys delivered up.

Mr. Parks. I will tell you, provided you will forbear to interrupt me. (*He takes both their hands, and addreſſing them with joy ſparkling in his eyes,*) My good friends, I am rich; and my parents taught me, from my infant years, to do good to the virtuous and worthy; but I never, till this day, ſo fully experienced the exquiſite delight of benevolent actions. My worthy Thorowgood, (*ſqueezing his hand.*) thy behaviour hath filled me with eſteem and admiration: all that thou haſt made over to me to diſcharge thy debts, I reſtore to thee in turn to acquit myſelf of a duty which thy misfortunes and integrity claim from me.

Martha, (*looking up to heaven.*) What then, ſhall I no longer be apprehenſive of ſeeing my children in diſtreſs? O thou worthy, thou bounteous landlord! (*She kiſſes his hand with emotion.*)

Thorowgood, (*confounded almoſt to ſtupefaction.*) I can ſcarcely believe what I have juſt now heard. No, Sir, it is impoſſible; and though theſe words may have eſcaped you in the enthuſiaſtic emotions of your goodneſs, ſhall I be baſe enough to avail myſelf of them? No, no, I never will conſent.

Mr. Parks. Softly, ſoftly, Thorowgood, you juſt now admitted that I was abſolute maſter of your property, and perfectly at liberty to diſpoſe of it agreeable to my own fancy; and would you now deprive me of theſe rights?

Thorowgood.

Thorowgood, (*throwing himself at his feet.*) Ah, Sir, you have seduced me into this, but why should I complain? Shall I receive bread from heaven, and refuse it from you, whom it hath sent as a tutelary angel, to relieve us in our distresses? Yes, I will become worthy of thy bounty, by receiving it, as it is offered, with a soul full of joy and sensibility: but furnish me also with proper expressions to thank you, (*shedding a flood of tears.*) I am afraid of not appearing sufficiently grateful, for your favours.

Mr. Parks, (*raising him.*) Be comforted, Thorowgood, I see what is now passing at the bottom of your heart, perhaps, better than yourself, and am fully satisfied. Martha, call your children: I know with what tenderness they love you; I would fain let them see, that I can love you also.

Martha, (*springing to the door.*) Jenny, Lucy, come; make haste; run as fast as your legs can carry you.

Jenny, *Lucy*, (*from without.*) Here, here we are, mother.

SCENE XIII.

Mr. Parks, *Thorowgood*, *Martha*, *Jenny*, *Lucy*.

Martha. Come, my dear children, look round about you; all that you see there, you know we had given up to this gentleman, our landlord: well then, you must know that he has given it up to us back again; he will neither take our

money, our corn, nor our cows: he acquits us of our whole debt, for nothing.

Lucy, (*goes and takes up the hat, and preſents it to Mr. Parks.*) And will you not then take our money?

Mr. Parks. No, my dear children, the alacrity which you have ſhewn in aſſiſting your parents, has taught me, how worthy you all are to be relieved, in your afflictions: take back, then, all that you have given for them, but, make that uſe of it, to which your tenderneſs firſt prompted you. For example, Lucy; as your father has loſt his cattle, would you not be glad to employ what you have ſaved, in buying others for him?

Lucy, (*with a dejected look.*) I am far ſhort of having enough for that.

Mr. Parks. But ſuppoſing that you had enough, would you be well pleaſed to make ſuch a preſent?

Lucy. Ah, Sir, I ſhould leap for joy.

Mr. Parks. I ſhould be curious to ſee how you and Jenny would behave on ſuch an occaſion. Thorowgood, as you underſtand theſe matters better than your daughters, I commiſſion you to go to-morrow, to market for them, and buy for each of them, ſix young heifers, the beſt that you can find. The money will be ready to pay for them at my houſe: it is a little preſent which I make your children, that they may have the pleaſure, of making you one in turn.

Martha.

Martha. Ah, dear Sir! when will you have done heaping favours upon us? Come, my children, and join with me in thanking our generous benefactor. (*Martha, Jenny, and Lucy, throw themselves at Mr. Parks' feet, and kiss his hands, weeping for joy, whilst Thorowgood, motionless and silent, looks at him with profound astonishment.*)

Mr. Parks, (*turning aside, to conceal his tears.*) Rise, Martha; rise, my good girls.

Thorowgood. Sir, I knew you very well to be a man of humanity, and a worthy man; but I was not sufficiently acquainted with all your virtues; and I am really at a loss how to behave to you. (*To Martha.*) O my beloved wife, oh that we could but comprise in one word, one single word, all that our hearts now feel. (*Turning eagerly to Mr. Parks.*) Sir, I will offer my prayers day and night to heaven, not for you, no; one of your actions is beyond a thousand of my prayers; but, that there may appear now and then upon earth, a few men like you, to preserve wretchedness from despair. (*He takes Jenny and Lucy to the windows.*) Don't you see, my children, that hill yonder, from the top of which, there is a view of the city where our benefactor resides; we go up it, every Sunday, in our way to church: well then, we never will ascend it, without looking out for his place of abode, pouring out our blessing upon it, and praying to heaven for him, his wife, and all that belongs to him, before we go to pray for ourselves. Will you remember this?

Jenny. O father, do you think that I can ever forget it?

Lucy. We will begin, as ſoon as we leave home.

Thorowgood. Yes, Sir, every day and every minute; in the fields, or in our cottage, whereſoever we are, our firſt thoughts ſhall be devoted to you: we ſhall not be ſenſible of a moment of our exiſtence, without reflecting that we enjoy it through your goodneſs, without being ready to lay it down for you at all times. You may, when you pleaſe, demand our blood; it is your's. Ah, why can I not at this moment pour every drop of mine into your veins, if it would but double the years of your life!

Mr. Parks. Be happy, Thorowgood, continue the bleſſing of your wife, and bring up your children to think as you do. I will viſit you ſometimes, to enjoy this pleaſing ſight, and I am ſure, I ſhall be the better for it. But now all our buſineſs is over, do you know that I expect a dinner from you?

Thorowgood, (joyfully taking him by the hand.) Better and better ſtill; this is a new treat.

Martha, (with looks of perplexity and confuſion.) But, my dear, what can we offer the good gentleman?

Thorowgood, (in a free manner) Such as we have, Martha: I know him: a bit of dry bread will give him more ſatisfaction, than if he had unexpectedly found a large joint of roaſt-beef at our table.

Martha. But ſtill—

Mr. Parks.

Mr. Parks, (*with a ſmile.*) Make yourſelf eaſy, Martha, (*pointing to the baſket which the ſervants had brought,*) you will find in that enough to regale us; but let us go together, and take a walk in your garden; we all have occaſion for a little freſh air to recruit our ſpirits. (*He goes out, leading Jenny and Lucy by the hand, while Thorowgood and Martha follow him, lifting up their eyes to heaven.*)

End of the fourth Act.

ACT V.

(*A room in Thorowgood's cottage: in the middle of which is ſeen a large table, very decently laid with a clean cloth, plates, knives, &c. On one ſide, is the baſket which Mr. Parks' ſervants brought: Martha has juſt opened it.*)

SCENE I.

Martha, Lucy, Jenny.

Martha, (*taking out of the baſket a large piece of cold meat, and laying it on the table, whilſt the children, ſtanding round it with pleaſure in their looks, ſeem eagerly to examine every thing, licking their*

lips.) What a noble piece of meat! Our landlord, I ſee, has not been ſparing of his proviſions.

Lucy, (*to Jenny.*) There, ſiſter, look what a huge hump-backed-pye! Oh, I dare ſay, it is very nice.

Jenny, (*to her mother, whilſt ſhe is carrying the pye to lay on the table.*) Mother, do you know what is in it?

Martha. No, my dear, the town-folks have many things, that we know nothing of in the country.

Lucy. Oh, our landlord muſt be a very worthy good man, to give us back all our things, buy us cows, and bring us ſuch nice victuals beſides: Jenny, we muſt hatch our eggs, and carry him the chickens.

Jenny. Oh, I do ſo long to do it; I wiſh they were plump and great chickens now: I could do any thing for him, I love him ſo.

Lucy. I will go and make him a noſegay of our fineſt flowers.

Martha. That is right; and you, Jenny, you muſt help to ſet things to-rights in the houſe. Go and cut ſome ſlices of bread: do it properly; and when you have done, bring it in; I want our landlord to ſee, that you know ſomething of the management of a houſe.

Jenny. Yes, mother. (*Goes out with Lucy.*)

SCENE

SCENE II.

Martha, (*ſhuts the baſket, puſhes it into a corner, and approaches the table.*) Let me ſee; nothing I think is wanting; the napkins and plates—now I muſt ſet the chairs. (*She places chairs round the table.*) Now every thing is ready, he may come as ſoon as he pleaſes.

SCENE III.

Mr. Parks, Thorowgood, Martha.

Thorowgood. (*looking with aſtoniſhment at the table, and clapping his hands.*) How is this, Sir! what have you been doing? I believe that you imagined, you had kings to entertain: what a noble piece of beef; and again (*pointing to the pye*) what a glorious treat is here! it looks very tempting.

Mr. Parks. It is a pye which my wife has ſent you.

Martha. Is it poſſible that madam ſhould think of us?

Thorowgood. Oh, I readily believe it; ſhe treated me in the kindeſt manner this morning: I would lay any wager, that next to my wife, ſhe is the beſt woman in the world. Odſo, Martha, let the month of January but come, and we ſhall have our turn. Look at this woman, Sir; I defy you to find her equal at managing a wheel.

Clapping

(*Clapping her on the ſhoulder.*) When winter comes, ſhe ſhall, during the long evenings, ſpin for yourſelf and your lady, and make you a piece of cloth the fineſt you ever ſaw, I will warrant it.

Martha. What a pleaſure ſhall I have! I will not loſe a moment.

Mr. Parks. I am much obliged to you, my friends, but it is unneceſſary; Martha has enough to do to mind her children; and it would be—

Thorowgood. Hold, ſir, not a word more will I hear; we have ſuffered you long enough to have your own way; it is but juſt that we ſhould have our will, for once, at leaſt. Would you prevent us from being grateful? that would be depriving us of all the pleaſure of our lives, and you are too good to deſire that: come, let us ſit down. (*He takes a chair, and ſeats himſelf.*) There is your place, Sir; come, Martha, take your's alſo.

Mr. Parks, (*ſitting down.*) Do not you wait for your children? they muſt ſit down with us. I wiſh to have the pleaſure of dining with the worthieſt family that I know.

Thorowgood. And we ſhall not be behind-hand with you, Sir; we ſhall alſo be able to ſay, that we have had at our table the moſt compaſſionate and generous man upon earth, which is preferable to dining with kings, who have not ſuch ſentiments. (*To Martha.*) Is not Valentine yet returned from the fields?

Martha. No, my dear, nor George.

Thorowgood. And the girls, what are they about?

Martha. You will find preſently that they have not been trifling. See, here comes Jenny.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Mr. Parks, Thorowgood, Martha, Jenny.

(Jenny is carrying in a wooden diſh, with ſlices of bread and butter on it.)

Thorowgood. Oh, oh, the bread, that is right; come hither, child; (*he takes two pieces of bread, lays one before Mr. Parks, the other before Martha.*) Though our's be houſhold-bread, it is, however, well taſted: you have what is lighter in town, but this is more ſtrengthening for working people: luckily it is ſtill quite freſh. But how is this, Martha? you have forgotten ſomething material. (*He ſmiles, while he preſſes her hand.*) It is not your fault, my dear; on ſuch a day as this, our hearts are ſo taken up with joy and pleaſure, that we cannot think of every thing.

Martha, (*running her eyes over the table.*) Something wanting, you ſay, what is it, pray?

Thorowgood. Something to drink, wife; would you entertain Mr. Parks with a horſe-feaſt? that would be ſtrange indeed.

Martha. What was I thinking of? I ſat it to cool.

Thorowgood. Run; make haſte: our cyder is ſomewhat rough, Sir; it cuts the throat, but it is ſound.

Martha. What do you mean? the gentleman has brought ſome wine.

Mr.

Mr. Parks. Yes, my friend, and I muſt own that I think my liquor a little better than your's.

Thorowgood. You have brought wine, too! How, Sir, had you not done enough, without that? This is too much: what, bring us wine too!

Mr. Parks. Oh, it is not for you, only; I mean to drink a part myſelf. This day, is to us all a day of pleaſure; and good wine is an excellent aſſociate with joy and feſtivity.

Thorowgood. Indeed I had formerly ſome excellent wine always by me, which I kept for my father. When I happened to meet with good markets in town, my firſt buſineſs was, to go and buy half a dozen bottles of the beſt that I could get, be the price what it would: I did not drink it myſelf; I gave it to my wife to keep for thoſe days when my father came to ſee us, and then I entertained him well. Do you remember, Martha, how happy the good old man uſed to be? My children, he would ſay, this wine ſtrengthens and chears me; but your affection, which makes you deny yourſelves comforts for my ſake, ſtrengthens and rejoices my heart ſtill more. He was ſometimes ſo much affected, that the tears flowed down his cheeks. You cannot conceive how exquiſite the wine taſted to me, whilſt I had my father drinking by my ſide. (*Jenny comes in with two bottles.*)

Mr. Parks. I hope you will not find this amiſs, neither.

Thorowgood. Ah, Sir, your kindneſs is ſufficient to make it delicious.

SCENE

SCENE V.

Mr. Parks, Thorowgood, Martha, Jenny and Lucy.

Lucy, carrying a huge noſegay of roſes, honeyſuckles and jaſmine, approaches Mr. Parks, curtſies to him, and ſays,) Will you permit me, Sir, to fix this in your button-hole?

Mr. Parks. I am much obliged to you, my dear Lucy, (*he kiſſes her.*) but it is as big as yourſelf. I would lay a wager that you have left none for your father and mother. Come, I muſt divide it; I ſhall receive nothing for myſelf alone, to-day: there, Martha; there, Thorowgood; here is for you, Jenny; and Lucy, here is for you, *(ſharing the flowers.)*

Thorowgood. This is like a wedding-day, every one his noſe-gay.

Jenny. One would take Mr. Parks for the bridegroom; he gives the dinner and the flowers.

Thorowgood. Well ſaid; my Jenny is in her gay mood.

Mr. Parks. This ſprightly remark ſhall be worth a wedding-gown to her on the day of her marriage.

Thorowgood. So, Sir, we have nothing to do but to ſit with our arms acroſs, and leave you to do every thing; her wedding-gown, ſhe muſt earn herſelf.

Lucy.

Lucy. But, father, ſuppoſe I ſhould earn mine firſt ?

Thorowgood. Do you hear the little baggage ! Upon my word, it becomes ſuch a little girl as you to have ſuch notions in your head : but come, come, let us think of nothing but dinner ; let us be merry and gay.

Mr. Parks. Let us wait till your ſon's return. I will not dine, until the whole flock be round me.

Martha. What a pity it is, Sir, that you have no children ; you ſeem ſo fond of them.

Mr. Parks. Ah, Martha, you make my heart bleed a-new ! Heaven had bleſſed me with a o n, but—

Martha. An only ſon ? and is he dead ? what a terrible affliction !

Mr. Parks. I know not if he be dead, but he is ſo to me.

Thorowgood. Perhaps he is in ſome foreign country, and you do nor hear from him. (*Seeing Mr. Parks drop a tear, he preſſes his hand.*) Do not afflict yourſelf, my dear Sir, pray do not ; if he be ſtill alive, you will certainly ſee him again. What ſhall you ſoften the ſorrows of the wretched, and yet be wretched yourſelf ? No, no, heaven is too juſt : you ſee how it treats me, for only having done my duty ; and you, who riſe ſo far above it, can it forſake you ? Impoſſible. Come, come, be chearful ; let us not loſe a moment of this glorious and joyful day.

Mr. Parks, (wiping his eyes.) Yes, my dear Thorowgood, I ſhould reproach myſelf, if I embittered thy joys.

Thorowgood.

Thorowgood. You owe me this attention: it would be ſpoiling your own work. But why are my boys ſo ſlow in returning, to-day? (*He riſes from table, and looks out at the window.*) I will ſee whether they are coming. Oh, I ſee George. (*He beckons to him to make haſte.*)

Martha. What, George, all alone! does not Valentine come? he ſhould know that it is dinner time. I beg a thouſand pardons, Sir, for making you wait.

Mr. Parks. All in good time, Martha; I am not impatient in ſuch pleaſing company: an hour ſooner or later will make no difference. The days are long; and, provided I get home before it is dark, my wife will not be under any anxiety.

Martha. Here is George, however.

SCENE VI.

Mr. Parks, Thorowgood, Martha, Jenny, Lucy, George.

(*George takes off his hat, and bows, on ſeeing Mr. Parks.*)

Thorowgood, (*running to take him by the hand.*) Come, my ſon, look upon that good man. Next to heaven and thy parents, it is to him that thou wilt owe the greateſt obligations, during life. Conſider him attentively: it is our worthy landlord, to whom we were to have given up all that

we poſſeſſed upon earth, and who has now given it back to us.

Martha. And who likewiſe gives to your ſiſters a fine flock. Every day of your life, my ſon, you muſt bleſs him in your heart: we ſhall ſet you the example, as long as we live; and you ſhall continue that duty, when we ſhall be no more. Will you not? Will you promiſe me to perform this, faithfully?

George. How is it poſſible to neglect it, when the gentleman has been ſo good to us? but my father ſaid yeſterday, that we ſhould quit the farm. Are we now to continue in it?

Thorowgood. Yes, for ever, my dear boy, for ever. I hope in God to ſee my great-grand-children born in it.

George, (running in tranſports to Martha.) Oh! my dear mother, it is for your ſake, that I am moſt rejoiced: I may now tell it you; this whole night paſt, I have done nothing but weep, on your account.

Mr. Parks. And why ſo, my good boy?

George, (taking Mr. Parks by the hand, and leading him to the window.) Come, Sir, and I will tell you the reaſon: do you ſee, near yonder hedge, an old apple-tree that has ſcarcely any leaves on it? My mother was ſaying, this ſpring, that ſhe was very ſorry that the froſt had injured it ſo much, for ſhe had never eaten ſo good apples as it bore, in her life, and that the tree was likely to die; the next morning, before ſhe was up, my brother and I went to pick out the moſt flouriſhing buds we could ſee, in order to engraft them on other trees in the orchard, that in caſe

caſe the old tree ſhould periſh, my mother might ſtill have ſome good apples: had we left the farm, it would have been a ſad thing; ſomebody elſe would have come into it, and in time, have eaten of the fruit, which we had engrafted.

Mr. Parks. Nothing could be eaſier, than for you to have taken them with you, and then nobody would have been benefited by your labour.

George. Why ſhould I do ſo? that would have been no advantage; and though it were, I know very well, that we ought not to ſeek an advantage to ourſelves, that would be a prejudice to our fellow creatures: on the contrary, I ſhould have wiſhed them to gather good fruit from our trees.

Mr. Parks. But did you not juſt now ſay, that it would be a ſad thing, if others ſhould eat the fruit which you had engrafted?

George. Undoubtedly it would be a ſad thing to me, that my mother ſhould be deprived of it; for though I wiſh good apples to others, I would much rather my mother ſhould have them.

Mr. Parks, (*taking him by the hand.*) Thou art a good boy. (*Seeing Martha impatient to embrace him.*) My dear Thorowgood, I am every hour more and more enamoured of your children: the only conteſt between you ſeems to be, who ſhall love the other beſt.

Thorowgood. There is nothing like love and harmony, in families. When my father and mother were living, all my ſtudy, night and day, was, how I ſhould pleaſe them beſt. I would have carried them on my ſhoulders in their old age. I am amply rewarded: I ſee by experience,

whatever we do for our parents, is returned by our children.

Martha, (*to George.*) But where is Valentine? Why is he not with you?

George. He will not come to dinner.

Thorowgood. But why so?

George. He has taken it into his head to finish his weeding, before night: I preſſed him to come home with me, promiſing to aſſiſt him as much as I could in the afternoon, but he would not liſten to me. I have bread enough left, he ſaid, ſhewing me the half of his breakfaſt; I ſhall dine upon this.

Thorowgood, (*with ſome emotion.*) Excellent lad! becauſe I have not been in the fields to-day, he wants to do my work. He ſaw us bending under the preſſure of misfortune, and he would fain ſupport us, by his frugality and induſtry. George, go back, pray, and tell him, that we command him to return, and that we ſhall not eat any thing till he comes. (*Turning to Mr. Parks.*) Ah, Sir, did you but know him, you would love him as much as we do.

Jenny. Father, ſhall I go along with my ſiſter and George, to fetch him?

Lucy. I will engage, we will ſoon make him come.

Thorowgood. Go then, but do not loiter by the way.

Lucy. Never fear; we will run all the way.

SCENE

SCENE VII.

Mr. Parks, Thorowgood, Martha.

Mr. Parks. Thorowgood, you have no idea of the emotion that I feel this day, I see plainly; that children are the choicest blessings of heaven.

Thorowgood. Yes, when they are like ours; then indeed they are real blessings; and parents enjoy in them, a treasure inestimable. Oh, Sir, you cannot imagine how much the calamities of life are lessened, when our children assist us in supporting them, (*clapping Mr. Parks on the shoulder.*) Only cheer up your heart, Sir: in whatever part of the world your son may be, I firmly believe, that he will make your latter-days the happiest of your life.

Mr. Parks. Ah, were he but still alive, and of the happy disposition of your children! But why should I flatter myself with any such vain hopes? No, I have no longer any son to comfort me, in the decline of life. Happy Thorowgood, you may grow old; you will enjoy the delight, of seeing yourself revive in the five children, to whom you have given birth.

Thorowgood. Five children, did you say, Sir? No; pardon me, only four. (*He reckons them on his fingers.*) The little one that is asleep behind the curtain, Lucy, George, and Jenny; these are all I have.

Mr. Parks. And the boy, who is in the fields.

Thorowgood. He is not my son, though I love him as much, as if he were so, and I have done

for him, all that I could have done for a child of my own; and the worthy lad is deſerving of all my tenderneſs: he loves us as much as if we had given him birth, and he works for our ſupport, as if he were the eldeſt of my little family.

Mr. Parks. And where is his family?

Thorowgood. That, we are as much ſtrangers to, as you are; we ſaved his life when he was an infant, in the cradle: my wife ſuckled him, and he has always lived with us. He muſt not have been of common origin: he had round his neck, a coral, adorned with gold and jewels; and the linen he had on, was of the fineſt kind.

Mr. Parks. You preſerved his life, you are ignorant of his family, and he is, not of vulgar race! Ah, my dear Thorowgood, quickly tell me, how he fell into your hands.

Thorowgood. It is a melancholy ſtory: we then lived in the north of England; I rented a little farm there, on the banks of a river; it was an excellent ſituation, and the land yielded abundantly; no thanks to the care of the former tenant, though——

Mr. Parks. Paſs over theſe circumſtances, pray, and only tell me all that relates to Valentine; that alone, inflames my curioſity.

Thorowgood. Well, Sir, to come to the point at once: you muſt know, that one night we were rouſed from our ſleep, by the water's ruſhing into our houſe on all ſides; we had hardly time to get upon the roof, to wait for relief there; in the morning, a boat came to our aſſiſtance: the whole country was under water; the river was covered with the ruins of houſes and furniture,

carried

carried away by the force of the current. I was endeavouring to comfort my wife, who lamented the loſs of our cottage, but ſtill more that of her ſon, who was ſtifled in the water before we awoke; in the mean time, I ſuddenly perceived a cradle, toſſed about in the flood, which was running rapidly, and threatening every moment to ſwallow it up. I could not bear the ſight: I threw off my clothes, and, regardleſs of danger, I plunged into the river, ſwimming with all my might towards the cradle. I was driven back ſeveral times, and almoſt exhauſted with fatigue; but the cries of the child, which I heard as I approached, inſpired me with freſh ſpirits and vigour: in ſhort, after much difficulty and danger, I got up to it, and brought it to the bank, a good way lower down. My wife followed me, creeping, more dead than alive, along the ſide of the river. I preſented the infant to her, which continued crying, until ſhe gave it the breaſt. Poor Martha fancied that ſhe had recovered her loſt child. We then made all poſſible enquiries to ſee if we could diſcover the parents, but we never could get any information: our affliction at length ceaſed; we continued to look upon him as our own ſon. I have related the whole ſtory to the boy himſelf, a hundred times: I concealed it, indeed, from my own children, to let them enjoy the pleaſure of thinking him their brother, and to avoid all occaſion of jealouſy. I have had him inſtructed like the reſt. He does his work, as well, as I can myſelf. He talks as if he were reading out of a book; and he can read and write as well as our ſchool-maſter.

Mr.

Mr. Parks. And how long, pray, may it be since this happened?

Thorowgood. About fifteen years and a few months, as well as I can remember. But hold, I can tell you to a minute, for I had a memorial drawn up by the magiſtrate of the place, ſigned by the rector, and atteſted by the people, who were witneſſes of the event. When I quitted the country, I took care to carry it with me. Go fetch it, Martha.

Martha. It is here in this little box, with the clothes and coral, which Valentine then had: we have kept them carefully, and put them by, this morning; becauſe, if you, Sir, had ſold our effects, it would not have been juſt, that what belonged to the boy, ſhould have gone with them.

Thorowgood. Fetch them quickly, my dear.

Martha, (*running to fetch the parcel, and giving it to Thorowgood.*) There, my dear.

Thorowgood, (*opening it.*) See, Sir.

Mr. Parks, (*examines the coral, then the mark on the linen, and afterwards exclaims in tranſport.*) It is he; it is he himſelf! Oh! gracious God, haſt thou then reſtored my boy!

Thorowgood, (*in profound aſtoniſhment.*) What ſay you—What, our Valentine your ſon! Oh! my dear, my worthy Sir! I ſee your whole frame is agitated. (*He takes his hand, and ſupports him.*) A chair, a chair, wife, quickly; he is ready to fall.

Martha, (*running to and fro.*) I know not what I am about; I am quite beſide myſelf. How ſurprized will our dear boy be! (*At length ſhe*

ſhe fetches a chair; Thorowgood makes Mr. Parks ſit down, ſtill holding his hand.)

Mr. Parks. Oh! day for ever bleſſed! to find my ſon, my long loſt ſon again! What will be the joy, the tranſports of my wife? It is now we ſhall begin to live. Oh! lead me, Thorowgood, lead me to him. For heaven's ſake let me ſee my boy, and preſs him to a father's breaſt.

Thorowgood. No, Sir, no, with your leave. Joy and ſurpriſe would kill my poor Valentine. He will be here preſently. Step into this room until I have prepared him; he will be the better able to meet you, and you will be more compoſed.

Martha, (*looking out at the window.*) Here he comes, with his ſpade on his ſhoulder: look how faſt he walks.

Mr. Parks, (*running to the window.*) He comes, he comes; how my heart beats: let me fly to receive him.

Thorowgood, (*ſtopping him.*) No, Sir, that would be of no ſervice to either of you; and this time, you muſt let me have my way. (*He puts Mr. Parks into the next room, who follows him reluctantly, his eyes ſtill turned to the window.*)

SCENE

SCENE VIII.

Martha, alone.

This event, will, perhaps, make me an object of pity. Valentine is now become a great man. Who knows if he will have any farther regard for us, or whether he will not bluſh to look on us? (*ſhedding ſome tears.*) Oh! if ſuch a thing were to happen, I ſhould never feel comfort more. I have brought him up with ſuch care and tenderneſs! I love him ſo dearly: he was like one of my own children.

SCENE IX.

Thorowgood, Martha.

Thorowgood. (*to Mr. Parks, whom he leaves in the other room.*) Stay, ſtay here; I will let you know when it is time that you ſhould appear. (*Seeing Martha in tears.*) But why thus, my dear woman; why in tears?

Martha. Ah, my dear, it is through joy and ſorrow both, that I weep.

Thorowgood. How are you able to reconcile that?

Martha. I am overjoyed that Valentine and his parents have at length found each other; but he

he will be loſt to us, and this afflicts me. Oh if he ſhould ever forget us!

Thorowgood. What an abominable notion you have gotten in your head! Forget us, wife! no more than we can forget him. I ſee plainly, you know but little of him yet.

SCENE X.

Thorowgood, Martha, Valentine, George, Jenny, Lucy.

Valentine, (*with eagerneſs.*) O my dear father and mother, what tranſports of joy I feel! (*He lays down his ſpade, and runs to embrace them.*) Jenny and Lucy have been telling me what the landlord has done for us. Where is the worthy gentleman? let me kiſs his hand, and thank him for all his goodneſs.

SCENE XI.

Mr. Parks, Thorowgood, Martha, Valentine, George, Jenny, Lucy.

Mr. Parks, (*ruſhing in, and running to claſp Valentine round the neck.*) Here, here, my ſon! Yes, you are my own ſon! My own fleſh and blood! My love, my life, my all!

Thorowgood.

Thorowgood. Do not be alarmed, Valentine; it is so; it is true: he is your father.

Valentine, (*in deep amazement, surveys with an astonished eye, Mr. Parks, Thorowgood, and Martha by turns: he fain would speak, but his tongue refuses its office.*)

Martha. Yes, my dear boy, all has now been cleared up; this gentleman, for fifteen years, has bewailed your loss, and now we shall weep to lose you.

Valentine, (almost breathless.) Your son! You my father! (*He breaks from those that are round him, throws himself at his father's knees, clasps them, and imprints a thousand kisses on his hands. Mr. Parks clasps his son round the neck, and reclines his head upon him: they remain a-while in this posture, silent and drowned in tears.*)

Mr. Parks, (*raising his head a little.*) All-gracious almighty God! what returns shall I make thee for thy goodness?

Valentine. I have poured out supplications to heaven a thousand times, that I might learn to whom I was indebted for life; and I have received it from you, who have now restored life by your benignant goodness, to those who preserved mine. What powerful motives are these to increase filial piety, and to stimulate all my efforts, that I may merit your tenderness by the most zealous duty and affection.

Mr. Parks. My heart already tells me how worthy thou art of my love. Yes, my son, my dear, my only son, this heart has been always full of thee. But thy mother! what transport will she not feel, at sight of thee!

Valentine.

Valentine. Ah, lead me to her, I entreat you. How I long to throw myself at her feet, and clasp her in my arms!

Mr. Parks. Come then, my son, I reproach myself, for every moment that I delay her happiness. Let us run; let us fly.

Thorowgood, (*stopping them, and holding both by the hand.*) Consider what you are about: will you break the good lady's heart by excess of joy? No, no, it shall not be so; first, let us drink a glass of wine to strengthen our minds and bodies, otherwise, we shall all be wrong; I will then go, and break the matter, distantly, to madam, and prepare her, for the interview with her son. Ah, Valentine, how happy you will be to know her!

Valentine. I shall see her then to-day, after having so long dreaded that I should never have that comfort! It is impossible to express the tenderness that I already feel for her.

Martha. And, Valentine, will you always love me?

Valentine. Will I love you! I will always call you mother as well as her. If she brought me into life, did not you cherish it, with the milk of your bosom, after my second father had preserved it? What must have become of me, but for you both? Your kindness to me, hath been greater, than I shall ever be able to repay.

Mr. Parks. Say not so, my child. Ah! though it were to cost me half of my fortune, I am resolved that these worthy people—

Thorowgood, (*hastily interrupting him.*) I will not suffer you to say another word on this sub-

ject: your friendſhip, with that of my lady and Valentine, will be our beſt reward. I defy you, with all your riches, to give us any thing equal to that. But why do we longer delay ſitting down to table? Come, let Valentine ſit here, beſide his father.—Yes, I underſtand you; Martha ſhall be near you; the good creature loves you ſo tenderly! (*Seeing Martha drying her eyes with her apron.*) Come wife, don't be fooliſh. Why thoſe tears? we are not loſt to one another; were he a worthleſs lad, then indeed he would be loſt to us, and we ſhould have reaſon to lament him.

Valentine, (*looking tenderly at Mr. Parks.*) You ſee then, father, have I not reaſon to love them? (*He lays hold of Martha's hand; who can no longer reſtrain her tears, and hides her face, whilſt Valentine is careſſing her with endearing fondneſs.*

Thorowgood. Well, ſhall we have an end of this? the one is as great a fool as the other. Come, Martha, to divert you a little, ſeat the children, and bring us ſome glaſſes. (*Whilſt Martha is engaged, he returns to Mr. Parks.*) I told you, Sir, juſt now, that virtue never failed of a reward; here you ſee a proof of it. You had ſcarcely performed a good action, before you were inſtantly recompenſed for it. You gave us property, that was no longer ours, and we have given you an only ſon, whom you had conſidered as loſt. (*He gets up, and addreſſing himſelf to George, Jenny, and Lucy, who during this whole ſcene remain ſilent, with their eyes continually fixed on Mr. Parks, or Valentine.*) And you, my children, hence learn, never to deſpair of heaven, or

of yourſelves. When a flood, fifteen years ago ſwept away my cottage, Providence gave me at the ſame time, the means of requiting one day the man who was deſtined to be my benefactor. This day, when the effects of an unfavourable ſeaſon ſeemed to threaten me with hopeleſs deſtruction, it has, on the contrary, re-eſtabliſhed my little fortune. God makes uſe of every thing, to reward thoſe who do their duty. It is from two of the moſt dreadful ſcourges, that we have derived our good fortune: let this be a leſſon to you all your lives! When a man acts right, though misfortune ſhould perſecute him, though the lightning ſhould flaſh round his head, and thunder ſhake every thing about him, ſo long as he has no reproach to make to himſelf, he remains firm as a rock; (*ſtriking the table*) or if he falls for a moment, he riſes up again with new vigour.——A glaſs of wine, Sir. (*He takes up the bottle and fills round.*) It is, that we may all drink your health.

Martha. With the utmoſt pleaſure.

Thorowgood. Valentine, you alone can call him father with your lips; but we all ſay the ſame in our hearts, as well as you.—To your health, Sir.

Valentine. To your health, Sir.

Mr. Parks, (*with tears in his eyes.*) I thank you, my dear boy; I thank you all, my children. How ſweet is the name of father! (*He drinks.*) No wine ever taſted ſo exquiſitely to me.

Thorowgood, (*gayly.*) Nor to me, therefore I will repleniſh to you now, Valentine. Hear what I ſay: though you are now become a

great perſon, I will never ſuffer you to be called by any other name in my cottage. By calling you ſo, we ſhall be more ſenſible that you ſtill dwell in our hearts.

Valentine. And wherever I go, if I ſhall meet you, I ſhall addreſs you by the name of father.

Thorowgood, (preſſes his hand; all drink to the health of Valentine.) But now I think of it, Sir: we related to you in what manner we found your ſon, it is now, your turn, to tell us, how you loſt him.

Mr. Parks. Moſt willingly, my friend, as the recital can no longer diſtreſs me: I had been married a year, when a war broke out, and I received orders to proceed with my regiment to the Weſt-Indies: my wife, notwithſtanding all entreaties, would accompany me in that long and dangerous voyage, after giving birth to this dear boy, the only one that we have left. I had an uncle, a dignitary of the church, who lived near Durham; the infant was conſigned to a nurſe in his neighbourhood, that he might have an eye to him, and give us information about him. I received no account the three firſt years of my abſence. Uneaſy at ſo long a ſilence, I wrote to ſome friends in London: the moſt zealous of them viſited the place, whence he acquainted me, that ſoon after my departure, a ſudden inundation had ravaged the country, that my uncle, had fallen a victim to his intrepid exertions, on that calamitous occaſion: that the houſe of the nurſe, had been ſwept away by the flood, and that my ſon periſhed with her; this dreadful news oppreſſed me with ſorrow, and

almoſt

almoſt broke my wife's heart. At my return to England, I was reſtrained from making any reſearches, which appeared uſeleſs, leſt my ill ſucceſs ſhould revive thoſe bitter ſorrows which time had ſomewhat alleviated.

Thorowgood. What, for ſix years that I have been your tenant, and might have put an end to your grief! I ſhall never forgive myſelf for having ſuffered you to pine ſo long. I often told you of my happineſs, why did you never mention your ſorrows to me?

Mr. Parks. Could I have thought, that you alone were capable of terminating them! And beſides, I muſt confeſs, that I endeavoured all in my power to baniſh theſe ſad reflections from my mind. I was particularly fearful of reviving them in the company of my wife. This very morning, when you wanted to talk about your children, don't you recollect how cautiouſly I endeavoured to turn the converſation to other ſubjects?

Valentine, (*throwing himſelf into his father's arms.*) O my dear father, with what boundleſs affection I ſhall ever love you, to obliterate the remembrance of ſo many tears!

Mr. Parks, (*embracing him.*) Let us mention them no more, ſince their ſource is at an end.

Thorowgood. Do not flatter yourſelf with that expectation, Sir; he will make you ſhed tears as long as you live, but they will be tears of joy only. You are far from knowing him yet ſufficiently. When you have obſerved all his excellent qualities, he will become a thouſand times dearer to you. How happy it makes me, to ſee you both ſo worthy of each other!

Mr. Parks. It is to your inſtructions, my worthy friends, that I am indebted for his merit: it was under you, that he learned to reliſh ſentiments of honour and virtue. I have the comfort to find him, exactly ſuch, as I would wiſh to have formed him myſelf. Ah, how ſhall I be able to reward you as I ought?

Thorowgood. Reward us! Oh, that he has done a long time ſince; Valentine himſelf, has taken care of that. Night and day he has laboured all in his power for our benefit. Do you imagine that without his care and toil, our fields would have proſpered as they have done?

Mr. Parks. You will have a heavy loſs, then, in loſing his aſſiſtance.

Martha. Alas, it is the ſatisfaction of his ſociety that we ſhall have moſt cauſe to regret.

Valentine. No, father, it is but right to tell you of what they perhaps would conceal; leſt they might again intereſt your generoſity of heart; all my efforts were due to them, for their care and tenderneſs to me, in my infant years, and I had no merit in working for them; but as induſtrious as they are, my hands were neceſſary to them: if they loſe my aſſiſtance, it is my duty to make them a compenſation; there is but one method: luckily, it depends on the firſt favour I have to ſolicit at your hands, and you will not ſurely refuſe me, in this joyful and happy moment; will you, father?

Mr. Parks. No, my ſon; ſpeak out: aſk: there is nothing that you have not a right to obtain.

Valentine.

Valentine. Well then, I entreat you to give them thoſe lands for me, ſince I am no longer to aſſiſt in cultivating them.

Thorowgood, (*paſſionately.*) What ſay'ſt thou, Valentine?

Mr. Parks. What does he ſay? Ah, what fills my heart with rapture, as it proves to me that he is full of gratitude. Yes, my ſon, now am I certain of ſoon poſſeſſing thy affection, ſince I ſee thee ſo ſenſible of the tenderneſs that thoſe worthy people had for you. Thorowgood, receive this farm from the hands of our ſon. I will not rob him of the joy that he feels, in beſtowing it upon you. I will only add, for myſelf and my wife, the tenement that Humphries occupies, which is your's, from this moment.

Thorowgood. Forbear, Sir, pray forbear; ſpare us; do not quite overwhelm us. How ſhall we be ever capable of diſcharging our obligations? you will make us ungrateful, in ſpite of ourſelves.

Mr. Parks. Do not then begin to be ſo, by robbing me of the joy, with which I receive the preſent which you have made me. Is not a ſon a thouſand times more valuable than the lands that I leave you? Speak; anſwer me. Would you give your own for any ſuch conſideration?

Thorowgood. You have always the art to confound and ſilence me, therefore I will leave you to act as you pleaſe: it would be criminal in us to combat your kindneſs. *(He turns to Martha.)* This morning we were unable, my dear, to pay half our debts, and now we overflow with riches. Oh! my children, I may now die, without being anxious

anxious about you ; and whilſt I loſe you, Valentine, I ſee you provided with a father worthy of you ! I am afraid my poor brains will be turned, with exceſs of joy.

Mr. Parks. Come, Thorowgood, drink a glaſs of wine, to ſettle them.

Thorowgood. An excellent motion, and I will ſecond it. (*After filling the glaſs round, he gets up, takes off his hat, and twirls it round his head,*) Come, wife, come children. (*Seeing George, Lucy and Jenny afraid to take their glaſſes.*) Come, I ſay, this is a glaſs of gratitude ; you muſt all drink it up. Yes, Martha, notwithſtanding all your nods and winks, they muſt do it.

Martha. But, my dear, I am afraid——

Thorowgood, (*interrupting her.*) So much the better, my dear ; I wiſh them to feel it in their heads, that they may always remember this great day. Let them drink deeply to the health of our benefactor. When they ſhall hereafter reflect on all that he has done for them, they will give him back, for every drop of wine, a thouſand tears of gratitude and tenderneſs. Excuſe them, good Sir, they are not yet of an age to comprehend the boundleſs extent of your favours ; but let them grow up : as long as they live, you ſhall be bleſſed by them and their children.

Valentine. Yes, I dare anſwer for them : I know their excellent hearts. Oh ! my dear little ſiſters, and you my brother, I ſhall never forget your kindneſs to me. (*He embraces them.*) Father, you will permit me to huſband my pocket-money,

money, and ſave what I can to give them to ſettle in the world.

Mr. Parks. Gently, Sir; I pray don't offer to encroach on my privileges. I juſt now engaged for Jenny's wedding-clothes.

Valentine. Well then, George and Lucy ſhall be my care. Don't you conſent, my dear mother? (*Martha preſſes his hand, and anſwers only with tears.*) Father Thorowgood, won't you give your voice too?

Thorowgood. How could I deny you what ſeems to give you ſo much pleaſure? yes, I agree to it, for you, as much as for myſelf. I ſtipulate, however, one condition, which I ſhall propoſe to Mr. Parks.

Mr. Parks. Let us hear what it is.

Thorowgood. You have often told me that you and my lady wiſhed for a little retreat in theſe parts, to paſs the ſummer in. The neighbouring land is to be ſold: you may buy it, and build a lodge in your own mind; by theſe means, we ſhall have you near us for half the year. I would lay my life, that Valentine would grow melancholy, if he were to be always cooped up in the city.

Mr. Parks. What ſay you to this, my ſon?

Valentine. I ſhould be heartily glad of it, I muſt own; I like dearly the air of the country.

Mr. Parks, (*with a ſmile.*) Be it ſo then. You ſee, Thorowgood, I am more ready to comply with your deſire than you were with mine.

Thorowgood. Becauſe there is ſome difference; but I have not done: the ground is extenſive enough to allow good gardens. Look

at

at me, Sir. You do not yet know all that I am capable of doing: I was formerly a gardener, and have not yet forgotten my old trade. I take upon myself, to lay out the garden in such a manner, that people shall come far and near to view it as a curiosity.

George. I will undertake to dig the canals and trenches, to make the terrace, and plant the trees of your walk.

Martha. And I and my girls will make the borders, and plant them with flowers.

Jenny. We will take the finest that we have in our own garden.

Lucy, (*skipping about.*) Oh, when shall we go to work?

Mr. Parks. What do you mean, my friends? I must then till your grounds, whilst you are at work in my garden.

Thorowgood. I guessed that you would still be so unkind as to oppose me. Hear me, Sir; we shall be more expeditious in our work; and besides, the best time for working in your garden, is precisely the season when there is scarcely any thing to be done in the fields. Though Valentine be now a person of consequence, still, I hope that he will not refuse his assistance: his hands are used to the management of the spade; and to work for you, will be the greatest pleasure to him. Only let us have our own way: every one will work cheerfully, and the whole will be finished, before you have time to think about it. But here comes the worthy Humphries. What does he want? (*He gets up, runs and takes him by the hand.*)

SCENE

SCENE XII.

Mr. Parks, Thorowgood, Martha, Humphries, Valentine, George, Jenny, Lucy.

Humphries. I come to know, Thorowgood, whether you are pleaſed with your cows.

Thorowgood. Ah, my dear neighbour, I am much more ſo, that we can ſtill be friends: your return, completes my day's joy. Come and ſit down with us. I will ſeat you in the company of the beſt man upon earth.

Humphries, (*advancing.*) What do I ſee! our landlord here?

Mr. Parks, (*with a ſmile.*) No, Humphries, I am no longer any thing to you but plain Mr. Parks; there is your preſent landlord, (*pointing to Thorowgood.*)

Humphries. What, is it ſo, Thorowgood?

Thorowgood. Yes, my friend, it is even ſo: but rich as I am, we ſhall not be leſs familiar than we have been.

Humphries. I am at a loſs to comprehend this.

Thorowgood. I believe you; it would puzzle many more. We rarely meet with a man ſo generous as our landlord; but the ſhort of the matter is, that I am now, through his favour, the maſter of this farm, and of your tenement.

Mr. Parks. It is true; I have juſt now given him the entire property in it.

Humphries. Well, Thorowgood, I give you joy of your good fortune, with all my heart: and

and I am neither envious nor jealous of it. I hope, that you will be as good a landlord to me, as Mr. Parks has been.

Thorowgood. Ah, my friend, how happy am I, that I now have it in my power, to acknowledge your honesty to me this morning! Consider what you would have gained, by following the advice of a bad man; for two paltry cows, which you might have retained, you would have lost a valuable friend: my little fortune would have made you mad, with envy and rage. On seeing me the owner of your tenement, you would have been in continual dread of being turned out by me, through revenge. That idea would have imbittered your life; instead of that, you have now, in me, a friend that will stand by you on all occasions. It will give me the greatest pleasure to serve you. I can begin this moment. I return you the two cows you sent me, and I hold you exempt from paying any rent for two years.

(*Humphries, struck with astonishment, cannot utter a word, and stares at him open-mouthed.*)

Mr. Parks. I thought nothing could have increased the pleasure I felt in conferring favours upon you; but the use you now make of them, enhances and sweetens my joy beyond any thing that ever I experienced before. (*He presses his hand.*)

Thorowgood. Ah, Sir, it would ill become me to profit by your favours, and not benefit likewise by your example. It is you, that have enabled me to oblige my neighbour; and I thank you for this additional pleasure.

Humphries.

Humphries, (recovering himself, and taking Thorowgood by the hand.) Ah, my friend, how shall I become worthy of your kindness! nothing pains me so much, as that I have it not in my power to shew my gratitude.

Thorowgood. What do you say, Humphries? God preserve me from doing service to others with the view of having it returned! To do good is a wonderful thing, that carries along with it its best reward.

Humphries. Heaven will bless you in your wife, your children, and all your undertakings; and for my part, I shall never think of you but with eyes overflowing with the tendereſt tears. I already wish you happier than myself. I am only jealous of one thing; it is of the honour that Mr. Parks has done you, in dining with you. Hear me; I have a fat lamb that I was going to sell; it shall now serve to renew our friendship. Mr. Parks, you Martha, and your children, must all come and eat part of it to-morrow.

Thorowgood. I like the motion very well. What do you say, Sir?

Mr. Parks. I deny nothing this day.

Thorowgood. Nor I, truly. This has been a wonderful day, Humphries. My wife and I are obliged to go this moment to town; but to-morrow shall tell you wonders that will delight and surprise you, and that will shew you more clearly, that the virtue which remains unshaken in adversity, always receives its reward.

ANTHONY AND HIS DOG.

ANTHONY was the ſon of a poor labourer, a very honeſt man, but ſo extremely poor, that he ſcarcely poſſeſſed any thing in the world beſides the few tools of huſbandry, with which he earned a miſerable ſubſiſtence. His wife was lately dead, after a lingering illneſs, which had been the ruin of his affairs. The grief that he felt on this occaſion, would have broken his heart, had he not poſſeſſed the conſolation of having ſtill an only ſon, whom he loved exceedingly, as the child was gentle and ſincere, and in every reſpect endowed with the moſt amiable and happy diſpoſition.

Young Anthony was paſſing one day before the door of a gentleman's houſe, when a ſervant perceiving him, called him into the court-yard, and aſked him, if he was diſpoſed to earn ſixpence. Yes, with all my heart, anſwered the poor child: What muſt I do for that?

Servant. You muſt take one of our dogs, put a ſtone round his neck, and throw him into the river.

Anthony. Poor thing! why do you want to kill him? Has he bit any body?

Servant.

Servant. No, that is not the caſe : you ſhall ſee the reaſon preſently.

So ſaying, he conducted Anthony into the ſtable, and ſhewed him in a corner, lying upon a wiſp of ſtraw a little dog that ſeemed juſt expiring : his hair was all fallen off, and his whole body ſeemed to be covered with a horrible mange.

Anthony. Oh, the poor creature ! He is in a very bad way indeed.

Servant. And for that reaſon, my Lady wiſhes to be rid of him : there are other dogs in the houſe, and ſhe is afraid that they may catch his diſorder. If you have a mind to earn your ſix-pence, you have only to take him and drown him. I would not touch him myſelf for five pounds.

Anthony. But why throw him into the river ? Perhaps he may be cured.

Servant. There is no likelihood that he will ever recover it. My lady's doctor has given him over.

Anthony. Well, no matter, ſtill one may try.

Servant. With all my heart : Do what you will with him, provided you rid us of him.

Anthony. But ſhall I have the ſix-pence ?

Servant. Ah ! you mind the main chance, I ſee.

Anthony. I do not aſk it for myſelf, but for the poor dog. If I was rich, I could do without it, but I am far from it : I have not always bread enough for myſelf, and he ſhould not want while he is ſo ill.

Servant. Come, it is a bargain: here is your fix-pence.

Anthony saw an old basket, that seemed to be thrown carelessly about the stable, and asked the servant to let him have it: he laid the dog in it, upon a wisp of straw, and hastened to his father, who was at work in a field at some distance.

As he went, he turned his eyes now and then on the basket. The disgusting appearance of his patient almost made him sick, but at the same time it excited his pity. Poor little creature, said he, you must be in great pain. Ah! I wish I may be so lucky, as to make you well: however, take my word for it, whether you live or die, I shall never throw you into the river.

His first care was to buy a small hot roll, of which he moistened the soft part, to make it the nicer; but all that the poor dog could do, was to lick it with the tip of his tongue: however, this refreshment, small as it was, served to keep up the strength of the sick animal, and the hopes of his little doctor.

Anthony's father was going to scold him, for not having come out sooner: but, when he learnt what it was that had detained him, instead of being angry with his son, he was delighted to see, that he had so compassionate a heart, and he kissed him for his good-nature.

Near the field, where he was at work, there was a pleasant meadow; thither, Anthony carried the little dog, shuddering with sickness, and laid him at the foot of a tree, to bask in the sun. His disorder proceeded only from a superabundance of humours, occasioned by the great quantity of

of food, with which he had been usually stuffed. As soon as the sun had revived him a little, he crawled about the meadow, searching by his smell, for those herbs, which instinct pointed out to him, as proper for his cure: he had scarcely eaten them, before they relieved him considerably. Anthony quitted his work for a moment, to see how his dog went on: he was surprized, not to find him in the place where he had sat him, and still more rejoiced, to see him upon his legs: he took care to carry him to the same meadow, for eight or ten days successively, at the end of which, the poor animal was completely recovered. He had never had so good an appetite in his life, as then. Anthony's six-pence was long since spent, in feeding him while sick, but now that he saw him re-established in perfect health, he did not grudge to share his own bit of bread with him. He had given him the name of *Bonny*, and perceived with satisfaction, that *Bonny* grew handsomer every day. His eyes, before so dull and languid, now sparkled with new life: his limbs recovered their usual nimbleness, and very soon his coat became as sleek, and as soft as velvet, and withal as white as the snow, when its virgin hue is heightened, by the dazzling beams of the sun.

The lady, to whom he had originally belonged, did not fail to hear very soon of his recovery and restored beauty: she sent her footman to offer Anthony two guineas, if he would let her have him again. Oh! no, replied Anthony, to the messenger; my lady would sentence him, to be thrown into the river again, if he should

happen to fall ſick, but I will never forſake him. What are your two guineas, in comparſion to the pleaſure that I have, in ſeeing him faithful and affectionate to me? We are too fond of each other ever to part. Anthony was in the right. He would not have given his dog for an empire, but in return, his dog would not have quitted him, for the greateſt monarch upon earth. He conſtantly followed his maſter, or elſe friſked before him, performing a thouſand little gambols to amuſe him. Whenever Anthony after helping his father to dig, quitted his ſpade for a moment, and ſat down under the hedge to take a ſlight repaſt, he had only to make a ſignal, *Bonny* forgot all his own pleaſures, and ran to him full-ſpeed: there ſtanding upon his hinder legs, and wagging his tail to expreſs his joy, he took from Anthony's own lips, the half of each bit of bread that he put into his mouth. Anthony, was often obliged to put up with a thouſand wants, but he was never a whit the ſadder on that account; his little four-footed-friend continued to give him new amuſement every day, and kept him always in ſpirits.

Alas! he was ſoon to experience a great affliction. At the end of autumn, the little boy fell dangerouſly ill: his father, laid out what money he had ſaved from his earnings, in procuring his ſon the medicines, that were indiſpenſably neceſſary for his diſorder. This ſorrowful pittance was ſoon exhauſted: he then recollected the conſiderable ſum which had been offered Anthony, by the lady, for his dog: two guineas would be to him a treaſure, in his preſent circum-

circumſtances. He reſolved, therefore, to mention this propoſal again to his ſon, but ſcarcely had he heard it, before he cried out, never, never; and his fever, redoubled the agitation, which ſo painful an idea excited in his mind.

In the mean time, his diſorder grew worſe, every day; violent fits of the cholic came on in addition to his fever, and increaſed his pains conſiderably. The anguiſh that he ſuffered, extorted the moſt piercing cries from him, and occaſioned him to twiſt his body, and roll himſelf upon his wretched mat, for hours ſucceſſively. On theſe occaſions, his little dog would come, and crouch cloſe by him, and fix his eyes on him, with the moſt ſignificant air of compaſſion, as if he would have ſaid, Ah! my dear maſter, I pity thee! Anthony, on the other hand, would look at him with reciprocal tenderneſs; and when his pains allowed him to ſpeak, My dear *Bonny*, he would ſay, I muſt ſoon leave you: Alas! I ſaved your life, and you, poor creature, can give me no relief. Saying theſe words, he would ſhed a flood of tears, which *Bonny* would come and lick off from his burning cheeks.

There lived a gentleman in the neighbourhood, of the name of Denniſon, who was both very rich and very humane. This gentleman, hearing of the boy's ſickneſs, and the father's extreme poverty, came himſelf to viſit them, in order, to aſſure himſelf, of the truth of the accounts that he had heard concerning them, and at the ſame time, to relieve their diſtreſs.

When this excellent gentleman came to the the labourer's cottage, little Anthony was in a moſt

moſt violent fit of his diſorder; his father ſat cloſe by him, overwhelmed with grief. Hunger gave him no concern, though he had for ſeveral days before, lived upon very ſlight nouriſhment, barely ſufficient to keep him alive. The ſight of his ſon's ſufferings, hindered him from attending to his own. He endeavoured to comfort him, by kind and ſoothing words, and with his arm ſupported the child's drooping head, while the little dog ſtanding over him, moaned piteouſly, and ſtrove by a thouſand fond tricks, to catch a look from his maſter.

Mr. Denniſon ſtood ſome time at the cottage-door, contemplating this ſad picture. At length he advanced toward them, and was already at the foot of the bed, before they perceived him, or even, before the dog turned to bark at his approach; and when Anthony and his father, lifted up their aſtoniſhed eyes, they ſaw his ſwimming in tears.

My good friends, ſaid Mr. Denniſon, I am ſorry to ſee you in this melancholy ſituation: I am told, Anthony, that you are not able to furniſh the expence of ſupporting your ſon, as he ſhould be, in his illneſs. That is only within theſe two days, anſwered the father: till then, I have been able to give my child bread, but now there is nothing left in this poor cabin, that I can part with for his ſupport, unleſs, I ſell the wretched mattreſs, that he lies on.

At theſe words, little Anthony ſtretched out his trembling hand upon his dog, and ſighed heavily.

Poor

Poor child, said Mr. Denniſon, do not be uneaſy; I will take care of you. Anthony, continued he, addreſſing himſelf to the father, your cabin is damp, and it will do your ſon no good to remain here while he is ill. Will you truſt him with me? I will take him home with me, and have him cured. Truſt him with you, Sir? Yes, that I will, and thank you for your generoſity. It reſtores both of us to life again.

Mr. Denniſon repeated his promiſe, and ſqueezing the little boy's hand affectionately, he took his leave, and went home to give orders for Anthony's reception. In half an hour after, came a ſtout footman, who, wrapping up little Anthony in a good warm coverlet, carried him in his arms to Mr. Denniſon's houſe: his father followed him, with a countenance, in which, hope and joy ſeemed faintly endeavouring to diſperſe the long ſettled traces of his melancholy. As to the faithful *Bonny*, his countenance was fully expreſſive of the moſt unequivocal ſatisfaction: he jumped along, with his head held up, and his eyes conſtantly fixed on his young maſter, who, from time to time, opened his covering a little, to have a look at him.

Thanks to the generoſity of Mr. Denniſon, and the care of an able phyſician, little Anthony's illneſs was ſoon cured. During the whole time that he was confined to his bed, his faithful *Bonny* kept him company: it was in vain that they would invite him to take a turn in the fields, if it were only for the ſake of the air; he would not quit his maſter's chamber. All the ceremony that he would vouchſafe even to Anthony's

thony's father, was, to attend him when he was going away, as far as the firſt ſtep of the ſtairs; then, all at once, he wheeled about, and came ſcampering into the room, and making a thouſand capers round the boy's bed.

At the end of a fortnight, little Anthony was able to ſet out for his father's. Mr. Denniſon had given him new clothes from head to foot. Any one elſe would have found it difficult to know him in his new finery, but the eyes of *Bonny* were not to be deceived, and it may eaſily be ſuppoſed how great was his joy, when he ſaw his maſter walk out to the fields, and could friſk and gambol about him at his eaſe, once more.

The firſt word that old Anthony ſpoke, when his ſon came home, was the name of Mr. Denniſon. Oh! my dear child, ſaid he, had it not been for that worthy man, I ſhould have loſt you for ever: you ſee how happy he has made us: What ſhall we do to prove our gratitude to him?

Oh! father, I have already thought of that, but I can talk no more upon the ſubject at preſent; and, ſo ſaying, he turned away his face, to hide the tears that guſhed from his eyes.

He went to bed very early, yet ſleep was a ſtranger to his eye-lids; he did nothing but toſs about in his bed, and ſigh heavily the whole night.

Next morning his father aſked him what way he propoſed to acquit his obligation to Mr. Denniſon: the poor boy had not power to anſwer him, but pointed with his fingers to *Bonny*.

He

He immediately put his new clothes on, and went out, but it was visible, from the inward struggles which this effort of resolution cost him, that his whole stock of courage was exerted to put it in practice. *Bonny* accompanied him; he had never been so playful as that day: he frisked about with such sportive agility as to attract the looks of every passenger. Many envied little Anthony the happiness of possessing so handsome a dog; but the more joy and vivacity he shewed, the more was Anthony dejected and melancholy. Ah! said he, you would not be so full of spirits, if you knew that we were going to part for ever: I chose rather to bear my illness, than sell you to procure myself medicines; I would sooner have died: but now, I must give you up to another, unless I chuse to shew myself ungrateful. Ah! my poor *Bonny*, my poor *Bonny!*

In the midst of these melancholy reflections, he found himself before Mr. Dennison's house; he crossed the court-yard, and entering, requested admission to that gentleman, who happened to be in the parlour. While he stood in the hall, his heart throbbed so violently, that he was indebted to the accidental delay of a few moments (owing to Mr. Dennison's being otherwise engaged) for the recovery of his spirits. At length being called for, he took *Bonny* up in his arms, and entered the parlour. Worthy Sir, cried he, at the same time sobbing violently, I owe you my life: I have nothing that I can offer you in return but my poor dog: here I have brought him, Sir: it is not without regret that I give him

to

to you ; but you would make me ſtill more unhappy by refuſing to accept him.

Mr. Denniſon, had a heart ſuch as all men ſhould have, who wiſh their own happineſs, or that of their neighbours. The ingenuous diſcourſe of the little boy made him ſmile ; but he was not the leſs ſtruck with the greatneſs of the ſacrifice that he ſaw him prepared to make to his gratitude. He took him therefore by the hand, and ſaid, No, my dear Anthony, I will not refuſe you ; I accept your preſent with all my heart, and eſteem myſelf fully repaid for every thing that I have done to ſerve you : but now that we are both quit, I make you a preſent of *Bonny* ; he is your's, in return for the ſatisfaction that your gratitude affords me.

How, Sir—cried the boy, who was unable to proceed.

Yes, my little friend, replied Mr. Denniſon : but one thing I requeſt of you, and that is, not to inſiſt any more in oppoſition to my deſire : aſſure yourſelf, I am better ſatisfied than you can poſſibly be, at having it in my power to make you happy once more.

Anthony, who the minute before had been ready to ſwoon away through the violence of his grief, was now, on the contrary, almoſt overpowered by his exceſs of joy : he viewed his benefactor with an air of aſtoniſhment ; he preſſed by turns, his dear *Bonny* and Mr. Denniſon's hand, which was ſtill in contact with his. He wept, but his tears were thoſe of joy and tenderneſs.

Mr.

Mr. Dennifon did not bound his kindneſs here. A place became vacant among his domeſtics; he beſtowed it upon old Anthony: as to his ſon, he had him carefully educated, and gave him a good trade. *Bonny* lived happily in the family. Ah! ſaid Anthony to him, ſometimes, when he fondled him, perhaps I owe all my happineſs to thee. He loved him continually more and more, and, when the inhabitants of the village where he lived would ſpeak, to this day, of two good friends, the names of Anthony and his dog *Bonny*, are ſure to be the firſt that occur on the ſubject.

THE FIRST TRIAL OF COURAGE.

Mrs. Domville. I LONG much to know which of my children will ſhew the the moſt courage to-day, when Mr. Enamel, the dentiſt, comes.

Guſtavus. What, mama, is he to come to-day?

Mrs. Domville. I expect him.

Felicia. He that drew one of my papa's teeth the other day?

Mrs. Damville. Yes, my dear. He is a very ſkilful man. I have begged him to come here this morning to examine your teeth.

Guſtavus. My ſiſter's, I ſuppoſe; for I hope he will not think of drawing any teeth from me.

Felicia. Nor from me neither.

Mrs. Domville. Yet I am ſtrongly of opinion, my little friends, that he will be obliged to take one from each of you. You have a tooth, Felicia, that is quite looſe; and I have obſerved two of your's, Guſtavus, jammed ſo cloſe, that one of them, the moſt forward of the two, muſt be drawn.

Guſtavus. Oh! pray mama do not ſay ſo. I have not too many, I aſſure you.

Mrs. Domville. Mr. Enamel muſt decide that.

Felicia. But it will hurt me.

Mrs. Domville. Indeed, my dear, I am afraid it will: but you muſt not be frightened; the operation is ſoon over: and even if it were painful, there is an abſolute neceſſity for performing it.

Felicia. I do not ſee any neceſſity, mama, for hurting me. I do not like that.

Mrs. Domville. I believe you, nobody likes it: but when we may gain a very great advantage by ſuffering a ſlight pain that will ſoon be over, we ſhould act ridiculouſly not to ſubmit to it, without heſitation.

Guſtavus. Oh! for my part, I ſhall keep my mouth ſhut ſo cloſe, that Mr. Enamel will be pretty cunning, if he looks into it.

Mrs.

Mrs. Domville. I adviſe you, maſter, not to ſpeak quite ſo confidently. You will ſhut your mouth! a very ſenſible ſpeech truly. Do you wiſh that I ſhould look upon you as a coward that cannot bear the ſlighteſt pain? I ſhould be aſhamed, were I in your place, that a ſtranger ſhould entertain ſuch an opinion of me.

Guſtavus. So I ſhould, mama, but —

Mrs. Domville. Hear me one word. Do you think, my dear, that it does not hurt me to ſee you in pain! when you were ſo ſick, do not you remember that I loſt all deſire of ſleep or food, and that I was more unhappy even than yourſelf? you may ſuppoſe then, when you ſee me determined on making you ſubmit to a painful operation, that I have a very forcible reaſon for it. This is my reaſon. I ſhould be ſorry, while my children were young, that their teeth ſhould grow irregularly, and ſo be obliged to be drawn at a time when they would never have any others to ſucceed them. This is a matter of ſome concern to a mother who loves you, but I think it ſhould be ſtill more ſo to you, ſince it touches you more nearly. The matter is no leſs than, whether you are to have, all your life, a ſtraggling and irregular ſet of teeth, or neat and well ordered. Felicia, do you underſtand what I have been ſaying to your brother?

Felicia. Yes, mama; but will it hurt me much?

Mrs. Domville. I cannot tell you exactly how much it will hurt you: this I know, that it is in your own power to make it much more ſupportable. Shall I tell you how?

Felicia. Oh! yes, mama, pray do?

Mrs. Domville. It is, by not making an ineffectual reſiſtance, but ſubmitting to the operation with a good grace: your brother talked of keeping his mouth ſhut, if you ſhould take it into your head to ſhut your's alſo, do you think that Mr. Enamel would not find a way to open it? You may aſſure yourſelf before-hand, that the more you would ſtruggle, the more he would be obliged to hurt you. If tears and complaints could leſſen one's pain, though they are marks of weakneſs, yet they would be excuſeable; but when they are of no uſe in the world, and may even contribute to make the pain worſe, I think it is a great diſgrace, and the extreme of folly, to yield to ſuch weakneſſes.

Guſtavus. Well, mama, how ſhall we manage?

Mrs. Domville. There is nothing more eaſy: I only aſk you to ſit quiet for a minute, and the whole buſineſs will be over: you were by, the other day when your father had a tooth drawn, did you hear him cry out?

Felicia. That is becauſe my papa is twenty times ſtronger than we are.

Mrs. Domville. True; but on the other hand, his tooth held twenty times faſter to his jaw than your's do. A large full-grown oak is much more difficult to root up than a young oak-plant.

Guſtavus. What pleaſure *can* this Mr. Enamel take in diſmantling people's jaws?

Mrs. Domville. It is not a pleaſure to him, it is his profeſſion, and a very uſeful profeſſion too, ſince

ſince the intent of it is, to relieve us from very acute pains.

Guſtavus. But ſince he is paid for drawing people's teeth, the more he draws, the more money he gains: what if he were to pluck all mine out one after another?

Mrs. Domville. He would gain more by leaving you even thoſe that are decayed; for then you would be obliged to have frequent recourſe to him, either to clean them, or to keep them in order: whereas, with a little attention to them every day, you will perhaps never have occaſion that he ſhould touch them again. Look at mine, ſee if I have not contrived to preſerve them without the help of a dentiſt.

Felicia. Had you ever any drawn, when you were as little as I?

Mrs. Domville. Certainly. I had a mother who watched tenderly over every thing that concerned me. She ſpoke to me as I ſpeak to you now.

Felicia. Then you remember it: did you cry much?

Mrs. Domville. No, my dear, I can do myſelf the juſtice to ſay, that I did not.

Felicia. And how did you do to keep from crying?

Mrs. Domville. I was ſenſible that my crying would only ſerve to give my mother uneaſineſs, to make me appear to the dentiſt a very cowardly little girl, and to render me contemptible to myſelf.

Guſtavus. Well, mama, I hope I ſhall not cry.

Mrs. Domville. I am perſuaded, if you take up that reſolution, you will be able to perſevere in it, by recollecting, that you are to be a man one day or other.

Felicia. But I, that am only to be a woman?

Mrs. Domville. Women have no leſs occaſion for courage in ſupporting pain: nay, perhaps, the weakneſs of their frame requires to be ſtrengthened with a greater degree of patience and fortitude. In order to be ſure of finding this fortitude, when the greater evils of life occur, it is neceſſary to have it put to the trial on occaſions of ſmaller conſequence. I have taken early care to fortify you againſt the common accidents of life, ſuch as bruiſes, or falls, or ſtrains. It is time to fortify yourſelf againſt more acute pains. After all, I do not think, that on the preſent occaſion you will ſuffer very much: your teeth are not firmly enough rooted to require a very violent effort to diſlodge them. They are like a ſlender ſtalk of graſs, that holds to the earth by very ſlight roots, and can eaſily be drawn up without damaging them. I thought it beſt to ſpeak to you, without reſerve, of the pain, whatever it may be, that will attend the operation; that if you find it more ſevere than you expected, you may have no right to accuſe me of endeavouring to deceive you.

Felicia. Oh, mama, you know I always take your word.

Guſtavus. No, mama won't deceive us: I am not afraid now.

Mrs. Domville. It gives me the higheſt pleaſure, that I have inſpired you with confidence, and find you ſo tractable; for that reaſon I will not treat you like thoſe ſilly children, who are promiſed cakes or play-things for letting themſelves be eaſed of an uſeleſs tooth: I reſerve for you a reward more worthy of you and me. The moſt firm and courageous of you two, ſhall have the moſt affectionate kiſs.

Guſtavus. You ſhall ſee, mama, I will deſerve two.

Felicia. And you ſhall ſee, brother, I will deſerve as many as you.

Guſtavus. Well, we ſhall all ſee preſently. Mr. Enamel may come now as ſoon as he pleaſes.

LITTLE

LITTLE GRANDISON.

LETTER I.

WILLIAM DANVERS TO HIS MOTHER.

LONDON, APRIL 17.

YOU permit me to write to you, my dear mama. What a conſolation is this to my heart! Alas, I have much occaſion for it, ſeparated as I am from you.

Here am I, in London, and in perfect health; nevertheleſs, I am ſad, very ſad, I aſſure you. You will, perhaps, call me a ſilly child, when I tell you that I wept during our whole journey, whilſt I thought on the laſt kiſs that you gave me when we parted. But come, I will no longer trouble you with theſe complaints. I know how much you love me, why therefore ſhould I afflict you?

What a fine city this is! and how populous! We have no town in Holland ſo large by one-half. I find every thing in this place very agreeable; but I do not find mama here. Ah, that ſpoils all.

You

You might well boaſt of your friend Mrs. Grandiſon. She is ſo good and ſo gentle, that one muſt love her as ſoon as one ſees her. She held forth her arms to receive me at my arrival, juſt in the ſame manner as you do when you are pleaſed with me; and then Mr. Grandiſon! I cannot expreſs to you how amiable he is. He ſhall be my model; and then I am ſure, when I grow up, I ſhall be eſteemed by every one. My papa was, doubtleſs, ſuch another; for you have often told me how worthy a man he was. Ah, would I poſſeſſed ſuch a parent now! how happy I ſhould be! I would then, like young Grandiſon, obey him in every thing: my whole heart ſhould be filled with love for him, though I would not love you the leſs. But heaven has not permitted this. However it has left me a mother, and ſo good a mother!—Come then, I am not ſo much to be pitied; there are few children ſo happy. Every day do I thank God for this bleſſing, and implore him to preſerve you to me: but, adieu, my dear mama; adieu, my little ſiſter. I encloſe for you, in this letter, a thouſand kiſſes, and as many affectionate remembrances. Think of me ſometimes. You are ever in my thoughts. Oh, when ſhall I ſee you again! When ſhall I embrace you! How long will this year appear to me! and how ſwiftly did time fly when we were together!

LETTER

LETTER II.

MRS. DANVERS TO HER SON.

AMSTERDAM, APRIL 28.

YOUR letter, my dear ſon, has given me the moſt lively pleaſure. The affliction which you manifeſt at our ſeparation, proves to me that you have a heart of ſenſibility. The child who can bear an abſence from his mother without concern, cannot love her: we muſt, nevertheleſs, liſten to reaſon. We cannot always live together; and to abandon ourſelves without reſiſtance to a fruitleſs grief, is a weakneſs, at which we ought to bluſh; learn therefore betimes to arm yourſelf with courage againſt the various events of life. The moſt happy lot is chequered with innumerable troubles, which we muſt accuſtom ourſelves to bear from our earlieſt youth. Whenever you feel your ſpirits dejected, becauſe I am not with you, you have only to think of the pleaſure that we ſhall both have when we meet at the end of the year, and this thought will afford you conſolation: in the mean while we will write to each other as often as poſſible. To write, is almoſt to ſpeak. You ſee by this, the benefit of thoſe improvements, which your diligence has acquired. What would have become of you now, had you neglected your ſtudies! we ſhould have been ſeparated, without being able to converſe with each other.

You

You perceive Mr. Grandiſon is an eſtimable man, and wiſh to make him your model! You delight me, my dear child. Such a choice is the beginning of virtue. Yes, your father was ſuch another man; and I am well aſſured that you know how to render yourſelf worthy the name of his ſon; and this is the ſweeteſt conſolation I have in my affliction for his loſs.

Adieu, my dear William; embrace Mrs. Grandiſon for me. Give me a faithful account of all your occupations, and all your pleaſures; but always write to me as if you were ſpeaking: a letter ought to be natural, ſimple, and unſtudied. Your little ſiſter regrets your abſence: ſhe enquires after you a hundred times in the day; and complains that I am not ſo good a play-fellow to her as you were.

LETTER III.

WILLIAM DANVERS TO HIS MOTHER.

LONDON, MAY 8.

A THOUSAND and a thouſand thanks, my dear mama, for your goodneſs in writing to me. I haſtened to ſhew your letter

to

to Mrs. Grandiſon. What an excellent mother you have, ſaid ſhe, after having read it? Yes, madam, anſwered I, ſhe is another Mrs. Grandiſon; upon which ſhe embraced me. My dear little boy, added ſhe, ſince your mother has permitted you to write to her, and enjoins you to give her an account of every particular which concerns you, you ought to omit nothing. Tell her of your ſtudies, and of your amuſements; and recount to her your converſations with my ſons and my daughter: this will ſoften the pain of your abſence. But, madam, ſaid I, mama has always ſtrictly forbidden me to ſpeak of what paſſes in the family of another; ſhe therefore only meant that I ſhould ſpeak of myſelf. Well, well, anſwered ſhe, I permit you to tell her every thing that paſſes in our houſe. I have not a dearer friend in the world than your mama. I ſhould myſelf confide all my ſecrets with her; and I charge you to do it for me. Oh, mama, how much pleaſure does this permiſſion give me! How many things ſhall I have to tell you of my friend Charles! Yes, it is of him that I wiſh moſt to ſpeak. You know how he abounds in underſtanding, in wit, in ſentiment, in goodneſs: we are always together. I love him each day more than the preceding. His brother Edward, who is older by two years, is by no means ſo amiable; but the little Emily, their ſiſter, Oh what a charming young lady!

Mrs. Grandiſon is juſt going to write to you, mama: ſhe has aſked for my letter to encloſe in her's. I am ſorry that I cannot chat longer with you: methinks I ſhould never be tired of writing

writing to you. I find as much difficulty in quitting my pen as I have pleaſure in taking it up. Adieu, my dear mamma; be careful of your health. Continue to me your wiſe leſſons, and, perhaps, I ſhall become as amiable as my friend Charles.

I tenderly embrace my little ſiſter. I regret alſo that I have her not here to play with me; and the more, as I find that ſhe liked me ſo well for a play-fellow.

LETTER IV.

MRS. DANVERS TO HER SON.

AMSTERDAM, MAY 18.

I CONGRATULATE you, my dear ſon, on having ſuch a friend as Charles. Some perſons of my acquaintance, who have ſeen him at his father's houſe, ſpeak of him as the moſt amiable of children. You ſee, from this, what we gain by good conduct, and by fulfilling our duty: we are beloved and eſteemed by all the world. Edward, from infancy, has diſcovered ſomething untractable and ſavage in his character; but, my dear boy, take notice of his bad

qualities only to avoid them. Suffer not hatred to have a place in your heart. Edward is young; he may correct his faults; and until that happy change arrives, he is worthy of the moſt tender compaſſion.

It appears, from Mrs. Grandiſon's letter, that ſhe has taken an affection for you; this is an encouragement to you to do your beſt to merit the kind things that ſhe ſays of you. Should ſhe ever have cauſe to reproach you, you muſt be ſenſible how bitterly my heart would feel it. But no, my child, I know you too well; you will never ceaſe to be the well-beloved of your mother. Adieu, my dear ſon.

LETTER V.

WILLIAM DANVERS TO HIS MOTHER.

LONDON, MAY 27.

CHARLES has written to you, my dear mamma; Charles has written to you. You will find his letter encloſed in mine. What fine writing! how prettily he expreſſes himſelf! But have patience: it ſhall not be my fault, if I do not ſoon do as well. I am only twelve years old,

old, and he is thirteen. This makes the difference of a whole year, in which time, I hope to improve much. Nothing would be wanting to complete my felicity, if you were but here, mamma, to see how happy I am. All our studies are but so many different pleasures. We learn drawing, dancing, and music; and we walk every day into the country, to acquire the knowledge of plants. Mr. Bartlet, who is a very learned man, comes to see us two or three times a-week; and we learn a great deal from his conversation. I am every day more sensible what a sad thing it is to be ignorant: there is so great an advantage in cultivating the mind! and we have only to make our studies an amusement to us. Never fear; I shall not lose my time in this house: I have too good an example in my friend Charles. An emulation reigns between us, which does not lessen our friendship; but, on the contrary, we love each other the better for it. But I must leave off writing, for I am called to breakfast. Depart, then, my letter, and tell my dear mamma that I love her with all my heart. Say that I embrace her a thousand and a thousand times. I have only a little corner of paper left, to tell my little sister how much she occupies my affection; but, no matter, the largest piece would not suffice for that.

LETTER VI.

CHARLES GRANDISON TO MRS. DANVERS.

LONDON, MAY 27.

WHAT obligations do I owe you, madam, for having ſent us your ſon! You have given me, by ſo doing, a friend for life. If you did but know how much he delights in talking of you, and with what tenderneſs of affection he ſpeaks! He talks to me often alſo of his father. When he deſcribed his death to me, we wept together: how happy, ſaid he to me yeſterday, are you, to have ſtill a father. How much is a poor child to be pitied, who is deprived of his! Alas, it is to loſe his deareſt protection and beſt friend. How does it ever happen, that there ſhould be children in the world who diſobey their parents, and give them affliction by their vices! For my part, had I ever given my father the leaſt ſubject of complaint, I ſhould never more have known a day of happineſs. But you have yet a mother, anſwered I. Yes, he replied, I have one who cheriſhes me as tenderly as I love her. She has redoubled her cares for me ſince the death of my father; can I therefore fail to feel for her a double portion of reſpect

reſpect and love? Why, am not I already grown up? I would partake with her of her labours; I would aſſiſt her to ſupport her griefs. So long as I live, will I convince her, by my tenderneſs, that I am not unworthy of her's. I was too much moved, to be able to make any anſwer: I could only embrace my friend. Ah, madam, he who honours his parents ſo truly, muſt needs be a faithful friend.

I cannot deſcribe to you how diligent he is in all his ſtudies. Mr. Bartlet is aſtoniſhed at the progreſs that he makes: you muſt not, however, ſuppoſe that we are always ſerious. I aſſure you, we know very well how to amuſe ourſelves; and pleaſure never appears ſo agreeable to us, as after buſineſs. We run about in the country, we play at cricket, and at all kinds of games which require activity and addreſs. Our leſſons, our exerciſes, and our pleaſures, have all their ſtated hours; and I can aſſure you, they are well filled up.

I know not what you will think, madam, of the liberty that I have taken in writing you ſo long a letter; but I flatter myſelf you will pardon it, ſince the ſubject of it is ſo dear to you: I will not, however, encroach too far on your complaiſance. Vouchſafe, I entreat you, to excuſe my prattle, in conſideration of my friendſhip for your ſon, as well as of the profound reſpect with which I have the honour to be, madam,

Your very humble and obedient ſervant,

CHARLES GRANDISON.

LETTER VII.

MRS. DANVERS TO HER SON.

AMSTERDAM, JUNE 4.

ENCLOSED in this, I send an answer to the pretty letter which I have received from your friend Charles. I am delighted with what he has related to me of your sentiments toward me. Preserve them to me always, my son, and your mother will be ever happy.

I have some melancholy news to tell you: you know young Vanberg; he is just thrown into prison. A passion for play has been his destruction. He has almost brought his parents to ruin. It is not long, since they paid a considerable sum for him, on his promise that he would play no more: but he returned to it again, and his losses are enormous. There is no way left for his parents to extricate him out of his difficulties, but by depriving themselves of bread. How unfortunate is this young man! You know how amiable he was, but for this terrible passion to which he has given himself up. Every one pitied him at first; but now he is despised by all. Oh, my son, place this example before your eyes

eyes, as a preſervative againſt ſo ſhocking an evil. Mrs. Grandiſon has juſt written to me, and tells me, that you partake with her children, of thoſe ſtudies which they are engaged in. With what bounty, has heaven ſupplied to you the loſs which you might have ſuſtained, by your mother's want of means to give you thoſe acquirements ſuited to your birth. Be grateful to your benefactors, and ever bear in mind the duty that you owe them of profiting by their bounty which you can fulfil only by your application; loſe not therefore one moment: the paſt hour will never return to us. What pleaſure ſhall I feel, when I perceive the mind of my ſon adorned with uſeful knowledge! What charms ſhall I then find in his converſation! This hope ſoftens the bitterneſs of our ſeparation; let it ſerve alſo to ſupport your reſolution under it. Yes, my ſon, I have already told you that heaven has not deſtined us to live always together; but nothing will prevent us from loving each other, even ſhould we be ſeparated by a ſtill greater diſtance. Adieu, my child; fulfil your duties; but without neglecting your amuſements. It is your happineſs only which can make mine.

LETTER

LETTER VIII.

WILLIAM DANVERS TO HIS MOTHER.

LONDON, JUNE 12.

WE are going into the country to-morrow, mamma. How I ſhall divert myſelf there Charles has juſt been packing up a number of books to carry with us. Our crayons are not forgotten. The whole country, as I am told, is one beautiful landſcape: we ſhall exert ourſelves to delineate it on paper. Little Emily carries her tambour with her, and intends to imitate with her needle, all the prettieſt flowers of the fields. Though ſhe is not yet twelve years old, ſhe is ingenious to a wonder.

We are all three very glad to go into the country. Edward is the only one who diſlikes it. I pity him. I think it a bad ſign, not to love the air of the fields. I will ſend you word for word, a converſation which he had juſt now with his brother and ſiſter, at which I was preſent.

Emily. Do you know that our good friend, Mr. Bartlet is to go with us in the country?

Charles. Yes; and I am very glad of it.

Edward.

Edward. So am not I, for my part.

Charles. Why ſo, brother?

Edward. Becauſe he is always finding fault with me.

Charles. Well, but then his reproofs will ſerve to amend you. For my part, I think thoſe who have the goodneſs to tell us of our faults, are our beſt friends: I eſteem them much above thoſe perſons who flatter us.

[Is not Charles in the right, mamma?]

Edward. I was in hopes, at leaſt, that we ſhould be for a while releaſed from this curſed Latin, but I find it is no ſuch thing; and that we are to go on every day with our exerciſes, juſt the ſame as in town.

Charles. I hope ſo, and I ſee nothing very difficult in it, while Mr. Bartlet is with us: and beſides that, he will inſtruct us in the knowledge of all the different plants in the country; What a pleaſure there will be——

Edward. A great pleaſure, truly, to be groping all day with our noſes in the ground, like ſo many ſheep after graſs.

Charles. But, my dear Edward, you have not packed up your portmanteau yet?

Edward. I ſhall make one of the ſervants do it.

Emily. The ſervants are very buſy to-day, brother.

Edward. Well, they muſt go to bed an hour the later then.

Emily. Oh fie! after they have been working hard all day, you would make them loſe an hour's ſleep?

Edward.

Edward. A great misfortune, to be ſure.

Emily. You might ſpare it them, however, by putting up your things yourſelf: it would, I think, be much better to employ your time ſo, than in teazing your dog.

Edward. My dog is my own, I hope.

Emily. Yes, but the ſervants are not.

Edward. I have no occaſion for your leſſons, miſs; pray keep them for yourſelf.

They were both growing warm, but Charles took each by the hand; Come, my dears, ſaid he, be friends; diſputing between brothers and ſiſters, is the greateſt of evils. Here, Edward, ſince you chuſe to ſtay here to amuſe yourſelf, give me your key, and I will pack up your things while the ſervants dine.

What a good boy is Charles, ſaid Emily: I love him with all my heart.

O mamma, what a difference there is between theſe two brothers! and what amiable qualities are ſweetneſs and complaiſance! But adieu, I muſt leave off. I will not fail to write to you as ſoon as we are got into the country. Why are not you and my little ſiſter of the party?

LETTER

LETTER IX.

WILLIAM DANVERS TO HIS MOTHER.

JUNE 15.

HERE we are, my dear mamma. What a pretty country-houſe! charming walks all around us. The park is very extenſive; and from my windows I ſee a landſcape, the extremities of which, are too diſtant for the eye to take in diſtinctly. The gardens are laid out with a neatneſs which charms you at firſt ſight. Charles has one to himſelf, in which he is at liberty to ſow and plant whatever he pleaſes. He ran to it as ſoon as we arrived. And do you know what he has done, mamma? It is impoſſible for any one to be more noble or generous. He has given half a guinea to the gardener who took care of his garden during his abſence. It was not neceſſary, to be ſure, for him to make this preſent, as his father pays him handſomely: but the man has ſix ſmall children. He is poor, and Charles is beneficent; I think therefore he did right: but Edward, it ſeems, thinks otherwiſe. I muſt relate to you their diſcourſe on the

the ſubject. Edward was by me: he ſaw the half-guinea in the gardener's hand. He ran up to his brother.

Edward. Are you mad, Charles, to give ſo much money to this man? Does not my father pay him for his labour?

Charles. True, brother; but ſee what care he has taken with my garden. He deſerves a a little recompence: beſides, the man is not rich, and he has a large family. We ſurely ought to take pity on the diſtreſſed.

Edward. Very true; but there is at leaſt no occaſion to give him more than his due.

Charles. Ah, brother, if our papa were to give us no more than our due, that would be but a very little.

Edward. And will you venture to tell him what you have done?

Charles. Without doubt: I hope never to do any thing which I ſhall be afraid to tell him.

Edward. You will have a good chiding, I promiſe you.

Charles. And I promiſe you, he will not chide me at all. I have often ſeen him give money to the ſame gardener, when he has been pleaſed with his work.

Edward. My papa gives his own money, but what you give, does not belong to you.

Charles. Pardon me, brother; it was the fruits of my œconomy which I was permitted to diſpoſe of as I pleaſed; and I am ſure I could not make a better uſe of it.

Edward. As if it would not be better to have purchaſed ſome ſquibs and crackers, and have made

made a little fire-work to entertain mamma on our arrival.

Charles. The fire-works would have lasted but a moment; and after all, what are they? a sound, and a blaze: besides, they often cause accidents. No, no, my money will be laid out more usefully. The gardener will buy his children some shoes with it; and the poor little ones will not be forced to run barefooted among the stones and briars.

Edward, (with a sneer.) And what is it to us whether these children have shoes or not? I do not see that it concerns us.

Charles. But it concerns them, brother, and that is sufficient. Heaven forbid that we should only think of our own wants, and take no care about those of others. Ah, dear brother, let us always pity the poor. They are our fellow-creatures.

Edward could not say a word in answer to this; but quitting us abruptly, began tormenting a cat that he saw asleep on the grass, a little way from us.

What do you say to all this, mamma? I am ashamed for Edward, and I love Charles more than ever. Mrs. Grandison, I am sure, will receive more pleasure from the generosity of her son, than she could have had from all the fire-works in the world. Oh, if ever I should be rich, I will take care not to shut up my purse from the poor. It must be so great a pleasure to assist a man when he wants it. Adieu, my dear

mamma. I am called to take a walk. How impatiently do I long for your letters: but when shall I have one from my little sister?

LETTER X.

MRS. DANVERS TO HER SON.

AMSTERDAM, JUNE 20.

I AM charmed with your last letter, my dear son. You have good reason indeed to prefer Charles' way of thinking to that of Edward. What pleasure must his good heart have felt in the joy of the honest gardener! a pleasure which will be renewed as often as he sees the shoes on the feet of the poor children. The best way to merit riches is, to employ them for the happiness of others. Mrs. Grandison has just sent me one of your drawings. I am charmed to see you so much improved by the instructions that you have had. If fortune should prove unfavourable to you, painting is an honourable profession, not beneath the son of a colonel. It will, at least, be an amusing occupation, which, by preserving you from idleness, will, at the same time, preserve

preſerve you from thoſe vices that idleneſs leads to. A love for the fine arts is the beſt guard in youth againſt the paſſions. The wiſh which you have ſo often expreſſed to receive ſome letters from your ſiſter, has put her upon many reflections. O mamma, ſaid ſhe to me laſt night, what a pretty thing it is to know how to write! When you read my brother's letters to me, it is juſt as if he were with us, as if he were talking to us. Pray, dear mamma, let me ſoon have a writing-maſter, that I may write to my brother; then it will be as if I were with him, as if I talked to him. She preſſed me ſo much, that I promiſed her a maſter next month. She threw her arms round my neck; Ah, mamma, how learned I ſhall be! Yes, I will deſerve this favour. But what ſhall I do in return for it? Learn well, my child, ſaid I. But, mamma, to learn well is not for your benefit, but for mine. Then it is for mine alſo, anſwered I; is not the happineſs of my children the ſame as my own? Ah, mamma, replied ſhe, but when ſhall I do ſomething which ſhall be for you alone? Is not this pretty from a child of ſix years old? I took her in my arms, and preſſed her to my heart. I embrace you, my ſon, with the ſame tenderneſs.

LETTER XI.

WILLIAM DANVERS TO HIS MOTHER.

JUNE 25.

AH! mamma, a great misfortune has happened to us. Edward has had the misfortune to fall into the water. He is very ill, and so is Mrs. Grandison also. We are all full of grief; but you will see that Edward suffers from his own fault: he is very happy in having escaped. Had it not been for timely help, he must certainly have been drowned. Yesterday, after dinner, not having finished his morning task, Mr. Grandison ordered him to stay in his chamber to finish it: but behold his disobedience! he came down, notwithstanding these orders, and came after us: but I will relate the affair exactly to you as it happened.

We had been gone out about a quarter of an hour, intending to regale ourselves with some warm milk at a little farm-house not far off. We soon heard Edward, who ran after us, out of breath; we stopped to wait for him, concluding that he had obtained permission to be of our party: he joined us; and after having walked a

few

few paces together, we met a little boy wheeling a barrow, in which there was a cask of vinegar. He was civilly turning out of our way, but by so doing, he overturned the wheelbarrow, and the cask of vinegar fell to the ground. The poor child was in sad perplexity, because he was not strong enough to put it back into the barrow, and he saw no grown person at hand to assist him. Charles, the good Charles, immediately ran up to him: Come William, come Edward, cried he, we must help this good little boy; we may surely find strength between us four to replace his cask. Oh yes, truly, said Edward, it would become us mightily to employ ourselves in such an office. And why not? said Charles: methinks it is never unbecoming to do a good action: but, however, you may stand by if you please; you shall see that we three will do it. We immediately went to work, and in an instant the barrow was set upright, and the cask placed upon it, though Edward did nothing all the while, but sing, and laugh at us. The little boy was overjoyed, and after thanking us, went his way. Why Charles, said Edward, this is wonderful; it gives me pleasure to see that you would make an excellent vinegar-merchant. Well brother, said Charles, if I should be one, and should ever have the misfortune to let fall my cask, I shall be very glad to find any one good-natured enough to assist me. Well, you may laugh, said Edward, but what do you think papa would say, if he knew what you had done? He would love his son the better for it, said Emily. Papa is good-natured, and had he been in

Charles' place, he would have done the ſame. Fie, ſaid Edward, I bluſh for you both; it is very pretty indeed for perſons of our condition to meddle with the affairs of common people! Oh, ſaid Charles, if they want us ſometimes, we have much more occaſion for them. We have aſſiſted this little boy, but who knows but his aſſiſtance may be one day neceſſary to us?

You will ſee preſently, mamma, that Charles was in the right.

We were ſcarcely got to the farm-houſe, when Edward propoſed to us to go into a little boat, which was there floating in a ſmall pond. Emily and Charles refuſed, ſaying, that their papa has expreſsly forbidden them. Pſhaw, he'll know nothing of it, ſaid Edward. But brother, anſwered Charles, we ought never to do any thing which our papa ſhould not know. Very well, ſaid Edward, then I will go and take a run in the meadow, for it is no diverſion to me to be here. We thought that this was his deſign: but would you believe it, mamma, inſtead of going, as he had ſaid, into the meadow, he made a turn round the houſe, and then went into the boat: about half an hour after this, we heard one cry out for help: we ran along with the farmer and his ſon; but what was our conſternation, when we ſaw the boat overturned, and the unfortunate Edward hidden under the water. A little boy was dragging him by the ſkirt of his coat, but had not ſtrength to get him out of the water: it was he who cried for help. The farmer immediately plunged into the water, and got them both out; but Edward was without ſenſe

or

or motion. Emily cried moſt pitifully. As for my part, I was ſo ſtruck, that I could not ſpeak. Charles was the only one who preſerved preſence of mind: he immediately gave orders to have his brother carried into the farmer's houſe, in order to recover him from his ſwoon. He then begged his ſiſter to compoſe herſelf. I will go back to my papa, in order to prevent his being told abruptly of this unhappy accident. In the mean while take care of my brother.

Do not you admire theſe wiſe and tend[illegible] cautions, mamma?

But what were the agitations of his parents when they heard his recital! Mrs. Grandiſon fainted: Mr. Grandiſon, after having given her the neceſſary aſſiſtance, ran to his ſon. They had juſt carried him into the houſe: every one thought him dead. In ſpite of all his firmneſs, Mr. Grandiſon could not forbear ſhedding tears. Oh! how well does a good father love his children? he forgets all their faults, when he ſees them in danger. After much pains, Edward was at length brought to himſelf: but he is ſtill in bed in a high fever. Thus has he been puniſhed for his diſobedience; he has been at the point of loſing his own life, and of being the death of his parents. This will ſerve as a leſſon to me, to be always docile and ſubmiſſive. Adieu, my dear mamma, you ſhall ſoon hear from me again. How many things have I to ſay to my little ſiſter, on the affecting ſcene ſhe had with you, but I will reſerve them for our correſpondence.

LETTER

LETTER XII.

WILLIAM DANVERS TO HIS MOTHER.

JULY 2.

MRS. Grandiſon is much better: Edward is nearly recovered, and I hope that this adventure will render him more wiſe in future. I told you in my laſt letter, of a little boy who ſaved Edward, by holding the ſkirt of his coat, but I forgot to tell you, that it was the little vinegar-carrier, whom we had juſt aſſiſted in replacing his caſk on the barrow. Charles ſaid very right, when he obſerved, that we know not what occaſion we may have for the aſſiſtance of others. It muſt have been all over with Edward, if we had not chanced to aſſiſt this little boy; for had we left him in the road with his wheelbarrow overturned, he would not have been in the way to have ſeen the accident which happened afterwards to Edward, nor to have thrown himſelf into the water to ſupport him, whilſt he called out for aſſiſtance. But I muſt relate to you a converſation which we had on the ſubject, yeſterday, after dinner, whilſt we were with Mr. Grandiſon in the ſick chamber of Edward.

You

You are very good, said Edward, to come and bear me company.

Charles. Would not you do the same for us, brother, if we were ill?

Edward. But perhaps William would rather go and take a walk.

William. No, I assure you, Edward. It is pleasure enough for me to see that you get better.

Emily. Especially when we think how near we were to lose you.

Edward. That is very true, had it not been for that brave little boy, it would have been all over with me.

Mr. Grandison. I am very glad to hear you make this reflection, my dear: you now see, as Charles observed to you, that we cannot foresee how soon we may have occasion for the very person who seems to stand most in need of us.

Edward. You are right, papa, and I feel much regret in not having assisted this little boy, who was afterwards to do me so great a piece of service.

Mr. Grandison. I am well satisfied, my child, that you are convinced you were wrong: you have only now to bear in mind your deliverer, and it may one day be your turn to render him a benefit. Till that time arrives, you may in some sort acquit yourself towards him, by assisting all those whom you see in distress. You may also draw this very useful lesson from your misfortune, never to despise those who are beneath us in rank. What would a young gentleman have done for you, had he been in the

place

place of our little vinegar-carrier? He would, no doubt, have contented himself with calling out for help, without giving you any himself; and for fear of wetting his foot in the pond, he would have suffered you to perish before his eyes. Our little boy, on the contrary, more courageous and more compassionate, boldly threw himself into the water after you, at the hazard of his own life. You had a few moments before, refused him a little service, which would have cost you but a slight effort; and notwithstanding your unkindness to him, he was not afraid to risk his own life to save your's. You have never yet, and perhaps never may know another action which equals this. Tender parents, a brother, a sister, a friend, all owe to this poor boy a beloved object which they were on the point of losing: society owes to him one of its children, who may one day be of use to it. Let us take care then not to despise our fellow creatures, in whatever rank fortune may have placed them, since little people may sometimes be of greater use to us than great ones.

My eyes were filled with tears, my dear mamma, during this discourse of Mr. Grandison: I felt all he said, at the bottom of my heart. Oh! yes, I have often had occasion to observe, that the lower class of people are by much the most helpful when any accident makes their assistance needful: and those cannot be bad, who are thus disposed to succour their brethren.

Adieu, my dear mamma, we are to dine to-morrow with Mr. Grandison's sister: it is several

ral miles from hence. I am obliged to leave off. We muſt go to bed early to-night, in order to be up betimes in the morning. Edward cannot go with us, for which he is ſo ſorry, that I really pity him: here again is another puniſhment for his fault. I will give you an account of our viſit. Write to me, pray, my dear mamma; at leaſt till my little ſiſter is able to be your ſecretary.

LETTER XIII.

WILLIAM DANVERS TO HIS MOTHER.

JULY 5.

WE have had a great deal of pleaſure, my dear mamma, at lord and lady Campley's. I wiſh you could have ſeen how well my friend Charles behaved in the midſt of a numerous company. Another young boy, about his age, was there alſo: what a difference between Charles and him! the latter ſtiff and affected, perpetually bowing and admiring his clothes, at the ſame time ſo aukwardly baſhful, that he could not look any one in the face. Charles, on the contrary, has a noble and modeſt

deſt aſſurance, together with the greateſt eaſe and civility. He liſtens to others with attention, and ſpeaks but little; but what he ſays is full of grace and juſtneſs, and every one hears him with pleaſure. He diſtinguiſhes, to a nicety, what is due to every one in company. Reſpectful towards his ſuperiors either in rank or age, polite to his equals, and affable to his inferiors. He pays the moſt delicate attention to all, without appearing ceremonious. I will give you an inſtance of this. We went to take a walk in the garden, a young lady of the company had forgotten her hat; ſhe ſoon found the ſun very troubleſome. Charles quickly obſerved this, and before ſhe could return back to the houſe for her hat, ſhe perceived Charles bringing it to her: he aſked her leave to put it on her head himſelf, which he did with all imaginable politeneſs: yes, I aſſure you, he is like a grown man, in company. After dinner he played a very difficult piece on the harpſichord, and received the applauſes of all. Oh! if I were but as amiable as he is, how happy ſhould I be! were it only that I ſhould give you more pleaſure, mamma. The two daughters of lady Campley are very well brought up. The eldeſt, whoſe name is Charlotte, ſings admirably: Emily loves her tenderly; they have engaged to write to each other.

But I muſt not forget to tell you of what happened to us on our return. Mr. and Mrs. Grandiſon, with Emily and a lady who accompanied them, went in the firſt carriage: Mr. Bartlet, Charles, and I, in the ſecond: we had ſcarcely gone two miles, before we ſaw a poor old man

man at the foot of a tree. Charles made the coachman ſtop, and turning to Mr. Bartlet, ſaid, look, I pray you, Sir, at this old man: he appears to be blind, and there is no one near him: What will become of the poor wretch? Will you permit me to go and aſk him a few queſtions? With all my heart, my dear, anſwered the worthy Mr. Bartlet. Charles immediately alighted from the carriage, and ran to the poor man. Who are you, friend, ſaid he; and how came you to be alone in this ſolitary place?—Alas! anſwered the blind man, I live above two miles from hence: I went out this morning to aſk charity in a village ſomewhere hereabouts, I don't know on which ſide: and my guide, a very naughty boy, refuſed to lead me home again, becauſe I had not gathered money enough in the day to pay him as I uſed. I have no other hope but in Heaven, who perhaps, will ſend ſome one to my relief. But, ſaid Charles, it is juſt ſunſet, and it will ſoon be night, and what will become of you here? I muſt periſh then in miſery, anſwered the blind man: No, replied Charles, I will be that perſon whom heaven has ſent to your relief. Oh! Mr. Bartlet, ſaid he, coming back to us, do not deny me the delight of ſaving a miſerable poor old blind man, who is on the point of periſhing if we do not take pity on him. Night approaches; What will become of this poor creature if nobody aſſiſts him? He lives but two miles off, what hinders our taking him in our carriage? Yes, Charles, ſaid Mr. Bartlet, follow the dictates of your ge-

nerous heart. Charles had no ſooner received this anſwer, than he took the old man by the hand, and put him into the coach. Any other beſides my friend might perhaps have felt ſome falſe ſhame in riding by the ſide of a poor man in tattered clothes, but he, on the contrary, ſeemed to think himſelf honoured by it. We had no occaſion to go far out of our road to put this poor man into his cottage. I ſaw Charles ſlip ſome money into his hand as he went out of the carriage, and we parted after receiving from him a thouſand bleſſings. On our return home, every body beſtowed praiſes on this act of humanity. But, ſaid Emily, this man, with his long beard and his rags, muſt have an odd figure in a chariot. Ah! ſiſter, ſaid Charles, I had ſo much pleaſure in giving relief to a diſtreſſed creature, that I did not think about his accoutrement. Mr. Grandiſon could not refrain his tears: he held out his arms to his ſon, who threw himſelf into them; whilſt he tenderly preſſed him to his heart. Oh! mamma, my eyes were filled during this affecting ſcene. This chariot, will ever appear to me like a triumphal car to my friend.

LETTER

LETTER XIV.

WILLIAM DANVERS TO HIS MOTHER.

JULY 12.

I THANK you, my dear mamma, for your kind letter: it is a long time ſince you have written to me; I feared that you were diſpleaſed with me. Do you know what I do? I always carry the laſt letter that I receive from you in my boſom, that I may have it at hand to read over again the good leſſons which you always give me, and I ſeem to myſelf the better every time I read it.

Yeſterday was Mrs. Grandiſon's birth-day; Charles roſe very early; he was much longer at his devotions that day than uſual; he was praying, no doubt, for his dear mamma, as I do for you on your birth-day. He appeared to us dreſſed in a new ſuit; you would have been charmed with his fine air: but before I proceed, I muſt go back a little in my narrative.

It is near a month ſince Edward and Charles had each of them a new ſummer-ſuit, which they had choſen themſelves. Edward put on his the firſt day, but Charles continued to wear

his old one, which was ſtill however very neat. His father aſked him the reaſon of this; he anſwered, that he reſerved his beſt dreſs for a viſit of ceremony. Do not you perceive, mamma, that this viſit of ceremony is that which he is to pay his mother this morning. How amiable is Charles! and what a fine turn of thought there is in every thing he does. Emily had already knocked at our door, and was waiting for us impatiently. We went down together, and found Mr. and Mrs. Grandiſon at breakfaſt in the ſaloon. Charles was the firſt who congratulated his mother on her birth-day: he knelt before her, and reſpectfully kiſſed her hand. Oh! if I could but recollect all that he ſaid! but I was too much moved to remember the words. Emily followed, and wiſhed her mother joy in the moſt pleaſing and graceful terms. Mrs. Grandiſon preſſed her two children to her boſom, kiſſing them with tenderneſs. Their father then embraced them, whilſt I made my compliments in the beſt manner I could: they were at leaſt ſincere, for I truly love my worthy benefactors. Edward came in juſt after: I know he loves his mamma: Who, indeed, does not love her? but yet his manners do not pleaſe me like thoſe of Charles. The one does every thing in a more agreeable way than the other. Mrs. Grandiſon made every one of us a preſent. Emily received a pretty pair of bracelets, Charles and Edward had each a watch. Would you believe it, ſince yeſterday only, Edward's is already out of order! as for me, my dear mamma, I have a fine microſcope: this is of more value to me.

me than all the toys in the world. Oh! the good Mr. Grandiſon! how have I merited this gift?

In the evening we had a large company from all the neighbouring houſes: Charles did the honours of the table like a grown man. He carved the meat, he filled the glaſſes, he ſerved the ladies; in a word, he acquitted himſelf of this employment to admiration. Here is a very long letter, mamma, but I am talking of my friend, and to you: no wonder then, that I know not when to conclude; and I cannot do it now, without ſending a tender embrace to my ſiſter, which ſhe ſhall give back to you.

LETTER XV.

WILLIAM DANVERS TO HIS MOTHER.

JULY 15.

EVERY day here brings new pleaſures with it, my dear mamma. Your ſon is now become a gardener. Will you lend me your aſſiſtance, ſaid my friend to me the other day? I want to turn up afreſh the ground in my garden: the flower-ſeaſon is paſſed, and I have a mind to

ſow ſome ſallad to regale my mamma during the remainder of the ſummer. Will I? ſaid I, yes, certainly; you always oblige me when you give me an opportunity of doing any thing for you. We dreſſed ourſelves in light waiſtcoats, and each being equipped with a ſpade, we cleared the garden that very evening. We gathered up with care all the roots, in order to put them under ground before we went away. Yeſterday we roſe at five in the morning: we do not allow ourſelves to ſleep late, becauſe we cannot tranſplant any thing during the heat of the day. This morning we returned early to our work, and had the pleaſure to finiſh it before breakfaſt. We only wait now to ſee our roots and our ſeeds ſpring up, and we ſhall employ this interval in extirpating the weeds. What pleaſure we ſhall have in ſeeing our plants grow up! Hitherto I have, like other children, ſeen the productions of nature without paying any attention to them: But Charles has taught me to make reflections on all that I ſee. I will give you an example of this, in a converſation which we held yeſterday. I do not know whether I ever told you that Charles had a pretty aviary filled with all ſorts of birds, which he takes care of himſelf. We had juſt finiſhed our gardening, and were taking a walk with Emily; ſtop a moment, ſaid Charles, I muſt leave you, I have not yet looked after my birds to-day.

Emily. We will go with him, ſhall we, William?

William. With all my heart, Emily.

Charles.

Charles. You are very good to come and visit my little prisoners.

William. Oh! the pretty creatures! how pleased they seem to be at seeing you.

Charles. Because they are used to eat out of my hand.

William. One would think they knew you.

Charles. I flatter myself that I am a little known by them: I observe, however, that when I have my hat on, they fly from me as if I were a stranger: the instinct of my dog is more certain; I believe he would know me under any disguise whatsoever.

Emily. I wish Edward would learn of you to be more careful: Did not he suffer his linnet to die of hunger the other day? Oh! if ever I should have a bird, I will take care not to forget it.

Charles. You are in the right; we ought certainly to think of these poor little animals, since they are taken out of that state in which they might provide for their own wants.

Emily. But would it not be better to let them fly away than to keep them prisoners here? We only confine those who have done wrong to others, and surely, these little birds have hurt no one.

Charles. True, they have not; but they are not unhappy in their cages. Had they indeed ever enjoyed their liberty, I should have taken care not to deprive them of it: but they were born in their prison; and I would lay a wager, if we were to open it, they would be afraid to fly out.

Emily.

Emily. Nevertheleſs, they ſee other birds fly about at liberty in the air. What ſhould we think if we were ſhut up thus?

Charles. Why, we ſhould think that it is very agreeable to be at liberty, and a very ſad thing to be a priſoner. But theſe birds have no idea of this difference; provided you give them ſufficient to eat and drink they are content. They enjoy what they have, without thinking of what they have not.

Emily. I am very glad to be made eaſy on this head. My aunt Campley has promiſed me a Canary-bird, and I intended, as ſoon as I received it, to let it fly away; but you may come now, my pretty bird; I will take good care of you; you ſhall have plenty of ſeeds in your cage, in ſpite of the winter, when other birds can ſcarcely find any under the ſnow.

You ſee, mamma, what a good girl Emily is. I dare ſay, my little ſiſter will not think this letter too long. I give it as a model for her to imitate.

LETTER

LETTER XVI.

WILLIAM DANVERS TO HIS MOTHER.

JULY 18.

CHARLES, Edward and I, dined yesterday at Mr. Friendly's. He has a son about our age, with whom we were very happy. You shall partake, my dear mamma, of a conversation which we had on this subject at our return. Emily came to meet us, and asked, with a pleasant air, if we had spent our day agreeably.

Yes, my dear sister, answered Charles, but it would have been more so, had you been of our party.

Emily. You are very good, brother; but, Edward, you don't seem very well pleased with your visit.

Edward. True enough; I will stay at home another time. Young Friendly does not suit me at all.

Charles. How so, dear Edward? when he is so gentle and so polite!

Edward. He appears to me more like a man of forty, than a boy of fourteen.

Charles.

Charles. This is the very thing that I like in him. Do not you think it ſurprizing, to have acquired ſo much wiſdom and knowledge at his age?

Edward. What buſineſs had he, to make a parade to us of his knowledge in natural philoſophy? What would you ſay, if I were to talk to a young lady about the beauties of the Latin tongue? would it not be very unpolite on my part?

Charles. Doubtleſs, becauſe you know, ſhe is not brought up to underſtand that language. But young Friendly could not but ſuppoſe that we were as well inſtructed as himſelf, for I believe him too modeſt to wiſh to humble us; and he only meant to entertain us for a moment with his electrical experiments. I own they gave me the more pleaſure, becauſe it appeared to me, that this kind of knowledge was not above the reach of our capacity; and it has inſpired me with freſh ardour, to make myſelf acquainted with all thoſe ſciences which have the ſtudy of nature for their object.

Edward. But what ſay you to ſeeing a young man of faſhion with a turner's lathe?

Charles. Why, it is much to my liking; and I ſhall beg of my papa to give me one.

Emily. Oh do, pray Charles; you will turn ſuch pretty things in ivory.

Edward. Truly, you make me laugh now. Charles Grandiſon become a turner! an excellent conceit this. What a good trade it will be if ever you become poor.

Charles.

Charles. This is no joke, brother; there have been people much above us in condition, who have fallen into poverty. Though, I hope never to have occaſion for the art of turning to gain a livelihood, it is, nevertheleſs, an amuſing occupation, and gives handineſs and ingenuity. I ſhall take it up ſometimes by way of relaxation, when I am tired with ſtudy.

Oh, my dear mamma, if you were but rich enough to give me a turning lathe: but do not let this diſturb you; I ſhall have the uſe of my friend Charles'. Young Friendly turned before us an ivory box, which he gave to me. I ſend it to my little ſiſter till I can make her one myſelf.

LETTER XVII.

WILLIAM DANVERS TO HIS MOTHER.

JULY 22.

MR. and Mrs. Grandiſon are gone to ſpend a few days at a friend's houſe; and Mr. Bartlet is juſt ſet off for London: we remain, therefore, my dear mamma, by ourſelves, with only an old waiting woman, and a ſmall number of

of the domeſtics. Emily manages every thing in the abſence of her mother: yes, indeed, ſhe gives orders to all, and with as much diſcretion as if ſhe were twenty years of age. Is not this very pretty in ſo young a lady? She is not yet twelve years old, and the ſervants reſpect her already as if ſhe were their miſtreſs. Do you know why? it is, becauſe ſhe always treats them with kindneſs, without deſcending to familiarity. She follows in this the example of her brother Charles. You cannot imagine how much he is beloved and honoured by all the people in the houſe. Edward, on the contrary, is always at play with them, and yet they cannot bear him. It is true, he is continually playing them malicious tricks, and frequently treats them with inſupportable haughtineſs. Oh, that he had but gone with his papa and mamma: now that they are no longer at hand to check him, there is no keeping him in order. Charles, Emily, and I, follow our agreeable ſtudies in the ſame manner as if Mr. and Mrs. Grandiſon were here: but Edward takes advantage of their abſence to ſpend the day in trifling, and running about the fields. Nay, he even tries to divert us from our ſtudies, as if he thought our application a reproach to idleneſs. We were all yeſterday morning in one corner of the room buſy at our drawing. Edward amuſed himſelf with a fly at the end of a thread; and under pretence of following it, came up to us, and jogged our chairs, in order to hinder our buſineſs. Emily, carried away by her vivacity, was going to rebuke him ſmartly, but Charles prevented her; and addreſs-

ing

ing himself with gentleness to his brother, said, My dear Edward, if you wish to play, do so; but why must you interrupt us?

Edward. Don't you see I am only following the fly?

Emily. That is very likely, indeed.

Charles. Tell me now, without putting yourself in a fret, what pleasure can a boy of your age find in such an amusement? it is tormenting a poor animal without any necessity.

Edward. Well, well, I'll let him go, provided you will take a walk with me in the garden.

Charles. That is as much as to say, if I refuse you, you will continue to torment the poor fly; and yet it will not be the fault of the poor insect if I should.

Edward. This is always the way: you never like to do what I desire you.

Charles. Hark ye, Edward; it is in my opinion much better to do what papa desires; and he wishes me to employ this hour in work.

Edward. As if he were here to oblige us to it now?

Emily. Are we to do nothing, but by force?

Edward. You are both of you always against me.

Charles. No, brother, we are not; and though Emily is very right in what she says, yet, to shew you that I do not always refuse you, here I am ready to follow you. I will finish my drawing another time. Let us go into the garden. It is always a pleasure to me to oblige you.

They were hardly got to the end of one of the walks, before a heavy ſhower fell, which obliged them to come in again, to the great regret of Edward. Charles, in order to conſole him, propoſed that we ſhould amuſe ourſelves in reading a little ancient hiſtory. I want none of your books, replied Edward, ſurlily: I am to be an officer: I have no occaſion to be a learned man.

Charles. Well, and do you think that the knowledge of hiſtory will be uſeleſs to you?

Emily. A pretty officer, indeed, who can talk of nothing but bombs and cannons!

Edward made a face at his ſiſter, and wanted to oblige us to play at puſs-in-the-corner, and to take John to make a fifth. But Charles, who, with all his ſweetneſs of diſpoſition, is capable of the greateſt firmneſs, anſwered him, No, brother, it was not my fault juſt now, that I did not gratify your humour, but the rain prevented it. I then propoſed to you another amuſement, which you might have been ſatisfied with, but you did not approve it, though my ſiſter and my friend are very well pleaſed; I think, therefore, I may give way to a reaſonable taſte rather than to your caprices.

Edward, who knows very well that his brother is not eaſily turned from his reſolution, left the room grumbling; and, in ſpite of the rain, ran into the court to play with a great maſtiff, whom he is grown very fond of, for the ſake of teazing him. He did not return in leſs than an hour, almoſt wet to the ſkin, and covered from head to foot with dirt. As for our part, during this

this interval, after having read the life of Epaminondas, which had given us infinite pleasure, we had time also to take up our drawings and finish them. An opportunity happened after dinner, to send them to Mr. Grandison, and this morning we have had the pleasure of hearing that he was very well pleased. But what must he think of Edward, who has sent him nothing? I am quite afflicted at this. I would give any thing in the world that he were as good, as amiable, as diligent as his brother; then nothing would be wanting to complete the happiness of his parents. I see with regret how much pain he causes them. Oh, my dear mamma, may I never see the day in which I shall give you pain! No, no, be assured I never can, whilst I think of your tenderness to me. I am too sensible of what I ought to be, to render myself worthy of it. I dare even promise that I will never give you cause for any thing but satisfaction: I expect that my little sister will give you the same assurance, and I embrace her tenderly for this good resolution. Adieu, my dear mamma.

LETTER XVIII.

WILLIAM DANVERS. TO HIS MOTHER.

JULY 24.

ONE of the ſervants of the houſe is ill. You will ſee whether it be poſſible to have a more feeling and compaſſionate heart than the good Emily. She aroſe this morning by break of day, in order to give a medicine herſelf to the poor ſick maid. She could not reſt till ſhe had ſeen her take it entirely, becauſe it was ſtrictly ordered by the phyſician. One would think to ſee her, that it was a beloved ſiſter whom ſhe attended. How amiable it is in a young lady, to have ſo much humanity! Edward, as uſual, had ſome fault to find. It becomes you much, ſaid he, to wait upon your own ſervant. And why not, brother, anſwered Emily? do not you play at nine-pins with them? If it be their duty to ſerve us whilſt they are in health, it is equally our's, to take care of them in ſickneſs: beſides, poor Peggy has frequently watched over me during the ailments of my infancy. What I now do for her is at leaſt no more than ſhe has done for me: and I think of the pleaſure that I ſhould

ſhould feel, were I in her place, in every mark of attachment ſhewn me. Edward felt himſelf aſhamed, and left the room haſtily. Ah! ſaid I to myſelf, Emily does not know what I have ſeen my dear mamma do. When our poor Nanny had a fever, it was mamma that took the whole care of her: but this recollection brought a ſorrowful thought with it. There is ſuch a number of ſervants in this houſe! and you, my dear mamma, have but one to do every thing for you. How unfortunate is this! You muſt needs be forced to do a number of things very ill-ſuited to the widow of a colonel. And then, if my ſiſter were but big enough to aſſiſt you! But no, ſhe only encreaſes your trouble: and I, what do I do here; inſtead of being with you to comfort and ſupport you with all my power? This reflection cuts me to the heart. There is only one thing which ſoftens it; it is the hope, that by attending to my education, I may, one day, be in a ſituation to put an end to your troubles. What new courage does this ſweet hope give me! Adieu, my dear mamma. I embrace you with tears of joy and ſorrow.

LETTER XIX.

MRS. DANVERS TO HER SON.

AMSTERDAM, AUGUST 6.

HOW I love your young Emily! Yes, my dear son, there is no virtue more amiable than humanity. It were much to be wished, that every young lady would follow this fine example; and instead of tormenting the servants, would learn to treat them with goodness. How is it possible to be insensible to the pleasure of being beloved by those who surround us?

But why are you afflicted, my dear son, at my having but one servant? it is no happiness to have a multitude of domestics; there is more of shew than real use in it. Every servant in a house announces some additional want in the master or mistress of it, and subjects them to additional cares. Had I the means, I should, no doubt, have about me those attendants which my situation in life would require. I should look upon this as a duty, as it would be the means of giving support to many poor people, who might otherwise want employment. But since Heaven has not thought fit to afford me riches, I do not think that I am to be pitied for having only

only a ſingle domeſtic: it is as much as is neceſſary. I have no occaſion for more attendance than her's.

And now, my dear child, tell me what are thoſe occupations which you ſay do not become the widow of a colonel! You certainly did not reflect on what you were ſaying. There is no diſgrace in ſerving ourſelves, when we are not in a condition to pay for the ſervices of others. Will it not be better, after my death, that you ſhould have it to ſay; my mother herſelf prepared our ſimple repaſts; our clothes were the work of her hands; ſcarcely could ſhe procure for us what was neceſſary, but nevertheleſs, ſhe owed no one any thing; than to have this reproach thrown on you; your parents, it is true, lived according to their rank and birth; they had a ſuperb houſe, magnificent furniture, a train of domeſtics, but all this is left unpaid for. What, in ſuch circumſtances, would be the ſon of a colonel? a deſpiſed young man, who notwithſtanding his own innocence, would be ſtigmatized for the faults of his parents, whilſt a man of honour, of the moſt common birth, would ſcarce acknowledge him as his equal. What I have now ſaid to you, will, I hope, put an end to your concern on my account, becauſe it will ſhew you that I am perfectly ſatisfied with my deſtiny.

As for the reſt of your letter, my dear ſon, the ſenſibility of your heart, and thoſe affecting marks of tenderneſs with which it is filled, made me ſhed tears of joy. Were I ſtill poorer than I am, I ſhould think myſelf rich in the poſſeſſion of

of so virtuous a son. Adieu, my dear child; continue to follow the dictates of your happy disposition, and you will ever be the consolation of the most tender of mothers.

Your little sister was touched in the most lively manner by your letter; and I have remarked, that she has ever since redoubled her application and docility. Oh! my children, may you always thus encourage each other in the practice of your duties!

LETTER XX.

WILLIAM DANVERS TO HIS MOTHER.

AUGUST 12.

OH, my dear mamma, what a terrible misfortune was I witness to the other day! I have not yet recovered from my terror. No, I have not the power to relate it to you; I will therefore send you copies of the letters which Emily and Charles wrote to their parents, to inform them of it; together with their answers. You will see by them how much humanity reigns in this generous family. Read, pray read.

LETTER.

LETTER XXI.

EMILY GRANDISON TO HER MOTHER.

AUGUST 7.

WE have been in the greateſt conſternation this night, my dear mamma. The houſe of our neighbour, Mr. Falſton, is entirely burnt down. What dreadful flames! The ſky was as red as blood. My heart beat; I wept. It is ſuch a melancholy thing for the father of a family, to loſe all his ſubſtance! What ſtrict precautions ought we to take againſt fire, ſince one moment may produce ſo terrible a misfortune! It was the Miſs Falſtons who were the cauſe of this. Yeſterday evening, unknown to any one, they got ſome lighted coals out of the kitchen, and carried them up into a little ſpare-room, in order to toaſt a crumpet, which they had procured in ſecret. A little while after, they heard their papa call them: haſtily eating up their half-toaſted-crumpet, they ran down to him. Their bed-hour ſoon came, and they went up into their apartment, without thinking any more of the lighted coals, which they had left in the little room. The fire, doubtleſs, firſt took

took hold of the wainſcot, and from thence the floor and the furniture. In ſhort, about two o'clock in the morning, whilſt all the family were aſleep, the whole houſe was in flames. See, mamma, how heaven has puniſhed them! For the ſake of eating a paltry crumpet, they have reduced their father's houſe to cinders! Now they lament; they aſk pardon: they are almoſt dead with grief: but does all this avail? The fire has conſumed their whole property: they could neither ſave furniture, papers, or money. Scarcely could the young ladies eſcape with only a ſlight covering over them: and Mr. Falſton himſelf, was near loſing his life. He is terribly burnt in many parts of his body; and muſt have periſhed in the midſt of the flames, had it not been for the courage of one of his ſervants. What will now become of the pride of theſe young ladies? Yeſterday ſo rich, to-day ſo poor! They treated the peaſants with contempt, becauſe they had not fine houſes. To-day they feel it as a favour, that theſe very peaſants will, out of pity, receive them into their cottages. In how ſhort a time may pride be humbled! Oh ſurely, it is a ſad thing not to treat our inferiors with affability, when we are liable ourſelves to ſtand in need of the compaſſion of the loweſt of them!

This letter is already ſo long, that I fear to be troubleſome to you, my dear mamma: nevertheleſs, though I hardly dare tell you what I have done, I have yet ſomething to ſay to you. Will you pardon your Emily? Oh, yes, you are ſo good and ſo compaſſionate! The poor Miſs Falſtons have loſt all their clothes in the fire.

fire. Not one thing ſaved. I have ſent the youngeſt, who is about my ſize, one of my gowns and ſome linen. I could wiſh to have ſent her more; but all that I poſſeſs belongs to you; I therefore cannot diſpoſe of it, without your conſent. I muſt entreat you to approve of the liberty that I have taken; and I promiſe in future to be the better œconomiſt for it. You have no occaſion to replace what I have given. Thanks to your goodneſs, I have enough left. Adieu, my dear mamma. Embrace my papa for me: and both of you be aſſured of my reſpect and tenderneſs.

LETTER XXII.

CHARLES GRANDISON TO HIS FATHER.

AUGUST 8.

I Take the liberty, my dear papa, to make an humble petition to you, in behalf of an unfortunate family. Can this emotion of my heart diſpleaſe you? No, I do not fear it: your own is too full of goodneſs and compaſſion!

You have been informed, by Emily's letter to mamma, of the cruel misfortune which has befallen Mr. Falſton; but not the whole of it.

Emily

Emily could only tell you of the houſe and effects; but he is alſo on the point of loſing his laſt ſhilling. He has creditors, who forbore to preſs him, whilſt he was rich; but now that his ſecurity ſeems doubtful, they inſiſt upon payment, without delay, and have already threatened him with a ſeizure of, all his property. On a viſit, which I paid him, I heard him ſay to Nelſon the attorney, that all his debts did not amount to more than two hundred pounds. This is but a ſmall ſum. Muſt he, for want of this, after having ſuffered ſo terrible a misfortune, be deprived of the only means left him of breeding up his family, and be himſelf a prey to want, in his old age? Heaven forbid that we ſhould ſuffer it! Now, papa, I'll tell you what I have thought: the legacy which my uncle left me, is, you know, five thouſand pounds. I think this a great ſum. It is in your hands, and you may diſpoſe of it. I ſurely may give up two hundred pounds to extricate an honeſt man from ſuch an embarraſſment. I ſhall be rich enough after, as you have the goodneſs to add, every year, the intereſt to the principal of this legacy. I entreat, papa, that you will not refuſe my requeſt. It gives me a thouſand times more pleaſure than the two hundred pounds ever can. Oh! if I ſhould but preſerve from indigence an unhappy man, and his two children, what a happineſs this will be for me! Permit me to reſemble you on this occaſion, you who are ſo beneficent. Do not you inſtruct me to be ſo? If you were here, I would throw myſelf at your feet: I would ardently ſupplicate——.

But

But there is no occaſion; your wiſdom muſt decide on my requeſt. My duty is a blind ſubmiſſion to your will; a profound reſpect for your virtues, and the moſt tender love for your perſon.

Vouchſafe, I beſeech you, to preſent to my mamma my moſt lively ſentiments of reſpect and tenderneſs.

LETTER XXIII.

MR. GRANDISON TO HIS SON.

AUGUST 9.

YOU ſay, my dear ſon, that you have learned of me to be beneficent. I have, without doubt, always laboured to render your heart ſenſible of the misfortunes of your fellow-creatures. The love of our brethren, beſides the happineſs which it yields us, is, of all things, what renders us moſt acceptable to the ſupreme Being. The petition that you make me is a proof of the generoſity of your heart; and ſo laudable a requeſt deſerves its recompenſe. The ſentiments by which I ſee you actuated, are to me far more valuable than two hundred pounds. You will

find enclosed, a Bank-bill of that sum. Fly then, and soften the distress of the unhappy Falston; and, at the same time, enjoy the noblest delight of a great soul. But as for your uncle's legacy, that, neither you or I can touch, before you are of age. I hold it as your guardian, not as your father. Adieu, my dear son; receive the embraces of your father and mother, who love you more than ever.

LETTER XXIV.

MRS. GRANDISON TO HER DAUGHTER.

OH! were I but with you, my dear Emily, with what transport would I press you to my bosom! Yes, I approve entirely of your having succoured the distressed Miss Falstons; and intend, by way of recompense, to give you a fresh occasion of tasting the sweets of doing good. You will find, in my wardrobe, a piece of stuff, which I meant for a gown for myself: it will be enough for both the young ladies; and, if I judge right of the heart of my Emily, she will have more pleasure in this destination of it, than had I made it in her favour. Adieu, my dear child; never forget the lesson which you have

have given to yourſelf in your letter, never to be proud of the poſſeſſions of this world, ſince a ſingle night may deprive us of them all; nor haughty to your fellow-creatures, ſince you may ſtand in need of their aſſiſtance at the moment when you leaſt think of it. Always keep in mind the terrible event which you have deſcribed to me; and never ceaſe to be aware of the danger of playing with fire, ſince on a ſingle ſpark, our ruin, or even our death, may depend.

LETTER XXV.

CHARLES GRANDISON TO HIS FATHER.

AUGUST 10.

I Haſten, my dear father, to anſwer the kind letter that you have honoured me with. You would have wept with tenderneſs, as I did, could you have been witneſs to the teſtimonies of gratitude which Mr. Falſton has laviſhed upon me. Whilſt he embraced me, I ſaw the big tears fall down his cheeks. How ſweet muſt theſe tears have been to him, ſince I found my own ſo delightful: but I ought to give you an account of all that I have done; here it is: you know Mr. Falſton has naturally ſome pride; it

would have been too humiliating in his circumſtances, to receive an aſſiſtance which might have had the air of a charity. I preſented him therefore with the Bank-bill, not as a preſent, but as lent to him, and which he might pay again at his own convenience. He would give me an acknowledgment, which I received, but immediately tore it before him, telling him, that his word was enough, to let him ſee that he would not be liable to any further trouble on this ſubject. I ſhould have liked it better, could I have ſlipt the note into his ſnuff-box, that he might never have known from whence it came; but I could find no opportunity.

Oh! my dear papa, what a delightful enjoyment have you given me! and how do I long to throw myſelf at your feet, to thank you as I ought!

Pray tell mamma that Emily has fulfilled her orders. She has deprived herſelf of two hour's amuſement to put her own hand to the work: and now, thanks to her activity, the work-women have finiſhed the two gowns in a day; and Emily is juſt going to ſend them. With what impatience do we expect the moment, which will bring back to us, parents, ſo worthy of our duty and affection.

PART II.

LITTLE GRANDISON.

LETTER I.

WILLIAM DANVERS TO HIS MOTHER.

AUGUST 12.

OH! my dear mamma, poor Charles has met with a ſad accident! his leg is ſcalded ſo badly, that he is not able to walk: it is all owing to Edward's aukwardneſs; he threw a tea-kettle of boiling water over him. Never, no never, was ſeen ſuch patience and goodneſs as my friend diſplayed on this occaſion. Any one elſe would have been in a paſſion with his brother, and have loaded him with reproaches; but Charles, on the contrary, only ſought to conceal the pain which he felt. Do not afflict yourſelf, Edward, I beſeech you, ſaid he, it is not very bad: but we ſoon perceived that he ſuffered more than he was willing to confeſs, for his leg became ſo much ſwelled, that we were obliged to cut off his ſtocking with a pair of ſciſſars. Emily burſt into tears:

ſee, ſaid ſhe, to Edward, what you have done by your heedleſſneſs; you have, perhaps, lamed your brother for the reſt of his life. I wiſh this misfortune had befallen you, inſtead of him. It had better have happened to no one, ſaid Charles, interrupting his ſiſter. But come, my dear Emily, this is not worth ſo much concern. I ſhall ſoon be cured: Edward did not do it by deſign; it is a misfortune; but had it been ſtill greater, we muſt have conſoled ourſelves. No, replied Emily, I cannot forgive his want of care: look at him too; he ſtands there like a poſt, inſtead of flying to ſend for a ſurgeon. There is no occaſion for one, ſaid Charles; give me only a cloth and ſome cold water to bathe my leg, and in a few days it will be well. But, ſaid he, addreſſing himſelf to Emily and me, Mr. Bartlet will ſoon be here; I beg you will not tell him that Edward had any hand in this accident; and you, my dear brother, give me your hand; your affliction is more painful to me than this little burn, of which I now ſcarcely feel the ſmart.

What a happineſs it is to be thus maſter of one's ſelf! We may well admire Charles, when he can behave in this manner: at the ſame time, I feel, how uſeleſs it is to fret and be impatient, and that being tranſported with anger will not remove the evil.

But the pleaſure which I have in writing to you, makes me forget that Charles has intreated me to keep him company. Adieu, my dear mamma; permit me to leave you to return to my friend. I ſalute my little ſiſter, and conjure her by

by our friendſhip, to take care not to burn or ſcald herſelf: ſhe will find her advantage in this proof of love which I require of her.

LETTER. II.

WILLIAM DANVERS TO HIS MOTHER.

AUGUST 14.

ALAS, poor Charles! It is now two days ſince his leg has been extended on a cuſhion: I believe he ſuffers much, but he perſiſts in keeping it to himſelf.

Emily aſked him yeſterday, if he did not find himſelf very ſad, under his confinement. Why ſhould I make myſelf ſo, anſwered he, it would only aggravate the pain that I ſuffer; I had much rather amuſe myſelf with the hopes of being ſoon cured: beſides, would it not be a ſhame if I could not comfort myſelf under ſo ſmall a misfortune as this? I have reaſon to expect many greater in the courſe of my life, and theſe ſlight accidents will teach me, in time, to exerciſe my courage and reſolution againſt the approach of greater. But it is very hard though, ſaid Emily, to

to be forced to suffer so much for the fault of another. It is true, answered Charles, I had rather it had been by my own, for then my brother would not have had so much uneasiness about it.

Emily. But are you not weary of staying so long in your chamber, without daring to move?

Charles. How can I be wearied, when I have the happiness of receiving so many affecting proofs of your kindness to me?

Emily. It is your goodness, my dear brother, which makes you pay attention to them: but you have narrowly escaped losing your leg by this accident.

Charles. This ought to console me under it. I have much reason to complain, indeed, when I see so many people condemned to walk on crutches their whole lives!

Emily. I really believe brother, you would have found out the secret of comforting yourself, even if it had been necessary to cut your leg off.

Charles. It is needless to say that I should have been much afflicted at such a misfortune, but as it could not have happened to me unless by the will of heaven, I should have endeavoured to submit my own to that, in order to have obtained strength, to support me under the affliction.

What do you say, mamma? to think like Charles, is not this the only way to combat misfortune? I yet remember the fatal day on which I lost my father. You wept; I was inconsolable; but our tears and lamentations could not bring him back to life. You took me by the hand, and said, Come, my son, let us pray to the Almighty, and he will comfort us; I soon saw that you

you became more tranquil ; and I found alſo my own heart relieved by prayer. I found this a ſure means of alleviating diſtreſs ; I will ſubmit therefore to the decrees of Providence, whatever evils may befal me ; and hope that I ſhall bear them with conſtancy, when I reflect that it is the will of God which inflicts them ; of that God to whom I ſay daily, "*thy will be done.*"

But why do I remind you of theſe ſad events, my dear mamma ; you, in whom I would wiſh to excite no ſentiments, but thoſe of joy ?—If I have afflicted you, I know but of one remedy ; it is to take my little ſiſter in your arms, to careſs her, and tell her of your tenderneſs and of mine for her ; I am ſure that her ſweet ſmiles will give you back to peace and happineſs.

LETTER III.

WILLIAM DANVERS TO HIS MOTHER.

AUGUST 18.

MR. and Mrs. Grandiſon are juſt arrived, my dear mamma : we are all overjoyed ; even the very ſervants are tranſported with pleaſure. Is not this a good ſign, when domeſtics rejoice

rejoice at the return of their masters? When I grow up, I am determined, I will be as humane as Mr. Grandison, since there is so much pleasure in making one's self beloved. But I must return to my friend Charles. Mr. Bartlet asked us this morning after breakfast if we would take a turn in the park; tho' Charles finds himself much recovered at present, he begged to be excused being of the party. My burn is not entirely cured, said he; and I wish that my papa and mamma, at their return, should not perceive that any thing ails me. If I should walk now, perhaps my leg may suffer from the fatigue, and my parents will not fail to observe it. This will afflict them, and I would rather deprive myself of the pleasure of a walk than cause them the least uneasiness. You are in the right, said Mr. Bartlet, and I approve this foresight; it does honour to your heart. Charles remained in his chamber, and Edward, Emily and I walked till noon.

At our return we found Charles waiting for us in the parlour below: we were a little surprized at this, as he had told us that he did not intend quitting his chamber. He had suffered some pain by coming down stairs, but the pleasure of meeting his papa and mamma something the sooner by it, was, said he, well worth that. He had ordered the dinner earlier, that we might be more at liberty to receive them. With what alacrity did he fly down the steps, when he heard their carriage enter the court-yard! With what joy did he throw himself into the arms of his father and mother! Scarcely could he force himself

ſelf from them, to give place to us. You would have been aſtoniſhed, had you ſeen with what grace he gave his hand to his mother, to conduct her into the parlour: it put me in mind, my dear mother, of the joy that I ſhall feel when I return to you: it will be as lively as that of my friend Charles, I promiſe you. But I muſt recount to you a converſation which has juſt paſſed between him and his brother: you will judge whether it be to his honour, or not, without my anticipating.

Mr. and Mrs. Grandiſon were retired to their apartments to put off their riding-dreſſes, whilſt Edward, Charles, and Emily, and I, remained in the parlour. Charles had deſired his ſiſter to play us a piece on her harpſicord, Emily had readily complied, but ſcarcely had ſhe begun when we were interrupted, by the fall of a piece of china, which was broken into a thouſand pieces.

Edward. Oh, there is a piece of china broken, I hear; What clumſy blockheads thoſe ſervants are!

Charles. Do not accuſe them ſo haſtily, brother; we do not know yet whether the accident has happened through their fault.

Edward. I know that the china is all to pieces; theſe gentry uſe the furniture as if it coſt nothing.

Charles. I will go and ſee; perhaps there is no great miſchief done.

Edward. I'll lay a wager now, Emily, that he will find out ſome excuſe for the culprit.

Emily

Emily. He will do very well then, brother: when you commit a fault, are not you very glad to have a friend to ſpeak for you? How many puniſhments has Charles ſaved us both? Do put yourſelf in the place of the poor ſervant.

Edward. You will ſee preſently: Charles will uphold him, as if nothing had happened.

Emily. Charles never tells a falſhood; he knows how to manage the buſineſs without that.

Edward. Here he comes; one would think, to look at him, that he had done the miſchief himſelf.

Emily. That ſhews a good heart.

Edward, (*to Charles.*) Well, what is it? Was I wrong when I ſaid the china was broken?

Charles. I never ſaid you were; it is a china plate.

Edward. You ſpeak as if that was nothing.

Charles. Had the miſchief been greater, we ought to excuſe it.

Edward. If I were in mamma's place, I would make the fellow pay for his aukwardneſs.

Charles. That would be a little hard upon a poor ſervant, who has nothing but his wages to depend upon.

Edward. It would teach him to be more careful in future.

Charles. But, Edward, were you never ſo unhandy as to have an accident yourſelf, and are you ſure that you never will?

Emily. If it be but to ſpill ſome boiling water over one's legs.

Edward,

Edward, (*to Emily.*) Why do you meddle in what does not belong to you? (*to Charles.*) If ever I do break any thing, it is our own at leaſt.

Charles. I aſk your pardon, my dear Edward; the goods of our parents are not our's: we poſſeſs nothing of our own, yet.

Edward. If ever you ſhould become a maſter, I ſee, your ſervants may break juſt what they pleaſe.

Charles. What they pleaſe, do you ſay? I believe there never were ſervants who broke any thing by way of amuſement: it is always by accident, and in that caſe, they ought to meet with allowance.

Edward. This is wondrous good, no doubt; and a negligent ſervant will never do wrong in your houſe.

Charles. I hope not. I will take care not to take negligent people into my ſervice; therefore, if one of them ſhould break a thing by accident, I will pardon him, as I may do the ſame myſelf.

Edward. But I think my papa and mamma ought to be informed when their things are broken.

Charles. It is my deſign to tell them of it, but at the ſame time I mean to intercede for the culprit.

Edward. Who is it? is it John; is it Arthur?

Charles. Neither of them: ſuppoſe I ſhould tell you that it is yourſelf, brother?

Edward. I? this is very extraordinary indeed.

Charles. When you went to walk this morning, did not you give your dog his meat in a china plate; and did not you put that plate on a wooden bench in the out-houſe?

Edward. This is true; but what then?

Charles. The ſervant went for this bench without a light, and in taking it up, he threw down the plate which was on it.

Edward. Well, is that my fault? What buſineſs had he to go rummaging in the dark?

Emily. It is no more than he does every day. Come, brother, own that you are the cauſe of all the miſchief. The plate was not in its right place: and how was the ſervant to gueſs that it was on the bench?

Edward. You are always talking, Miſs, when it does not concern you. But harkye, Charles, papa and mamma know nothing of all this, and they will not think of enquiring after this china plate.

Charles. How, Edward! juſt now you were quite eager to inform our parents of this accident, and now you wiſh to conceal it from them, only becauſe you were the occaſion of it yourſelf. Is this juſt? You will eaſily obtain your pardon; the caſe is a very excuſeable one. But let it teach you not to be ſo ſevere on a ſervant for an inadvertency, when we are ſo often liable to the ſame ourſelves.

Charles had ſcarcely ſaid this, when Mr. and Mrs. Grandiſon came down. He related the adventure of the china-plate with ſo much wit and addreſs, and gave ſuch a turn to the whole affair, that they found more to laugh at than to

be

be diſpleaſed with; and as for Edward, he was delighted to be ſo well rid of the buſineſs. Oh! mamma, what a happineſs it is to have a brother like my friend! I hope I ſhall alſo have as good an advocate in my little ſiſter, if ever I ſhould need her eloquence on a like occaſion.

LETTER IV.

WILLIAM DANVERS TO HIS MOTHER.

AUGUST 22.

I HAVE nothing new to tell you of to-day, my dear mamma, but I expect, that to-morrow will afford many intereſting things to entertain you with: it is the birth-day of Charles. Edward tells me, that we are to be entertained like kings, becauſe it is his brother's cuſtom to give a treat to all the young people of the neighbourhood on that day. Emily, on the contrary, ſays, that he will invite no one this year; and that he has already formed the reſolution of employing the money which his father will give him, in buying books of inſtruction and entertainment. I, for my part, wiſh he may do this laſt: for the company will leave us when the

day concludes, but the books will always remain with us.

I think I do not betray his confidence, when I tell you that he has privately trained up a pretty ſtarling, which he intends as a preſent to his ſiſter, until ſhe receives one which her aunt is to ſend her. He has accuſtomed it already to eat out of his hand, and to fly out of its cage. Emily does not expect this preſent, and ſhe will be ſurprized when ſhe receives it. The bird begins already to repeat her name very prettily. I will alſo train up one which ſhall continually repeat to me your's and my ſiſter's: not that I have occaſion for this to make me think of you, for happy as I am here, this is the chief pleaſure that I enjoy whilſt ſo far removed from thoſe whom I love the beſt in the world.

LETTER V.

WILLIAM DANVERS TO HIS MOTHER.

OH! my dear mamma, how delighted you will be with my friend! He has not given an entertainment to his young neighbours with the money which he received from his father; neither has he employed it in buying books:

books: he has made a very different uſe of it. But in the firſt place, I muſt relate to you a converſation which he had with his father.

We roſe this morning very early: our cuſtom is, to read every day one or two chapters from the Old Teſtament, before we come down to breakfaſt. Mr. Grandiſon came into the room in the midſt of our lecture: Charles immediately roſe to ſalute his father.

Charles. Good-morning to you, my dear papa; I hope you have reſted well laſt night.

Mr. Grandiſon. Very well, my dear; and you alſo appear to have done ſo too: but pray go on, I will not interrupt your reading.

Charles. I ſhould fear, papa, that it would not be decent to read before you, when you do me the honour of a viſit.

Mr. Grandiſon. Your duty muſt firſt be attended to, I ſhall have a pleaſure in hearing you.

Charles. I am ready to obey you.

After placing an armed chair for his father, he reſumed his book, and read with a diſtinct voice. When he had done, Mr. Grandiſon expreſſed much ſatisfaction in his manner of reading: it is a talent, added he, much more difficult to acquire than is commonly imagined. The generality of readers pronounce their words either with a ſnuffle or a whine, without attending to the ſenſe of what they read, which is extremely tireſome to their hearers. One ought particularly to read hiſtory in a natural and unaffected tone, as if the recital were made by

one's self. But this is your birth-day, and I am come up to pay my compliments to you.

Charles. Thank you, papa, permit me to embrace you, and to express my gratitude to you: this day recalls to my remembrance all that I owe to your tender cares, and to those of my dear mamma.

Mr. Grandison. They are already recompensed by your good behaviour. Continue, my dear son, to fulfil all your duties, and may heaven complete those blessings already vouchsafed to us, by permitting us to be witnesses of thy felicity.

Charles. I will labour with redoubled ardour to render myself worthy of this wish. Vouchsafe to honour me with your wise precepts, and I will, on my part, endeavour to profit by them. But father, before I enter on a new year of my life, I ought to ask your pardon for all the faults which I have committed in those preceding it.

Mr. Grandison. I do not recollect that you have ever given me any cause of complaint; and I give you this testimony of my approbation, not to make you proud, but to encourage you in doing well. But come, this is a day of happiness, and it shall be spent joyfully. I give you what you will find in this paper to make use of, if you chuse, in entertaining your young friends. It is already near nine o'clock; finish dressing, and come down with William: your mother waits for us. Farewel: I will go forward, and tell her that you are coming.

Oh! mamma, what a heartfelt satisfaction there is in thus rendering one's self worthy the affection

tions of a good father. How delighted did Mr. Grandiſon appear to be with his ſon, whilſt tears of joy and tenderneſs filled his eyes! On the other hand, how much muſt good parents ſuffer whoſe children are unworthy of this love! Oh! I will always follow the example of my friend, whom God himſelf muſt love. How many things have I to ſay to you, if my letter were not already too long; but you ſhall loſe nothing by it: I will keep them all for another, which I will begin to-morrow morning, as ſoon as I riſe. How much do I wiſh to be with you, to expreſs my duty and affection to you as I ought. My letters, I always fear, are inſufficient for that purpoſe. Oh! if my little ſiſter could but ſay this for me, ſhe who has the happineſs to embrace you! My deareſt mamma, think that I am careſſing you whenever ſhe is. We will have but one heart between us, which ſhall be filled with love for you.

LETTER

LETTER VI.

WILLIAM DANVERS TO HIS MOTHER.

AUGUST 25.

I BEGIN this letter, my dear mamma, where I left off yesterday.

Before we went down to breakfast, Charles opened the paper which his father had given him. He found four guineas in it: he had never before seen so much money at once. After considering over it a little, he turned to me: William, said he, I should like to know your opinion: there are few young people in our neighbourhood, whose society will give us much pleasure; they are for the most part so fond of noise and racket, that their company is insupportable. Young Friendly, is the only one whose character is at all suited to mine; and he has been gone these three days to London with his mother. What do you advise me to do with this money? Were I in your place, said I, I would keep it, in order to purchase something useful: three or four hours of playing and dancing will soon pass away, but some books or prints will be a daily amusement to us. But will not you

be

be disappointed, said he, if we spend this evening in our ordinary way without company? No, surely, answered I, I am happy enough in your society. If that be the case, said he, taking me by the hand, I may follow my first idea. By this time we were at the entrance of the parlour. Mrs. Grandison embraced her son with tenderness, and gave him her blessing. After breakfast we remained alone with Mr. Grandison. Charles took his father by the hand, and said to him, may I ask you one question, papa?

Mr. Grandison. What is it, my dear?

Charles. Do you judge it absolutely necessary that I should give an entertainment to my young neighbours to-day?

Mr. Grandison. This does not depend on me.

Charles. Then I may do what I please with the money which you had the goodness to give me?

Mr. Grandison. Certainly, my child.

Charles. Then I know how I will celebrate my birth-day.

Mr. Grandison. Will you let me into the secret?

Charles. I wish for nothing more, papa; nevertheless, I am a little afraid that you will not approve of my project.

Mr. Grandison. Why not, my dear? you may safely speak. I never yet knew you make an ill use of your money. You are at liberty to dispose of it now as you like best: I approve beforehand of whatever you may do. Let us see what you wish to buy?

Charles.

Charles. Pardon me, papa; I want nothing: thanks to your goodneſs, I have all things in abundance; I only wish that others may rejoice on my birth-day. But do you know whom I have choſen to celebrate it? they are the poor of our neighbourhood. I have procured a liſt of all the honeſt and neceſſitous families around us. How much will theſe poor people be rejoiced at the little feaſt which I ſhall prepare for them! The ſons of our rich neighbours whom I might have invited, enjoy ſuperfluities every day as I do; but thoſe, whom I mean to regale to-day, often want a morſel of bread. How joyful they will be over the feaſt which I ſhall give them! and I ſhall have more pleaſure in their enjoyment, than I ſhould have had in all the diverſions that I might have taken with my companions. But this is only on condition that you are not diſpleaſed with it, papa.

Mr. Grandiſon. And did you think, my dear ſon, that I could be diſpleaſed at this. No, no, I approve entirely this generous deſign. Your fourteenth year ſo well begun, cannot fail to bring with it days of happineſs. The goodneſs of your heart will have its recompenſe.

Charles. My dear papa, I only do my duty. How many favours have I received from heaven during the courſe of the preceding year! Ought I not to render ſome of them back to my fellow-creatures?

Mr. Grandiſon. Embrace me, my child, and haſten to accompliſh your laudable deſign. You may give your orders to the ſervants, and I will take care that they ſhall be obeyed.

What

What do you say to all this, my dear mamma? Oh! if I were but as rich as Mr. Grandison, I would give you all, mamma, you and my little sister. Might I, in that case, ask you for a small part to enable me to be as beneficent as my friend Charles?

LETTER VII.

WILLIAM DANVERS TO HIS MOTHER.

AUGUST 27.

YESTERDAY, my dear mamma, Charles gave his entertainment to the poor people of the parish. They were feasted with plenty of roast beef, plumb-pudding, and the vegetables of the season. I never had more pleasure than in seeing these good people regale themselves. Joy and gratitude were painted on their countenances. They drank our healths in some excellent beer, repeating at every draught, Long life and happiness to Charles Grandison! The eyes of Charles were frequently filled with tears. During dinner-time, he took notice of a poor man, almost blind with age, who, he fancied, was not sufficiently attended to by the rest: he called

to

to a young one, who sat next him, saying, take care of that good man; he is one of my principal guests; I want to see him eat with a good appetite. Father, said he, you deserve the first place in my festival. The young ones ought to honour your old age, that they themselves may be honoured in their turn, when they become old.

When the repast was ended, Charles divided the remainder of his money among his guests. Yes, mamma, he gave them all that he had received from his father. You will readily imagine what blessings they bestowed upon him. He was so moved with tenderness, that he could not contain himself. He took me by the hand, and we went off together, without being able either of us to speak a word. It was not till we had entered the house, that he said to me, Well, my dear friend, can there be a greater pleasure than in comforting the unfortunate? Oh, no, answered I, throwing my arms round his neck, you could not have given me a more delightful entertainment. I felt myself as much affected as my friend. Alas! thought I, how much are the poor to be pitied! They often want the first necessaries of life, whilst we are seated every day at tables, covered with delicacies, where our only trouble is how to chuse the most delicious. I shall, from this day, be the more grateful to Heaven, from whom we receive these favours, as well as more compassionate to those who suffer for the want of them. Yes, my greatest pleasure shall be, to give them comfort, by following the example of my friend Charles.

After

After dinner, we went to take a walk. We expected to pass the evening among ourselves, in our ordinary amusements; but what was our surprize, when, on returning to the house, we found there a large company! Mr. Grandison had invited all the gentlemen of the neighbourhood, with their children, to celebrate the birth-day of his son. We had a pretty concert; and after it, a ball. Charles and his sister did wonders. How much I wished that I could sing and play as they did; but you know, mamma, it is not my fault that I cannot. You were not able to give me the advantage of masters. At present, I partake of that benefit, with my friends; and I hope to profit so much by it, as to be able one day to equal them.

I am obliged to break off here, my dear mamma, being just called upon to partake of a little tour into the country. I expect a great deal of pleasure from this tour, which I will not fail to give you an account of in my next: but I forgot to tell you, that Charles made his present yesterday to his sister, of the little starling, in return for a pocket-book which she had presented him with. Emily is already quite fond of her bird. I never saw so diverting an animal: I wish my sister could see all the care that Emily takes of it; but I wish, yet more, to be with her, for then I should also be with you, my dear mamma.

LETTER VIII.

WILLIAM DANVERS TO HIS MOTHER.

AUGUST 27.

WE had not so much pleasure yesterday as we expected, my dear mamma. The weather was very fine at our setting out; but a violent shower of rain coming on, obliged us to take shelter, in a very indifferent little inn, whilst the storm lasted. Edward grumbled, and put himself out of humour. Emily was vexed: and, as for me, I must confess to you, I was not very well pleased. Charles, who is always master of himself, was the only one of us, whom this little accident did not disconcert, as you will perceive by the following dialogue.

Edward. How unlucky it is, that this rain is come; all our pleasure is at an end now.

Charles. Perhaps not: we will have our tea here, and by that time the rain may cease. If it should not, we can easily send for the coach, that my sister may not be obliged to walk through the wet.

Emily. I thank you, brother, but I would much rather it were dry.

Charles. I do not doubt it; a walk would have been more agreeable to you. But our gardener

dener was wiſhing for rain this morning, becauſe the plants and trees have need of it. Now, whoſe wiſhes do you think ought to prevail, his or your's?

Edward, (*with a contemptuous ſmile.*) Oh, thoſe of the gardener, no doubt.

Charles. Why, truly, I think ſo too; for without rain, the trees muſt ſuffer much from the drought; and would you not be very ſorry if we ſhould have no fruit? And what will become of the poor, ſhould the heat deſtroy the corn, and if a bad harveſt ſhould raiſe the price of bread?

Emily. Oh! they will be ſadly to be pitied.

Charles. Let us rejoice then at the rain, which may prevent theſe evils. Beſides, if it deprives us of the pleaſures of our walk, it will afford us others in return: we ſhall behold the verdure more freſh and brilliant, and the flowers in our parterre will bloom with redoubled luſtre.

Emily. Enough, brother; you have convinced me. I am no longer angry at the rain. Let it fall if it will, I ſhall find no fault.

Edward. One day longer would have made no great difference: it would have been better for us, if it had not fallen before to-night, or to-morrow, and then we might have had our walk to-day.

Charles. But thoſe who happen to be obliged to travel either to-night or to-morrow, had rather it ſhould fall now. Would you have the weather governed according to your fancy?

Emily. Charles is in the right; the desires of different people are so contradictory to each other, that it is impossible all the world should be pleased.

Charles. Believe me, we should be very unhappy if all our prayers were granted us: but to return to the weather. What a small matter it is, that we should be deprived of our pleasures for one day, in comparison to the good which this rain will produce to others, as well as to ourselves.

Emily. But look at the poor birds; I cannot help pitying them.

Charles. They know where to seek shelter when the rain incommodes them: besides, as my papa says, there is a kind of oil in their feathers which repels the wet.

Emily. I am glad of that: it seems to me, that every thing around us is very wisely ordered.

The rain now became more violent; however, Mrs. Grandison did not forget us; the carriage was sent, and we were soon conducted back to the house. Emily amused herself with her starling. Charles and I made a party at shuttle-cock, to supply the exercise of a walk. As for Edward, he remained in the dumps, and could find out no way of consoling himself, but by teazing his dog. I have learned a good lesson from him to-day, for I see, when we suffer our humours to get the better of us, on every little disappointment, we are sure to be very often unhappy. Well then, I will do my best, to accommodate myself to every mischance, that may befal

befal me. There is one, however, to which I cannot be inſenſible; it is that of being ſeparated from you and my little ſiſter. I ſtretch forth my arms, to embrace you; without the power of doing it. A thouſand times in the day, I fancy that you are doing the ſame by me; but, alas! we can only draw near to each other by our ſentiments. But what then, are not *they* ſufficiently lively and tender to re-unite us?

LETTER IX.

WILLIAM DANVERS TO HIS MOTHER.

AUGUST 29.

I MUST relate to you, my dear mamma, a droll adventure that befel us laſt night.

We had ſcarcely been half an hour in bed, when we heard a great noiſe. What is it, ſaid I, to my friend? I know not, anſwered he. Perhaps, ſaid I, ſome thieves may have broken into the houſe. At this inſtant, we heard Edward cry out violently. Charles immediately leaped out of bed, haſtily threw ſomething over him, and ſeizing his ſword, Follow me, William, ſaid he, it is in Edward's chamber. I lighted a candle

at our lamp, and we went up into his brother's room, to see what was the matter. Charles did not discover the least sign of fear; but to confess the truth to you, I trembled all over. On entering the room, we saw Edward lying on the ground under a table, which had fallen on him, with all his books and papers. After having assisted in raising him up, Charles said, What is the matter, brother? what has happened to you?

Edward. I do not know; but I have been terribly frightened.

Charles. But by what accident came you on the ground?

Edward. I will tell you: but let me recover myself a little.

William. Have you seen any one? Are there thieves in the house?

Edward. No, I believe not; but I don't yet know what it is.

Charles. Then why did you cry out so?

Edward. You would have done the same, had you been in my place. I don't know; I fell out of the bed. It was a ghost, I am sure, that dragged me away.

Charles. Did you think so, Edward?

Edward. It was a ghost, I tell you; I am sure of it.

Charles. Indeed, Edward, I thought some dreadful accident had befallen you; but I see it is now only something to laugh at. But you look quite scared; and William too is all in a flutter. I will go and fetch you some hartshorn: you had better take a few drops.

Edward.

Edward. But don't go down alone; call one of the servants.

Charles. There is no occasion; let us take care not to make a noise, lest we wake papa and mamma.

William. And can you venture to go about the house without any one with you?

Charles. Why not, my friend? What is there to fear?

Edward. I am no more of a coward than you, but I should be afraid to go. Harkye, Charles——

William. You call to no purpose; he is out of hearing; and he went off very deliberately. He certainly has great courage. But, Edward, how did all this happen?

Edward. I will tell you, when Charles comes back.

William. Then here he is.

Edward. Have you seen nothing, brother?

Charles, (*with a smile.*) Oh yes; I have seen the passage, the stair-case, my chest of drawers, and this bottle. Come, take a few of these drops; they will give you courage to face the ghost.

Edward. I desire you will not make a jest of it.

Charles. Why not? it is the best way of treating a ghost.

William. That is because you do not believe it will come back again.

Charles. It is true. But tell me, Edward, how comes it that we are all three out of our beds

beds at this time of night? but, in the firſt place, how came you to get out of your's?

Edward. It was the ghoſt, I tell you.

Charles. It is rather a dream that you have had.

Edward. No, indeed; I was quite awake.

Charles. Tell us then all about it.

Edward. It was thus: you know, I do not like to ſleep with a light in my chamber; I had juſt put out my candle, and got into bed, when I heard ſomething tread ſoftly on the floor; I roſe up on my ſeat, and drawing aſide the curtain, ſaw clearly in the corner of the room, two lights, which appeared ſometimes great, ſometimes ſmall, and which moved about.

Charles. It was the dazzling of your eyes, no doubt.

Edward. The dazzling of my eyes, indeed! I tell you it was a real object; I ſaw it as plain as I ſee you.

Charles. Well, and what followed?

Edward. I remained perfectly ſtill, hardly daring to breathe; at length the lights were extinguiſhed, and I heard ſomething trot about the chamber, and then throw itſelf violently againſt the door.

William. The mere recital chills me with fear.

Edward. With all Charles' ſteadineſs, he would have been as much frightened as I was.

Charles. But why did not you call out for a light?

Edward. How could I? terror had ſtopped my mouth. For a moment all was ſtill: then

I heard something glide againſt the wall; and by the pale light of the moon, I ſaw a great phantom, all in white, ſtanding againſt the window-curtain. It ſeemed every moment to become taller and larger. I put my hand before my eyes, leſt I ſhould ſee ſomething ſtill more dreadful. I crept ſoftly out of bed, in order to eſcape out of the chamber; but the phantom, as it appeared to me, began to leap about, and then came up cloſe to me: in my fright, I fell againſt the table, which I overturned upon me, uttering, at the ſame time, a loud cry, which was what you heard. But huſh, I think I hear it again.

William. I think ſo too; I heard ſomething move by that bureau.

Charles. I lay a wager it is a rat hid under it.

Edward. But a rat is not white; beſides, what I ſaw was at leaſt as big as our great dog in the court-yard.

Charles. We have nothing to do but to ſearch: if it be here, we ſhall ſee it.

Charles immediately began ſearching into every corner, under the bed, the bureau, and the drawers; at length he cried out, Here is the ghoſt; I have found him. And what at laſt was this ghoſt? you will never gueſs, my dear mamma: it was no other than a great white cat, belonging to the tenant, which had ſtolen into the houſe, and ran into Edward's chamber. At the ſight of it, we all three burſt into laughter. Charles rallied his brother on his credulity, and the cat made her eſcape as ſoon as ſhe ſaw the door open: Edward appeared, however,

a little confuſed at this adventure. I cannot comprehend, ſaid he, how this cat could appear to me of ſuch a formidable ſize. It is the property of *fear*, anſwered Charles, to repreſent things falſely, and to magnify them to our imagination. But the two flambeaus which I ſaw? They were the eyes of the cat, which appeared, either large or ſmall, as ſhe opened or ſhut her eye-lids. Believe me, all the ſtories that we hear of apparitions are like this of our cat. Could we trace them to their ſource, we ſhould find their cauſes quite natural.

After this converſation, we returned to our beds, and ſlept very well the remainder of the night. This morning at breakfaſt, we diverted Mr. and Mrs. Grandiſon with our night-alarm: they beſtowed great praiſes on the coolneſs and reſolution of Charles. I muſt confeſs, I never ſaw his preſence of mind fail him on any occaſion. As to Edward, and me, we were not the laſt to laugh at our own weakneſs: indeed, I am aſhamed not to have ſhewn more courage. I hope, that this little hiſtory will ſerve to amuſe my ſiſter, and to inſpire her with more boldneſs on a like occaſion, than has been ſhewn by her brother.

Adieu, my dear mamma; you do not write to me ſo often as I deſire, or as I have occaſion for. Emily talks to me frequently of my ſiſter; ſhe wants to know, if you are as well ſatisfied with her as ever. Write particularly about her, I beſeech you, both to gratify my own affection, as well as the enquiries of my young friend, who vouchſafes

vouchſafes, to intereſt herſelf for a little girl whom I love ſo much. Embrace her for me, and convince her how tender the regard is, that I bear her.

LETTER X.

MRS. DANVERS TO HER SON.

SEPTEMBER 6.

I SENSIBLY feel your tender reproach, my dear ſon, that I do not write to you often enough: were I at liberty to give myſelf up to it, no occupation would be more pleaſing to me; but you may eaſily conceive how much my time is engaged by the affairs of my family, and the attention that I think it neceſſary to pay to your little ſiſter: I am obliged, you know, to inſtruct her myſelf, not having a fortune ſufficient to procure her the inſtruction of different maſters. But my cares are well repaid by her happy diſpoſition: ſhe learns every thing with the greateſt facility; her induſtry is not to be repulſed by any difficulty; and I am every day aſtoniſhed, at the rapid progreſs of her underſtanding; nor, do her

her ſentiments afford me leſs cauſe of ſatisfaction. It would be difficult to conceive, a heart, of more rectitude and ſenſibility. All that you have written, to me, from time to time about Emily, pleaſes her infinitely. The pretty letter which this young lady wrote to her mamma, on the ſubject of the poor people whō ſuffered by a fire, and of which you ſent me a copy, has made a lively impreſſion on her. She finds ſomething to ſay about it every day. Oh! my dear mamma, ſaid ſhe to me yeſterday, had I been rich, I would have done like Emily; how much pleaſure muſt ſhe have had in relieving thoſe poor Miſs Falſtons! Yes, my child, ſaid I, ſhe has reaſon to be happy, and I am ſo alſo, in ſeeing you capable of taking part in the troubles of other people; it is a proof of a good heart: and this diſpoſition gives you a right to expect the ſame ſympathy, in others toward you. Theſe affectionate ſentiments, are neceſſary among mankind, for the mutual conſolation of their troubles. This is very true, mamma, ſaid ſhe, for when I ſuffer any uneaſineſs, if my little friends appear afflicted for me, it leſſens the evil by one half, at leaſt; beſides, I am ſure to love them the better for it, and that is always a pleaſure. Is not this a very delicate ſentiment, my dear ſon, and altogether charming for its ſimplicity? I hear ſuch, continually, from her, which excites in me the tendereſt emotions; nor am I leſs affected, by thoſe which you diſplay in your letters: I feel that they come from the bottom of your heart; and it is with joy that I receive them back into mine. They ſoften my afflictions, and prove to

me

me that I have not loſt all that I poſſeſſed on earth, when I loſt my huſband, ſince my children remain to cheriſh me with as much tenderneſs as I have love for them. Yes, it is to you and your ſiſter that I commit the care of my happineſs. It will not be a painful one to you; for to ſee you made happy by your virtues, will not fail to render me ſo.

All Mrs. Grandiſon's letters to me are filled with the moſt flattering accounts of you. The friendſhip which has long united us, has, no doubt, its ſhare in theſe encomiums: nevertheleſs, I am willing to believe that you have ſo lively a ſenſe of her goodneſs, as to guard you from doing any thing which may juſtly incur her reprehenſion; it would indeed be ſhameful in you to deſerve it, having before you ſo perfect a model as Charles. We never love thoſe long whom we cannot eſteem: continue then to follow the good example of your friend. A young man endowed with ſuch noble qualities, ought to inſpire you with a laudable emulation; and there is no way, by which you can repay his tenderneſs, but by endeavouring to make yourſelf worthy of it.

I ſee how much you ſuffer in not being able to imitate his beneficence. What pleaſure ſhould I feel, could I put it in your power to exerciſe this attractive virtue! cultivate it, nevertheleſs, in your breaſt, againſt the moment that fortune may enable you to follow theſe generous emotions; in the mean time, my dear, receive the trifle that I ſend you: I wiſh it were more, but

it is all that the preſent ſtate of my affairs will permit. I have tranſmitted to Mr. Grandiſon whatever is wanting for your neceſſaries: what I ſend you, is deſtined for your pleaſures: and theſe, I know, conſiſt in ſuch things as are moſt worthy of a ſenſible and generous heart. Farewell my ſon. I embrace you with all the tranſports of a mother, whoſe felicity depends on the tenderneſs and virtues of her children.

LETTER XI.

WILLIAM DANVERS TO HIS MOTHER.

SEPTEMBER 12.

A THOUSAND thanks to you, my dear mamma, for the preſent which you have ſent me. A trifle do you call it! permit me to contradict you, in this; I, for my part, think it a great ſum. You are not rich, and yet you make me a preſent of two guineas for my pleaſure: ten times as much, were you poſſeſſed of a large fortune, would be leſs to me. But alas! I fear that you may have put yourſelf to ſome inconvenience, in order to enrich me; and this thought interrupts the joy that I feel in receiving theſe marks

marks of your bounty. Be at leaſt perſuaded, that I am ſenſible of all the value of this gift, and that I know how to employ it, in a manner with which you will be ſatisfied.

I muſt own to you, that I felt a little proud when I related to Emily what you wrote to me of my ſiſter. I ſeemed, as if I valued myſelf more on her perfections, than on thoſe which I might acquire myſelf. Emily appeared flattered that her conduct had merited your approbation. She becomes every day more ſenſible and more amiable. Since my little ſiſter knows ſo well how to profit by what I write to you concerning my friend, I will relate to you another adventure which has lately happened to her. I muſt confeſs freely, that ſhe was a little in fault at the beginning, but the concluſion does her ſo much honour, that I cannot forbear relating the whole to you as it happened. The poor child was yeſterday in the parlour with Edward; they amuſed themſelves by turns, in playing little tunes on the harpſichord. You know, there is in this parlour, a japan cabinet, filled with very valuable china. Emily had the curioſity to open it, to look at ſome Chineſe figures which Mrs. Grandiſon had lately preſented to her. She took one in her hand in order to examine it nearer. Edward, who is ever at ſome unlucky trick, cried out, ſuddenly, mamma is coming. Emily, fearing to be caught in the fact, haſtily put back the china into the cabinet; but in her fear and precipitation, threw down a cup, which broke into a thouſand pieces. She was ſeized with conſternation. It was a cup of great value,

which ſhe knew her mamma preſerved with the utmoſt care, as it made part of a ſet, which was only uſed on particular occaſions. Edward quitted the harpſichord, on hearing Emily cry; and this is the converſation which paſſed between them.

Edward. You have done a pretty piece of work there, truly. I would not be in your place for a good deal.

Emily. O brother, how can you teaze me ſo, when you ſee how I am diſtreſſed already? you ſhould rather give me your advice.

Edward. What advice can I give you? if you were to go to all the ſhops in London, you would not find ſuch another cup as that. You have nothing to do that I know of, but to ſet off for China, in order to match it.

Emily. What pleaſure can you take in tormenting me thus?

Edward. What had you to do rummaging in that cabinet?

Emily. If it had not been for you, this would not have happened.

Edward. Nay, it was you that did it; you had no buſineſs to touch the china.

Emily. It is true, I did wrong; however, if you had not put me in a fright, I ſhould not have broken any thing.

Edward. This ſet of china that mamma was ſo fond of, ſee, it is now incomplete; there might as well be not a piece of it left.

Emily. I would give all that I am worth in the world that this had not happened.

Edward.

Edward. O yes, you may lament now ; that will do much good.

Emily. O brother, how can you be ſo cruel ? Charles would not torment me thus.

Edward. Well, well, don't cry any more, and I will tell you what you had beſt do.

Emily. Let me hear, dear Edward ?

Edward. Nobody knows any thing of what has paſſed : we have nothing to do but to gather up the broken bits, and place them by each other in the cabinet. Mamma will not look in it this morning. During dinner, you may ſay that you heard ſome china fall in the cabinet ; I will be ready to ſupport the fact : Mamma will of courſe go and look, and, without doubt, will conclude that it fell of itſelf.

Emily. No indeed, brother, I will not do this.

Edward. And why not ? you accuſe no one by it ?

Emily. No matter, it is a bad expedient ; to tell an untruth is worſe than breaking the china.

Edward. Very well ; I have ſhewn you a way to get out of the ſcrape, which you might take advantage of ; but it is your concern, not mine.

Emily. Alas ! what ſhall I do ?

Edward. I am really frightened for you ; but I am very good thus to trouble myſelf about you, when you deſire to be puniſhed.

Emily. Yes, I had rather be puniſhed than deceive mamma ; I will go to her, confeſs the

fault, and ask her pardon, promising, at the same time, never to touch the key of her cabinet as long as I live.

Emily was just going out, when she saw her mamma enter the room: she trembled, and changed colour; and before she was able to speak, burst into a torrent of tears. She expected a sharp reproach: what then was her surprize, when Mrs. Grandison, who had overheard all that had passed, took her tenderly in her arms, and caressing her, said, you are a good girl, my dear Emily, I do not know what it is that you have broken, but if it be the most valuable piece of china in my cabinet, I forgive you, in consideration of your courage and frankness. As for you, Sir, continued she, addressing herself to Edward, go up into your chamber, and meditate on the lesson that your young sister has given you. It is well for you that your father knows nothing of all this, or he would be more severe than I am. Go and blush for the falsehood that you meditated: I see, henceforward I must not depend on your word, but may rest in confidence on that of your sister.

You perceive, mamma, how well Emily was rewarded for not following the bad counsels of Edward; for she would have paid dear for his falsehood, as Mrs. Grandison had overheard all. The relation of this adventure will not, I think, be useless to my sister; not that I suspect her of ever being capable of deceiving you. Heaven forbid I ever should! but it will be a fresh encouragement to her to persevere in the good principles that she has received from you. Ah! what

what good fortune is hers, to receive them from your own lips! It is a long time, alas! ſince I have enjoyed that happineſs: raging ſeas divide me from thoſe whom I love beſt in the world. Oh! when ſhall I embrace you! When will you ſee us both, my little ſiſter and me, at your knees, vying with each other in giving you proofs of our affection!

LETTER XII.

WILLIAM DANVERS TO HIS MOTHER.

I CONGRATULATE myſelf, my dear mamma, on having it in my power, to make you acquainted with a new inſtance of the moderation and generoſity of my friend. No, I cannot often enough repeat it. There is not, I believe, in the whole univerſe, a young man of ſo noble a character.

The earl of ——— made him a preſent, a few days ago, of a fine dog, of a very rare and uncommon kind. Young Falkland, one of our neighbours, had before this, aſked the earl ſeveral times to give it to him, but he could not obtain it of him, becauſe this young man is remarkable for his ill-treatment of his dogs. He has

has no other pleaſure than in tormenting them; either by the moſt cruel diſcipline, or by encouraging them to fight till they tear each other to pieces. He has already above a dozen in his houſe: you will think, perhaps, that this was ſufficient; but no ſuch thing: he has beſides a collection of all ſorts of animals, particularly cats, monkies, and parrots; and with theſe creatures he paſſes one half of the day. He muſt have, methinks, a moſt contracted mind, thus to laviſh his time in ſuch a miſerable occupation, inſtead of devoting it to the ſtudy of the arts and ſciences. Notwithſtanding the multitude he has of theſe beaſts about him, he was quite enraged when he found the earl had given his dog to another, after refuſing it to him. What was the conſequence of this? Charles had ſcarcely been five days in poſſeſſion of it, when the poor creature was found dead in a corner of the houſe. It was not till yeſterday that we diſcovered, by means of one of Falkland's ſervants, that he had contrived to get him poiſoned, out of ſpite and jealouſy. What monſters are there among mankind! I ſay monſters; the term is not too ſtrong. Yes, my dear mamma, I call him a monſter, who can deprive another of what he cannot poſſeſs himſelf, with no other view than to give him pain. But the following converſation, which paſſed between Edward, Charles and me, as we were walking in the garden yeſterday, will ſhew you how my friend revenged this piece of knavery.

I was lamenting the death of the poor creature. I am very much afflicted, ſaid he, alſo: I could hardly have believed that the loſs of a dog would have given me ſo much trouble: but this was an animal of ſuch ſingular beauty, and he was already become quite attached to me.

Edward. It was a ſhocking action on the part of Falkland, to poiſon him: I would never forgive him as long as I lived, were I in your place.

Charles. I muſt forgive him, however, unleſs I reſolve to be as wicked as he is.

Edward. You are too good, brother; for my part, I ſhall hate him as long as I live.

Charles. I do not hate him, but I deſpiſe his character; and I pity him yet more for being the ſlave of ſuch violent and deteſtable paſſions; to deſtroy an innocent animal with no other view, than to deprive another of it. He who can be guilty of ſuch cruelty in cold blood, would ſtop at no exceſs.

Edward. And the traitor dared to call himſelf your friend.

Charles. I am not now to learn that we muſt not give credit to mere words, and that we muſt know people well before we reckon upon their friendſhip.

Edward. Don't you intend to break entirely with ſuch a dirty fellow as he is?

Charles. I do not mean to inſult him publicly, I ſhall content myſelf only with holding as little intercourſe with him as poſſible. The ſociety of a young man of his baſe way of thinking, by no means ſuits me.

Edward,

Edward. Pſhaw; this is not enough. Shall I cut off his ears, Charles? you have only to ſay the word.

Charles. I'll take care then how I ſay that word: his ears will not bring me back my dog.

Edward. Well then, I have another ſcheme. Falkland has a dozen ſpaniels and greyhounds; we have nothing to do but to poiſon them in our turn; he deſerves this revenge.

Charles. But have the poor beaſts deſerved it?

Edward. What then, do you mean to let him eſcape unpuniſhed?

Charles. That is not my affair, I ſhall not take his puniſhment upon me; it is enough for me to leave him to his conſcience.

Edward. I ſhall be curious to know what my papa will think of this adventure. I do not wonder now at his always being ſo careful to keep us from too ſtrict an intimacy with this young profligate.

Charles. It is a proof to me, that my father underſtands the heart; and I learn from it, that we ought to conſult our parents in the choice of our friends: as they have more experience than we have, they know better how to diſtinguiſh characters: by their wiſe advice, I hope to preſerve myſelf from dangerous connexions, by which I might be corrupted. But, Edward, I think, we ought not to acquaint my father with this baſe action of Falkland's.

Edward. How then will you manage it?

Charles.

Charles. Methinks, we ſhall mortify him more, by a cold contempt than by our complaints.

William. This is a noble way of thinking.

Charles. It will be beſt, believe me. But let us talk of ſomething more agreeable. Come, ſhall we take a walk in the fields this fine evening?

Edward. Stop a moment; look yonder, don't you ſee ſomething up in that tree?

William. Methinks I ſee a bird in it with very extraordinary feathers, and he flutters as if he were in diſtreſs.

Charles. It is very true; he is caught by his wings in the tree.

Edward. How lucky this is: it is Falkland's parrot that has eſcaped out of his cage; I know him very well. Now we have him in our power, he ſhall pay for the dog. His maſter would not take ten guineas for him: he ſhall be well puniſhed now.

Charles. O my dear Edward, the poor creature ſuffers ſadly: be ſo kind, William, as to get me a ladder, I will get up into the tree and diſentangle the poor bird.

Edward. To give it to Falkland, I ſuppoſe?

Charles. To be ſure: Is it not his?

Edward. He killed your dog, and you mean to ſave his parrot.

Charles. And why not? It would make me happy, if I could from this time forth, do him any good in return for the injury that he has done me.

Edward.

Edward. You had better be adviſed; you will never again have ſo good an opportunity of being revenged.

Charles. I look upon it as ſuch: it is ſufficient revenge to me, to ſhew him that my heart is better than his.

Edward. Oh yes, he is very capable of feeling this to be ſure.

Charles. Well then, I ſhall have the ſatisfaction of feeling it.

Juſt then the gardener brought us a ladder. Charles climbed into the tree himſelf, and found the parrot entangled with his wings between two branches, and held faſt: he ſoon diſengaged him, and immediately charged one of the ſervants to carry him to young Falkland.

What do you think of my brother, ſaid Edward to me, as Charles left us?

Can you blame him, anſwered I, for being ſo generous?

No, certainly; but I do not feel myſelf perfect enough to imitate him.

—It is our part to become ſo, from ſo good an example.

Charles now came up to us; his face was animated with the moſt ſweet expreſſions of ſatisfaction: I never before was ſo ſenſible of the pleaſure which ariſes from doing good. O my dear mamma, preſerve, I pray you, all my letters, that I may read them over again when I return home. I ſhould be very unworthy of ſuch a friend, if the leſſons that I daily receive from his conduct, did not inſpire me both with inclination and power to profit by them. I wiſh

he

he were known to all the young people of our age. If we feel ſo much pleaſure in reading of the good actions of others, what do we not enjoy in doing them ourſelves! Oh! my dear mamma, I will ever cultivate this ſentiment, that I may become the more worthy of your tenderneſs. I ſalute my little ſiſter acroſs the great ſpace which divides us, once for myſelf, and once for Emily.

LETTER XIII.

WILLIAM DANVERS TO HIS MOTHER.

SEPTEMBER 16.

WE aſſiſted yeſterday, my dear mamma, in gathering in the fruits of autumn. The air was mild, and the ſky ſerene: nothing was heard on all ſides but ſprightly ſongs, accompanied by the fife and violin. It was a charming ſight, to behold between the trees young boys climbing to the higheſt branches to gather the fruit, whilſt the women and girls received them below in their aprons, in order to fill their baſkets. We too were employed, in ſtripping

thoſe branches which hung within our reach. All theſe labours carry with them an air of feſtivity, which fills the heart with pleaſure.

We obſerved ſome little country girls, meanly dreſſed, earneſtly look at us over the hedge. When we had finiſhed our buſineſs, one of them beckoned to the gardener, and we could perceive her talking to him in a ſupplicating manner, at the ſame time, caſting frequent looks at my friend. Charles perceived it, and when ſhe had done ſpeaking, called the gardener to him. I will give you their converſation, which will be the beſt way of relating the thing.

Charles. What was that little girl aſking ſo earneſtly?

Gardener. I will tell you, Sir. Every body here knows the goodneſs of your heart. She has been aſking me to beg ſome fruit of you, for her mother, who is ſick at home.

Charles. Does ſhe aſk it for her mother? She is a good girl for that. Go and give her as many apples as ſhe can carry. It will be a pleaſure to me, to reward her for loving thoſe to whom ſhe owes her life.

Gardener. I will go then and give her ſome of the wind-falls, they will do well enough.

Charles. How, friend! What, would you pick out the worſt that we have, for a poor ſick woman! No, no, I inſiſt on your giving her ſome of the choiceſt.

Gardener. I fear, that will leſſen our ſtore.

Charles. Did not you tell me that we had an extraordinary plenty of fruit this year?

Gardener.

Gardener. It is true, Sir, we have hardly room to hold all our hoards.

Charles. Well then, out of the abundance which heaven beſtows upon us, let us at leaſt give ſome to thoſe who have nothing.

Gardener. Ah, my dear young maſter, it is not without reaſon that you are ſo beloved and honoured. You are a bleſſing ſent to us by heaven. I will punctually obey you, for I know full well, whatever you do will be approved by your parents.

Upon this, the gardener went to execute Charles' orders. Edward, having heard what had paſſed, came up to his brother, and ſaid; I don't diſapprove of your good-nature, but I cannot bear to ſee the common people always coming with ſome petition to you.

Charles. But, my dear brother, if they did not aſk of us what they want, ſhould we be otherwiſe ſo attentive to their wants? We aſk our parents every day for a thouſand ſuperfluous things; ſuffer then the poor, at leaſt, to lay before us their urgent neceſſities.

Emily. Charles is very right. Would it not be a ſad thing, that we ſhould have ſo much more than we want even for our pleaſures, and that the poor ſhould be without even the common neceſſaries of life? I will tell mamma this evening of the ſituation of this little girl's mother, and I am ſure ſhe will ſend her ſome aſſiſtance. Mr. Bartlet, who was juſt then coming up to us, overheard what Emily had ſaid, and praiſed her for her humanity. Charles aſked him, if apples were good for a ſick perſon: Undoubt-

edly, said he, if they be ripe. This fruit, said he, which is produced in almost all climates, is by so much the more valuable, as it will keep the best part of the year. How great is the wisdom and goodness of our Creator, who thus provides for us during winter, when the exhausted earth is no longer in a state to produce these delicious fruits, by which we have been nourished and regaled in the summer season.

Oh! my dear mamma, I shall always be full of gratitude to the Creator of the earth, who thus provides for the wants of his children with the tenderness of a parent. Alas! mamma, how many ungrateful children are there who devour the provisions of winter, without once thinking of the beneficent hand which provides them! Heaven preserve me from ever being one of this number: we, in particular, who owe so much to it, for being permitted to share its bounties with so good a mother! Yes, mamma, I should be thankful to Providence if I possessed nothing on earth but you. Vouchsafe to receive from me the homage of these sentiments, and continue to me those by which you have always honoured me. I ask this both for myself and my little sister, and as a pledge of your granting it, I accept the first kiss which you will give her, since I cannot have the happiness to partake of it with her.

P. S. Mr. Grandison has this moment received a letter from the earl of ***, the first lord of the bed-chamber, to require the attendance of his son Charles at court. They are ignorant of

of the reaſon of this. My friend ſets off to-morrow with Mr. Bartlet. How much ſhall I regret his abſence! I, who have lately lived in the pleaſing habit of ſeeing him every inſtant, muſt now paſs whole days without his ſociety! Neither do we know how long he may be abſent. Mr. Grandiſon is not at all uneaſy at this meſſage; the earl's letter is too gracious to be the prelude to any thing undeſirable. But in the mean-while, I loſe my friend. Nothing but the hopes of ſomething good to him could conſole me for this ſeparation. He has promiſed to write to me. Oh! my dear mamma, with how much joy ſhall I ſend you the copy of his letters!

LETTER XIV.

WILLIAM DANVERS TO HIS MOTHER.

SEPTEMBER 20.

I HASTEN, my dear mamma, to ſend you, according to promiſe, a copy of the firſt letter that I have received from my friend Charles. You will in it ſee what happened to him on his

journey, and at his arrival in London. I ſhall expect with impatience the next news that he will have to ſend me; my heart forebodes that it will be good. Judge then how eager I ſhall be to make you partake of it. Full of this ſweet hope, I embrace you and my little ſiſter more tenderly.

LETTER XV.

CHARLES GRANDISON TO HIS FRIEND WILLIAM DANVERS.

I DO not yet know, my dear friend, what our journey to London will produce; the beginning of our expedition has not been the moſt happy. A ſuperſtitious mind might look upon this as a bad preſage; but you and I, my dear William, thanks to the good-ſenſe of our parents, are in no danger of being diſturbed by vain prognoſtics. We had ſcarcely gone a few miles, before one of our horſes ſtopped ſhort, and would not advance a ſtep farther. The poſtillion, thought to get on by exerciſing his whip, which I could not ſee without pain; I cannot bear that ſo gentle and uſeful an animal ſhould be treated hardly. However, we ſoon perceived that

that the poor creature had met with a hurt in his foot, and that it was not his fault. We were therefore obliged to go gently on to the neareſt inn, where we provided ourſelves with horſes, and purſued our rout with renewed expedition, till an unlucky accident ſtopped us. In a rugged part of the road, the axletree of our chaiſe ſuddenly broke: happily we were none of us hurt; but we were obliged to get out of the carriage, and there being no houſe within a good diſtance, we had no other courſe left us, but to walk on foot. I ſhould have made myſelf very eaſy under this accident, had it not been for my concern on account of our worthy friend Mr. Bartlet: I feared much leſt his health might ſuffer from the cold and dampneſs of the air, and the fatigue of the walk. The ſun was already ſet, and we procceded ſlowly, followed by our ſervant Henry. A violent rain came on. At length, after a half-hour's walk, we perceived to the right, a ſmall houſe at a little diſtance from the road. We were let in by an honeſt labourer, bowed down by the weight of years and hard work, and his wife, who appeared to be as old. We were hoſpitably received by this worthy old couple and their children. The eldeſt ſon ran to fetch a wheelwright in the neighbourhood, and then went with him to aſſiſt the poſtillion in mending the chaiſe as well as they could; which they could not complete till the evening was far advanced. As it was then too late to purſue our journey, we reſolved to paſs the night in this little hut, which, under theſe circumſtances, I found as comfortable as the moſt ſuperb palace. Whilſt

one

one of the daughters was preparing for us a ſimple repaſt, gentlemen, ſaid the old man, do not be uneaſy, we will give you up our bed, in which you may refreſh yourſelves after your fatigue. It was with difficulty that Mr. Bartlet was perſuaded to agree to this propoſal, but at laſt, the preſſing entreaties of our hoſt and his wife prevailed. They had placed but two covers on the table. Mr. Bartlet perceiving it, ſaid, Have you already ſupped, my good friends?

No, Sir.

Well then, we muſt eat together; our meal will be the heartier for it.

We ſhould not have thought of taking that liberty, Sir, replied the old man, but, ſince you order it, you ſhall be obeyed.

The ruſtic meal was ſoon put on the table; it conſiſted of a piece of cold meat, with vegetables, cheeſe and butter, and ſome good apples. Plain as this repaſt was, I never made a better ſupper in my life, and ſlept ſo ſoundly after it, that Mr. Bartlet had ſome difficulty in waking me the next morning. I have juſt now ate an excellent breakfaſt, and take the opportunity, while Mr. Bartlet is thanking our hoſts for their hoſpitality, to write you this. I am now obliged to break off, but as ſoon as we have paid our firſt viſit to Lord ——— you ſhall hear again from me. Preſent my duty to my papa and mamma, and remember me affectionately to my brother and ſiſter.

I remain, my dear friend, ever your's,

Charles Grandiſon.

LETTER

LETTER XVI.

MRS. DANVERS TO HER SON.

SEPTEMBER 3.

I SAID right, my dear mamma, when I told you that I ſhould have good news to ſend you of my friend Charles. I encloſe you a copy of a letter that he has written to me, and one from Mr. Bartlet to Mr. Grandiſon. I have ſcarce time to tranſcribe them before the poſt goes out. I would fain expreſs to you the joy which fills my heart; but I can only ſay, what a felicity it is to ſee my friend happy, and to wiſh this to my dear mamma!

LETTER

LETTER XVII.

CHARLES GRANDISON TO HIS FRIEND WILLIAM DANVERS.

DECEMBER 22.

COULD you ever have gueſſed, my dear friend, what could be the object of my journey to this city? Without doubt no, ſince I myſelf hardly dare now to believe it. Well then, it is by order of the king, who has juſt beſtowed on me the poſt of page of honour, and inveſted me with a place about his children. I know not to whom I am indebted for theſe favours; but they try to perſuade me that I owe them to my own conduct. But it ſeems to me that I have only fulfilled my duty, and that alone deſerves no recompenſe: I regard therefore what has befallen me, as the pure bounty of heaven; which thus rewards the virtue of my worthy parents. I rejoice more on their account than my own. Mr. Bartlet has written to my papa; you will doubtleſs ſee his letter. I have ſcarce time to aſſure you that I am ever your faithful and affectionate friend,

Charles Grandiſon.

LETTER

LETTER XVIII.

MR. BARTLET TO MR. GRANDISON.

My dear Friend,

WHAT happy news have I to ſend you, and how much will the heart of Mrs. Grandiſon be filled with joy! Your amiable ſon ——but you well merit thoſe favours with which heaven has vouchſafed to recompenſe his goodneſs. I always told you that he was deſtined to be the happineſs of your future life. And ſo young to be thus diſtinguiſhed by his ſovereign's favours, whilſt all good men applaud the act! Yes, my dear Sir, there is no one here, but who, after having ſeen your ſon, pronounces him worthy of his promiſing deſtiny. But I will no longer keep you in ſuſpenſe. Know then, that the king has conferred on him the poſt of page of honour, and given him a place about the royal children, as a fit object for their emulation. The earl of ———, whoſe wife is ſiſter to * Major

* See letter from William Danvers, Vol. I. p. 325, which letter it was thought unneceſſary to repeat among theſe.

Major Arthur, whose life was saved by Charles, had represented your son to his majesty in so advantageous a manner, had spoken so highly of his good sense, his acquirements and goodness of heart, as to inspire the king with the desire of seeing him; and it was after his first interview with him that he conferred on him these favours.

The earl, who introduced Charles to his majesty, and was present at the audience, declared that he never saw any one received so graciously. The king himself, after ordering his children into his presence, vouchsafed to present them to him. Your amiable son answered all questions put to him with a respectful freedom, and a nobleness of expression quite astonishing for his age. The young princes were desirous that he should from that moment remain about them. But he represented to them the occasion there was for his remaining yet some time in his father's house, in order to profit by his instructions, and to render himself more worthy of the high office allotted him.

He owned to me afterwards, that he had another reason for asking this delay: it was, that his friend William having only three months more to spend in England, he much wished to pass the remainder of that time with him. Thus you see, his presence of mind never forsakes him; nor can the seductions of fortune make him forget the duties of friendship.

The

The earl gave yeſterday a grand entertainment in honour of your ſon. Charles received the compliments of all the company with as much grace as dignity. The many praiſes beſtowed on him, excited not in him the leaſt emotions of pride; and he left the company all captivated by his amiable qualities. Do not think, my dear friend, that the enthuſiaſm with which I ſpeak of your ſon, is the effect of that partiality which I feel for your family: you will find the ſame teſtimonies in his favour in the letter which Lord —— has written you.

We ſhall be detained about ſix days longer here, and then I hope to bring back to your arms the worthy object of your tenderneſs.

P. S. The earl of ——— has made me open my letter again, to inform you that Edward is preſented with a lieutenancy in the ſame regiment with Major Arthur, of which he is now lieutenant-colonel.

LETTER XIX.

WILLIAM DANVERS TO HIS MOTHER.

SEPTEMBER 26.

I WAS so impatient, my dear mamma, to send you my friend Charles' letter, and that of Mr Bartlet, that I had not time to give you those reflections which the good fortune of my friend have given birth to in my mind. Indeed, were I to attempt to say all that I think on this subject, my letter would not be finished to-day. I will therefore confine myself to the more easy and delightful task, of attempting to describe to you, how sensible I am of his faithful remembrance of our friendship. What then! Could he, for the sake of my society, during the remainder of my stay here, resist the desires of the young princes, and sacrifice all the pleasures of a court! Ah! he has not made this sacrifice to an ungrateful friend. You will witness for me, mamma, how much I ever loved him, that all my letters were filled with expressions of my tenderness for him. Well then, he is now become a thousand times more dear to me. During

ring his abſence, I have been made too ſenſible how neceſſary he is to my happineſs. Notwithſtanding all the careſſes of Mr. and Mrs. Grandiſon, notwithſtanding the friendſhip of Edward and Emily, I find that I miſs him every hour in the day. I ſeem, as if I were but half myſelf, without him. I have no other reſource, but to employ myſelf continually in doing ſomething for him. Yes, mamma, all the buſineſs that we did when we were together, I now do alone, in order to render his abſence leſs tedious to me. I have cultivated his garden, and ornamented it with the flowers of the ſeaſon, that he may ſee, at his return, what care I have taken, of all that he is intereſted in. I have continued to copy a ſet of deſigns in architecture which he had begun: they are not, it is true, ſo well drawn as he would have done them, but they are better than if I had done them for myſelf. I am ſure that his friendſhip will excuſe the weakneſs of my pencil, and that he will ſee them in his collection with pleaſure. I have alſo tranſcribed into his muſic-books, all the new airs which we have had ſince his departure. I have arranged the books in his library; I have fed his birds; I have given ſomething to his poor people: in ſhort, I have attempted to do all that he would have done himſelf. It is at theſe times, that I have more than ever felt the force of that maxim, which you have ſo often repeated to me, that application to buſineſs is the beſt means of compoſing the mind under grief or uneaſineſs. Ah! had I been condemned to idleneſs during this interval of my friend's abſence, how ſhould I have

been to be pitied! I have laboured not to leave a moment in the day vacant, leſt I ſhould fill it with my ſadneſs. As a proof of this, I ſend you a little piece which I have juſt tranſlated, on the advantages of induſtry.

Adieu, my dear mamma; now that my friend is ſo far from me, I doubly feel the pain of being ſo from you. I have no conſolation but in knowing that you love me, and in feeling how much I love you.

THE ADVANTAGES OF INDUSTRY.

MR. Dorville, a rich manufacturer, was the moſt inveterate enemy to idleneſs. He not only dedicated the whole day to labour himſelf, but took care alſo, to have every perſon of his family employed in the ſame manner. Liberal to all whom age or infirmity had rendered incapable of work, but implacable toward thoſe idle vagabonds, who, with the advantages of health and ſtrength, came to beg at his door. He would aſk them why they did not work; and if they excuſed themſelves, by ſaying that they could get no employment, he would offer it to them in his manufactory; but after once refuſing

fuſing it, they dared never more approach his preſence.

He never ſuffered a bale of goods either to be packed up or opened, without obliging his two ſons Francis and Robert, to put their hands to it. He had a large garden behind his houſe, in which he made them both work, under the direction of his gardener: and during winter, he would employ them in turning, and other works of ingenuity. His three daughters, alſo, had not more time allowed them for idleneſs. They had the charge of the domeſtic œconomy; with every other occupation ſuitable to their ſex.

The better to excite their induſtry, Mr. Dorville paid each for his work; and thoſe among them, who had diſtinguiſhed themſelves by their activity, had an extraordinary reward. Theſe little perquiſites, they had the liberty of laying out in their own pleaſures and amuſements.

No quarrels or ill humour were ever heard in this family. They enjoyed perfect health, and each day brought with it new pleaſures, by making them taſte the ſweets of their own labours.

If the boys preſented to their ſiſters a noſegay of carnations or hyacinths, they received from them in return either embroidered ruffles, purſes, or ſtrings for their canes or watches, all, the work of their induſtrious hands. If their deſſerts were furniſhed by the fruit of their young trees, which they had planted and grafted themſelves, they had the ſatisfaction to hear their parents

praise them, by acquainting their guests, to whom they owed their regale; at which, each would take his glass, and the company in chorus, drank to the health of the little gardener.

Seven days in the year, were celebrated as festivals in the family; these were the birth-days of each of the children, and those of their father and mother. Pleasure and mutual tenderness reigned on those occasions: particularly on the birth-days of their parents, when they generally gave an entertainment to the children, to which they invited their young acquaintance. The feast always ended in a ball, at which youthful vivacity, heightened by music, animated every look and motion, whilst their fond parents beheld, with transports of joy, their playful gaiety and natural graces.

Who would believe, that these children should ever grow weary of a way of life so full of pleasure? This was, however, the case. Francis one day went to pay a visit to his young cousins: he returned home with a sorrowful contenance. His father, from some indirect words which he let fall, comprehended at once the cause of his chagrin: he, however, did not appear as if he observed it. In the mean while, as Francis wore the same face of sadness the next day, Mr. Dorville having engaged him to take a walk with him after dinner, over his plantations, they had together the following conversation.

Mr Dorville. What is the matter with you, my dear Francis? the air of sadness which I observe on your countenance, makes me very uneasy.

Francis.

Francis, (*affecting a cheerful air.*) Nothing at all, papa.

Mr. Dorville. Come, come, notwithſtanding that ſmile, your whole appearance has leſs of cheerfulneſs than uſual.

Francis. I cannot diſown it.

Mr. Dorville. What is it then that makes you thus ſad?

Francis. Ah! if I dare to tell you———

Mr. Dorville. Are you afraid to open your heart to me? Am not I your friend?

Francis. True: but, pray, papa, do not queſtion me any more on this ſubject.

Mr. Dorville. And why not, ſince it afflicts you?

Francis. Becauſe I think you would not afford me any remedy.

Mr. Dorville. Do you think then, that I would rather ſee you afflicted than happy? I thought you had a better idea of my tenderneſs for you.

Francis. Oh! papa, do not miſtake me; no, no, I am ſenſible, you have no greater joy than to ſee us rejoice.

Mr. Dorville. I do not ſee, then, what can hinder you, from making me your confidant; but hold, we will ſettle this matter between us. Tell me your grievance, and I will promiſe on my part to do all in my power to remove it.

Francis. Well then, papa, ſince you will have it, I muſt tell you: you keep us like ſo many ſlaves to our work from morning to night; there are my couſins, you ſee how their papa lets them ſpend their time; ſhall not we have as much fortune as they will?

Mr.

Mr. Dorville. What, my dear child, is this all that afflicts you? nothing can be eaſier, than to ſatisfy you in this buſineſs. God forbid, that I ſhould make you work againſt your inclination; you are at full liberty to take your reſt, and not to return to your work again, till you yourſelf deſire it.

Francis, happy to enjoy his liberty with the conſent of his father, ſpent the reſt of the day, in loitering about here and there, ſometimes in the houſe, ſometimes the garden.

Mr. Dorville always roſe early; and when the weather was fine, generally amuſed himſelf with a walk into the country, and took with him thoſe of his children, who the day before had been moſt diligent and attentive to their work. The next morning after this diſcourſe, the early dawn promiſed a moſt beautiful day; Mr. Dorville was preparing to go out; Francis heard him; and though he was very ſenſible that he had not deſerved the indulgence, he nevertheleſs haſtened up, and aſked his father's permiſſion, to accompany him. Mr. Dorville willingly conſented. They went together, and ſeated themſelves at the top of a hill, from whence they had a view of the ſurrounding country. It was in the early part of the ſpring. The meadows, which but a month before were buried in ſnow, now diſplayed the moſt lively verdure. The woods were covered with tender foliage, and the fruit-trees adorned with the gayeſt bloſſoms. The harſh whiſtling of the north-wind, no more grated on the ear; nothing

nothing was heard around, but the ſweet warbling of birds. Young lambs, and playful colts were ſeen ſporting in the rich paſture-grounds. Echo reſounded with the cheerful ſong of the labourer, as he trod the furrowed land. The roads were filled with troops of country-people; ſome conducting their waggons loaded with corn, wine, and other merchandize; others carrying on their ſhoulders baſkets filled with herbs and flowers. The young milk maids ſeemed to walk in cadence: all bent their ſteps toward the city, the gates of which were juſt opened to receive them. Francis, affected by this ſcene, felt his heart ſo elated with cheerfulneſs, that throwing himſelf into the arms of his father, he exclaimed. Oh! papa, I have you to thank for the pleaſure which this moment affords me!

Mr. Dorville. If all our friends were but here to enjoy it with us! I am ſorry we did not call on your couſins, as we paſſed by their door.

Francis. Oh they will not be up theſe two or three hours, at leaſt.

Mr. Dorville. Is it poſſible? Why then they ſpend one half of the day in ſleep!

Francis. I have ſometimes called on them at nine in the morning, and they had ſcarcely their eyes open.

Mr. Dorville. No doubt, they are objects of your envy juſt now.

Francis. No truly, papa; if I were aſleep like them, I ſhould loſe all the pleaſure I enjoy now.

Mr.

Mr. Dorville. This is one advantage then, ariſing from induſtry; it calls us up early enough, to make us reliſh the charms of a fine morning.

Francis. But, papa, cannot I be an early riſer, without working?

Mr. Dorville. And what will you do, when you are up?

Francis. I would go and walk ſometimes to one place, and ſometimes to another: to-day I would aſcend the hill; to morrow I would enter the thick foreſt; another time I would ſeat myſelf on the banks of a river.

Mr. Dorville. It is very well, my dear, but we have three hundred and ſixty-five days in the year; if we take from theſe all the cold and wet mornings, there will ſcarcely remain ſixty-five ſuch as this of to-day. Would you walk out through the thick fogs, and when it rains or ſnows, or when the impetuous winds render the hoar froſts more biting?

Francis. No certainly, I ſhould have very little reliſh for walking in ſuch bad weather.

Mr. Dorville. What then will you do with the other three hundred mornings, if you do not work?

Francis. I don't know.

Mr. Dorville. Tell me freely then; do you think that you would find it a very pleaſant thing not to know what to do with yourſelf?

Francis. No; I confeſs, time would ſeem very long to me.

Mr.

Mr. Dorville. Would it not be better to go briſkly to work, than to be rubbing your eyes, yawning, and ſtretching out your arms, and then ſinking into your chair like a perſon overcome with fatigue?

Francis. But, papa, if I do not work, I can amuſe myſelf with ſome play.

Mr. Dorville. You know very well, I have never hindered your amuſing yourſelf: but let us examine whether to work, or to paſs our time in vain diſſipation, yields us the moſt ſolid pleaſure. I am far from wiſhing that my children ſhould not be as happy as they are capable of being. You ſhall always play, and never work more, if you can prove, to me, that play will give you more ſatisfaction than work.

Francis. Take care, papa, it will not be very difficult to prove this.

Mr. Dorville. Well then, let us ſee; I am willing to run the riſk.

Francis. Did you never obſerve, that when I am at play, I run, I jump, I dance, and make a thouſand gambols; but when I work, I do nothing of all this.

Mr. Dorville. Nevertheleſs, I have often ſeen you and your brother laugh and amuſe yourſelves when you have been at work together.

Francis. That is true; but yet it is better to be at play.

Mr. Dorville. There is not a day paſſes, but you play: have you any thing to ſhew me, in conſequence of all this play?

Francis. No, papa, I have only the remembrance of them.

Mr.

Mr. Dorville. And have you nothing remaining, from your work?

Francis. Oh yes, I have in my garden above a dozen young trees which I have planted and grafted myſelf; all my beds are furniſhed with good vegetables, and my borders with fine flowers.

Mr. Dorville. Is that all, my dear?

Francis. No indeed, papa; I have in my chamber a great cupboard full of my workmanſhip in ſtraw and paſteboard, beſides a thouſand little toys of ivory and ebony, that I turned in my lathe.

Mr. Dorville. But, without doubt, you look at all theſe things now with regret, when you think how many drops of ſweat they coſt you? here you will ſay, I ſpent a whole day's labour on this.

Francis. And ſuppoſe they had coſt me as much again?

Mr. Dorville. What then?

Francis. Why, papa, ſo long as I ſee my cupboard furniſhed with the fruits of my labours, whilſt I gather noſegays for my ſiſters, or fine fruits, and good vegetables to preſent to my mother, I find myſelf ſo happy, that I no longer think of the trouble that theſe things coſt me.

Mr. Dorville. Tell me: all the time which you have ſpent in cultivating your garden, or in turning; do you wiſh now that you had paſſed it in play?

Francis. No, certainly, for then I ſhould have had nothing to ſhew for it to-day.

Mr.

Mr. Dorville. You would have had the remembrance of it at leaſt. Do you reckon that nothing?

Francis. It is but a very little thing.

Mr. Dorville. I think, it appears from your own account, that play only amuſes the preſent moment, and that it does not even always do that in proportion to our expectations; and that work, on the contrary, after having agreeably occupied us, leaves behind it ſome uſeful enjoyment. After twenty years are paſt, you will have a renewed pleaſure in gathering fruits from the trees which your hands have planted, though you will, by that time, forget all your frivolous paſtimes. Decide therefore, yourſelf, which affords the moſt ſolid pleaſure, uſeful labour, or vain amuſement.

Francis. Oh! papa, according to the light in which you have ſet the thing, there is no room to balance. Labour, without diſpute, renders us moſt happy.

Mr. Dorville. You ſee then, it was not without reaſon that I have urged you to follow it. Were I to ſay to you, come, Francis, work no more; I will have you ſpend your whole time at play. Would it not be making you miſerable for the reſt of your life?

Francis. Oh! yes, I can feel this now: every different play would ſoon become tedious and inſupportable to me.

Mr. Dorville. And do they not, on the contrary, appear more ſweet to you after labour?

Francis. Yes, papa, I confeſs, they do.

Mr. Dorville. At thoſe times, I myſelf urge you to enjoy your pleaſures. You know how often I have invited your couſins and your other companions to come and ſhare in your amuſements. Have you forgotten how you have wreſtled together, and run races, and thrown the bar?

Francis. No, papa, I remember it very well; you have yourſelf been ſo good as to aſſiſt almoſt always at our ſports; and I have often ſeen you ſmile, when I have happened to have the advantage.

Mr. Dorville. And this was pretty often the caſe.

Francis. Becauſe I am ſtronger than any of my companions, eſpecially my poor couſins; I never feared to engage with both of them at once.

Mr. Dorville. Perhaps they are not ſo old as you?

Francis. O, you know very well that I am not ſo old as the youngeſt by a full year.

Mr. Dorville. You are better fed then?

Francis. I beg your pardon; they live better every day of their lives than we do.

Mr. Dorville. I do not ſee then how you came by all this ſtrength, unleſs it be the effect of labour.

Francis. Excuſe me, papa; I do not know how that can be; becauſe I am ſo much weakened ſometimes by hard work that I can hardly ſtir.

Mr. Dorville. But, my dear, who are thoſe that run beſt?

Francis.

Francis. Thoſe who frequently run races.

Mr. Dorville. What is the reaſon of this, pray?

Francis. Becauſe they are uſed to run.

Mr. Dorville. Nevertheleſs, running weakens them, ſometimes, as labour does you.

Francis. Without doubt.

Mr. Dorville. But, the next day are they leſs alert, or you leſs briſk?

Francis. It is true.

Mr. Dorville. One word more. Have you never obſerved that ſome people have their limbs much more ſtrong and nervous than others?

Francis. O yes, our blackſmith for inſtance: you have only to look at his arms; every muſcle is expreſſive of vigour!

Mr. Dorville. And how, do you think, has he acquired this vigour?

Francis. How ſhould I know? this man is the whole day with his body bent over his anvil; and he has been accuſtomed from his earlieſt youth, to wield a hammer, which I can ſcarcely lift with both hands.

Mr. Dorville. What, do you think he is ſtronger than I am?

Francis. Oh! papa, I ſhould be very ſorry to ſee him lay hold of you, even if I were by to aſſiſt you.

Mr. Dorville. This is a farther proof, then, that labour ſtrengthens the body. Here is a blackſmith who uſes more violent exerciſe than I do, and yet he is more robuſt. You uſe more violent exerciſe than your couſins, and you are

more robuſt than they are : labour muſt certainly have ſomething to do in this.

Francis. I own I begin to think it.

Mr. Dorville. You told me, juſt now, that your couſins eat very delicately.

Francis. It is very true.

Mr. Dorville. I think, however, they have frequent diſorders in the ſtomach.

Francis. Yes, almoſt always.

Mr. Dorville. Are you ever troubled with thoſe complaints?

Francis. Never, papa ; you know very well that my appetite never fails me.

Mr. Dorville. Yes, but on ſome days I obſerve, that you eat with more pleaſure than ordinary ; eſpecially after you have been digging in your garden.

Francis. Yes, truly, I make a briſk attack upon your proviſions after I have been hard at work.

Mr. Dorville. But how is this ; work ſtrengthens your arms and your ſtomach ; it whets your appetite ; and ſhall I prohibit it? No, certainly ; I wiſh to ſee my ſon do honour to my table, without fearing indigeſtion, like his couſins : and I ſhould be very ſorry to ſee his companions outdo him in wreſtling, or running races.

Francis. But, papa, I have been told by many people, that being ſo rich as you are, you ought not to make us work.

Mr. Dorville. Theſe people talk like blockheads, and you will be a ſtill greater blockhead if you believe them. If you remain every day in

in bed till nine o'clock, can I, with all my money, make you enjoy such a fine morning as this!

Francis. No, certainly.

Mr. Dorville. For these many years to come, you will have to gather of the fruit of those trees which you have planted. You may also, from time to time, make presents to your sisters and friends of the pretty pieces of workmanship which you have made. This is the fruit of your industry, and a source of enjoyments which are for ever renewing. But with all my money, can I make the consequences of your amusements, when once they are past, equally sweet?

Francis. Alas! no, papa.

Mr. Dorville. In short, can I, with all my riches, make your limbs robust, or preserve your stomach from indigestion?

Francis. Nor this either.

Mr. Dorville. Behold then what advantages you owe to labour! advantages so precious, that not all the gold in the world can procure them.

Francis. I cannot deny it.

Mr. Dorville. And why is it that I get money? Is it that my children may be happy or unhappy?

Francis. That they may be happy, without doubt.

Mr. Dorville. And which of the two is most happy, he who slumbers away the best part of the morning in bed, or he, who by rising with the dawn, may, when the weather is fine, walk in the country, and contemplate the ravishing beauties of nature?

Francis. The latter, undoubtedly.

Mr. Dorville. Again; which is the happieſt, he who waſtes his life in purſuit of vain pleaſures, which by habit will become inſipid, and which, when paſt, leave no trace behind them; or he, who employs his time in uſeful and pleaſant labours, by which, he ſecures a thouſand ſweet enjoyments for the time to come?

Francis. Oh! the laſter, certainly.

Mr. Dorville. I do not aſk you, whether it be beſt to have the limbs ſtrong and robuſt, or enervated; a freſh and lively complexion, or ſickly paleneſs; vigorous health, or continual weakneſs; and a good appetite, rather than perpetual indigeſtion.

Francis. Oh! it will not admit of a queſtion.

Mr. Dorville. You have juſt allowed, that labour gives us all theſe advantages.

Francis. I have.

Mr. Dorville. Should I not then be highly blameable, if, in compliance to the opinions of certain ſilly people, I were to neglect to cultivate a love for work among my children, under the vain pretence that I am rich? when, with all my riches, I ſhould but make them the more unhappy!

Francis. Yes, yes, I ſee it plainly, now; what a blockhead I was, when I grew tired of my work. Come, papa, the day is advanced: I am impatient to return to my uſual occupations. I hope to have a pretty bouquet to give to my ſiſters, and ſome excellent ſtrawberries for your deſſert.

Mr.

Mr. Dorville. Come, my dear, I am charmed to see you so reasonable: this encourages me to consult you on an affair of importance which I have in my mind. We will talk about it tomorrow.

On the morrow, Francis, a little proud, but still more curious to be of this consultation with his father, hastened the next day to attend him, with some degree of importance in his air.

It is a long time, son, said Mr. Dorville, since I have been thinking how to place a certain sum of money most advantageously for my children.

Francis. You are very good, papa.

Mr. Dorville. I am therefore very glad to consult you on this business.

Francis. Me, papa; O nothing can be more simple; you have only to throw it into trade.

Mr. Dorville. It is in that already, my dear; but on the contrary, I think of withdrawing it from trade, in order to make it more secure to you: in our way of business, we are exposed to many losses; I experience this every day; and in case some great stroke should befal us, I should wish to place a certain part of my fortune so securely, as to ensure a comfortable subsistence to my children for the rest of their lives.

Francis. I should think, you might purchase houses?

Mr. Dorville. True, but then there is the hazard of their being burnt.

Francis. In that case buy land, that cannot be burnt at least.

Mr.

Mr. Dorville. That is true; but then if we do not ourſelves attend to the cultivation of it, it will ſoon become barren and ſink in value, after we have been at much expenſe on it; ſo that in the end, we ſhall find ourſelves poor in the midſt of large poſſeſſions.

Francis. I do not know then, papa, what advice to give you.

Mr. Dorville. Why truly, child, I ſee no way of abſolutely ſecuring this ſum, but by ſpending it in ſuch a manner that we never can loſe the intereſt of it.

Francis. How, papa, ſpend a ſum of money for fear you ſhould loſe it?

Mr. Dorville. Even ſo; for inſtance: if I ſhould lay it out in giving you uſeful acquirements, which would make you independent of all reverſes of fortune; you then would be, in whatever ſituation chance might throw you, able to procure the neceſſaries of life. You underſtand accounts and book-keeping; you know every thing belonging to the cultivation of trees; you are a tolerable turner; your brother and ſiſters have alſo their particular talents: it has coſt me a great deal of money to have you inſtructed in theſe things. I will ſacrifice yet more, to make you complete; and then, I ſhall look upon you as poſſeſſing more riches, than thoſe who have a great inheritance; for we may loſe our fortune, but uſeful knowledge remains with us for ever.

Francis. But, papa, you are in very eaſy circumſtances; you are maſter of a good manufacture;

facture; and I think with that we never can want.

Mr. Dorville. Much richer people than we are, have experienced reverſes of fortune, and it is good to be prepared againſt all poſſible events. I recollect a ſtory which will illuſtrate this obſervation: I will relate it to you.

Francis. Pray do, papa; I ſhall be glad to hear it.

Mr. Dorville. A young gentleman in Germany paid his addreſſes to a very amiable lady, and aſked her in marriage of her father. The father ſaid to him, I will give you my daughter very willingly, but have you a good trade to maintain her and her children? A trade, Sir, anſwered the young gentleman? are you ignorant that I poſſeſs a large country-ſeat in your neighbourhood, with a conſiderable eſtate beſides? All this is nothing, replied the father of the lady; your houſe may be burnt, your land may ſuffer devaſtation; beſides this, many other ruinous accidents may happen to you, which I cannot foreſee. In a word, if you wiſh to obtain my daughter, you muſt learn ſome trade, or I ſhall not be ſatisfied. It is the abſolute condition of our alliance. It was in vain that the young gentleman remonſtrated: the father would not recede. What was to be done? he loved the lady too paſſionately to give her up. He put himſelf apprentice therefore to a baſket-maker, the eaſieſt buſineſs he could think of; and it was not till after he had made a very neat baſket, and ſome other pieces of workmanſhip, before the

eyes

eyes of her father, that he could obtain the lady.

During the firſt years of his marriage, he laughed inwardly at the foreſight of his father-in-law, and the whimſical condition which he had impoſed upon him; but he had ſoon occaſion to ſee the matter in a much more ſerious light.

War was declared: the enemy entered his province. They ravaged his lands; cut down his foreſts; demoliſhed his caſtle; pillaged his effects; and obliged him and his family to take flight: our rich gentleman found himſelf all at once reduced to indigence. At firſt he did nothing but deplore his ill-fortune, living with difficulty on the little money that he had ſaved: but this reſource ſoon failed him. He then bethought himſelf of the trade which he had learned. His ſpirits began to recover, and he gave himſelf up to work with the more ardour, as he had taken refuge in a city where his name and rank were unknown. His wife, between the intervals of her domeſtic occupations, comforted him under his labours. The children were employed to ſell the baſkets which he made. In this manner, he provided decently for the ſupport of himſelf and family, until the happy moment arrived, which by the return of peace, reſtored him again to the poſſeſſions of his fortune.

This ſtory made a lively impreſſion on Francis. He related it himſelf to his brother and ſiſters, who were alſo as much taken with it. It put them upon making a number of reflections on the wiſdom of providing reſources againſt the unexpected

unexpected turns of fortune. Alas! they did not then foresee that they soon would have occasion to apply this to themselves. A little time after, a fire broke out in the night in one of Mr. Dorville's magazines; and all the buildings belonging to his manufactory were consumed before any assistance could be got to stop the flames. Another man might have been cast down by this disaster; but, on the contrary, it served only to fortify his resolution, and redouble his activity. All his friends were eager to support him. His industry made the best use of these advantages, by labouring to repair his losses. Nor did this reverse of fortune prevent his daughters from being sought in marriage by the richest and most sensible men; because they knew, that, in them they should find women capable of conducting the affairs of their house, with œconomy and prudence. As for his two sons, they applied themselves with such indefatigable ardour to business, that, in a few years their affairs were not only re-established, but carried to a degree of prosperity, which they had never known before that misfortune which seemed to have overthrown them for ever.

LETTER

LETTER XX.

WILLIAM DANVERS TO HIS MOTHER.

SEPTEMBER 27.

O MY dear mamma, what danger my friend Charles has been in! Alas! I have been within a little of losing him! I tremble yet whilst I think of it. What would have become of me if he had been as brutal as his adversary; if he had either lost his life, or taken away that of his antagonist, and been obliged to fly his country? Happily all has terminated to his honour; whilst he is preserved to his family, and to his friend, he has given us fresh reason to love and esteem him. But I am too long without satisfying your curiosity: read, pray read the letter which Mr. Grandison has just received from Mr. Bartlet. I have spent the whole evening in transcribing it in order to send it to you. Oh! my dear mamma, how many times has my heart beat whilst I was taking this copy! But it is not of me that it speaks; forget me, I pray you, for a few moments, that you may be the more at liberty to attend to my friend.

LETTER

LETTER XXI.

MR. BARTLET TO MR. GRANDISON.

SEPTEMBER 26.

My dear Friend,

I CAN never sufficiently congratulate you on the happiness of possessing such a son as your's. I was witness yesterday, without his knowing it, to an adventure which does him infinite honour. But why should I be astonished at his conduct, when I only see, in it, the effect of the good example and wise lessons which he has received from you! We fell in company yesterday with a Mr. Stukely, son to Lord G—, a young man of a most violent and brutal character: though he is but eighteen years of age, he is devoured by ambition and envy. I had already observed, that he was jealous of the post which your son had obtained. He threw out many spiteful sarcasms, which Charles, with admirable self-command, passed over in silence. They engaged in a game of piquet together. Stukely, like a bully, took advantage of your son's moderation, pluming himself on a false cou-

rage. He took occaſion to quarrel with him at play, in ſo pointed a manner, that Charles could not refrain from ſhewing his indignation, by his looks. I will give you their converſation, word for word.

Charles. Methinks, Sir, you do not ſeem to take much pleaſure in this game, had not we better leave off?

Stukely, (*throwing the cards on the table.*) Very true. There is very little pleaſure in playing with people who underſtand nothing of the game.

Charles. It is very poſſible, I do not underſtand it ſo well as you, by a great deal: I do not play ſo much.

Stukely. If you are not better informed in other things, I fear you will find it ſomewhat difficult to ſupport the honour that you ſo lately obtained.

Charles. I do not look upon the ſcience of gaming to be abſolutely neceſſary, to this purpoſe. But let us talk of ſomething elſe, if you pleaſe. You have a very pretty ſnuff-box.

Stukely. You would like ſuch an one perhaps, with your new dignity.

Charles. It would be quite uſeleſs to me; I do not take ſnuff. I think it better not to accuſtom myſelf to it, at my age.

Stukely. Do you mean by that, that I am wrong in taking it?

Charles. By no means. I have nothing to ſay againſt what you or your parents think proper.

Stukely.

Stukely. My parents have nothing to do in this buſineſs; it is ſufficient that I like it.

Charles. Very well. Each according to his own way of thinking.

Stukely. What a dutiful little boy! He won't take a pinch of ſnuff, without aſking leave of his papa and mamma.

Charles. It is very true, I do nothing without conſulting them.

Stukely. I ought not to be ſurprized at this: you are not ſo old as I am yet, therefore, are not fit to think and act for yourſelf. You want time for improvement.

Charles. I hope indeed to be better informed, when I come to your age.

Stukely. Do you mean to inſult me, Sir? by telling me that you are better informed than I am!

Charles. Better than you, Sir! I am incapable of ſo groſs a rudeneſs. You muſt certainly comprehend what I ſaid, that at your age, I hoped to be better informed than I am now.

Stukely. You have the art of evading your own words.

Charles. No, Sir. I think, before I ſpeak: my words, therefore, need no evaſion.

Stukely. Enough. Shall we go into the garden together?

Charles. With all my heart, Sir. I have no objection.

Stukely roſe up haſtily, putting his hand to his ſword: Charles calmly laid his in an armed chair, and followed Stukely with a firm air. I waited till they were out of the room, intending

to follow them, as I perceived, plainly, that Stukely meant to pick a quarrel. They walked at ſome diſtance from each other, toward a little grove at the farther end of the garden. I went a ſhorter way to the ſame place, and hid myſelf behind a clump of trees, where I could conveniently liſten to their converſation, which was as follows.

Stukely. Where is your ſword? You had it on juſt now.

Charles. True, Sir: but I left it in the houſe.

Stukely. Go and fetch it, if you pleaſe.

Charles. Why, pray? I do not want my ſword, to walk in the garden.

Stukely. No: but you want it, to repair the offence that you have given me.

Charles. The offence! It is ſomewhat ſtrange, that I ſhould have offended you, without knowing it.

Stukely. You have offended me, however, and I only waited, till we were alone, to take notice of it.

Charles. You might as well then have done that before. I ſhould not have been afraid of witneſſes to what had paſſed between us, as I am conſcious, that it is againſt my principles to offend any one.

Stukely. To what end are all theſe words; fetch your ſword. I will either have ſatisfaction, or you muſt aſk my pardon.

Charles. Aſk your pardon, Sir! Had I offended you, I ſhould not wait till you required it: but as the matter ſtands, it is perfectly uſeleſs.

Stukely.

Stukely. But why did you leave your ſword, when you ſaw that I wore mine?

Charles. What was that to me, Sir? I ſee no reaſon why I muſt regulate my actions by your's.

Stukely. It was, however, to ſay the leaſt, a great imprudence on your part.

Charles. As how, pray? Had I taken you for an aſſaſſin, I ſhould doubtleſs have kept my ſword. Then indeed you would have had cauſe to take offence.

Stukely. You put me out of patience; my ſword is now in the ſcabbard, but take notice, I adviſe you to beware.

Charles. I am very eaſy, Sir, having nothing to fear.

Stukely. Nothing to fear! Do you expect, that I can bear, without reſentment, that a perſon of inferior birth to myſelf, and my junior, by four years, ſhould arrive at a preferment which I think I have a better right to?

Charles. You have been a long while in coming to the point. I gueſſed that this was at the bottom of your diſpleaſure. You are very good to give yourſelf the trouble to envy me for it, when I do not envy you the advantage of your high birth.

Stukely. What, do you deſpiſe this advantage then?

Charles. Certainly not, but, I ſhould be very fooliſh to be jealous of it, or to diſpute it with you ſword in hand.

Stukely. Why ſo, pray?

Charles. Becauſe, my ſword can no more take your birth, from you, than your's can the poſt,

which the king has been pleaſed to confer on me. Reflect upon this; and then, tell me, whether there is any occaſion for us to cut each other's throats.

Stukely. But people fight often to prove their ſkill in the ſword.

Charles. We may as well do this with our foils; and I will, if you pleaſe, meet you at the fencing-ſchool, where we may try our ſkill to the utmoſt, and ſettle this grand quarrel.

Stukely. Do you laugh at me?

Charles. God forbid: but I muſt confeſs, I fear, our duel will be laughed at, and that the world will ſay, here are two young cowards, who have agreed together to give each other a ſcratch, to make parade of their courage. Will you liſten to me, and accept of a ſatisfaction which will ſuit us both much better?

Stukely. What is it?

Charles. It is this: that in all things in which you are really my ſuperior, I ſhall never bluſh to acknowledge you as ſuch; and that I believe you will have the ſame ſentiments with regard to me.

Stukely, (*putting up his ſword.*) Well then, it is I, that ought firſt to render you the homage ſo juſtly your due. Yes, amiable Grandiſon, you have conquered; and I yield to you. You have made me but too ſenſible of the unworthineſs of my behaviour. Would you could but pardon me as ſincerely, as I reproach myſelf.

Charles. Enough, Sir; I have no longer any reſentment.

Stukely. Let this ſcene, I conjure you, remain for ever a profound ſecret. It is enough, for me,

to

to carry about with me the remembrance of it, without meeting the reproaches of others.

Charles. Be eaſy, Stukely: I give you my hand, as a pledge of my ſecrecy.

Stukely. And I receive it, with confidence: I do not dare to aſk your friendſhip; but let me live in the hope of obtaining it, by aſſiſting to make me more worthy.

After having embraced, the two young men returned back together into the houſe. Nobody knew any thing of this adventure. It redounds as much to the honour of your ſon, as to the diſgrace of his adverſary; had he not in ſome ſort repaired it, by the laſt part of his behaviour. Throughout the whole of this delicate circumſtance, Charles manifeſted a courage, without raſhneſs, and moderation, without weakneſs. Though young and unarmed, he knew how to bring his adverſary to terms, by the force of his reaſons. In a word, I know not which the moſt to admire in him, his prudence, or his intrepidity.

LETTER

LETTER XXII.

WILLIAM DANVERS TO HIS MOTHER.

OCTOBER 2.

MY friend Charles is at length returned, my dear mamma. What was our joy at seeing him again. The moment of his return served as a signal for a feast. Without saying any thing to Mr. Grandison, the young boys of the village had erected, with the boughs of trees, a triumphal arch at the entrance of the avenue. The young girls, in their best attire, waited with baskets of flowers, which they strewed before him. It was by a cry of, Long live Charles Grandison, that his approach was first announced to us. We immediately ran to meet him, Mrs. Grandison leading the way. He threw himself out of the carriage into the arms of his parents. Mrs. Grandison pressed him to her heart, bathing him with her tears; and Mr. Grandison, as he embraced him, strove in vain to conceal his. As for Emily, her arms seemed fastened round his neck; and Edward, also, was much rejoiced: though the eldest, he seemed to look up to his brother with a kind of respect. But, mamma, I cannot

cannot deſcribe to you what I felt. I wept, I ſighed, as if I had been in trouble; whilſt my heart was filled with the moſt lively joy. Ah! when it came to my turn to embrace him, how cloſely did I hold him in my arms! I thought of you at the ſame time. Ah! ſaid I to myſelf, if I could but this moment carry my friend into the preſence of my mamma! The ſervants ran backward and forward, crying out with joy, They would have given the world to have embraced and kiſſed him as we did. No one was ever beloved like him; nor was any one ever ſo worthy of it. All the country-people came yeſterday evening, and danced under our windows; and to-night, there was a general illumination throughout the village.

Charles has received this morning the compliments of all the neighbouring nobility. What an honour at his age! But he is not rendered proud by it: on the contrary, he is more modeſt than before. Is not this the beſt proof in the world that he is worthy of his dignity?

Juſt as we were ſitting down to table, the old gardener (Matthews) came in: he is the huſband of Mrs. Grandiſon's nurſe. He lives about three miles off, on a penſion allowed him by Mr. Grandiſon, upon which he paſſes a happy old age. He advanced ſlowly on his crutches to pay his compliments. Charles ſaw him at the end of the avenue, and ran to meet him. He took him by the hand, and brought him to his mother. He made him ſit down to table next to himſelf. You ſee, mamma, that honours have not changed the nature of my friend. A young

page

page of honour makes an old gardener ſit by his ſide, and ſerves him all dinner-time! Not that I ſaw any thing ſo extraordinary in this, but I could perceive, that Edward was inwardly aſtoniſhed at it. I do not know how it is, ſaid he to his brother after dinner, but this viſit of Matthews ſeemed to give you more pleaſure than all the reſt. It is true, anſwered Charles: the words of this honeſt man are not made up of vain compliments; they come from the heart. He would not, at his age, have walked three miles on his crutches to congratulate me, if he had not been ſincerely rejoiced at my good fortune; and beſides, ought I not to love him who had the care of dear mamma's infancy? I am ſure, he loves her as if ſhe was his own daughter. Charles was in the right; for during the whole meal, I had my eyes fixed upon this good old man; and though he was in the gayeſt ſpirits, I could frequently obſerve his eyes filled with tears, when he turned them toward Mrs. Grandiſon. The worthy Matthews wiſhed to return home early, becauſe of the length of the walk; but in order to enjoy his company longer, Charles eaſily prevailed on his father to ſend him back in his carriage.

You may well imagine, my dear mamma, that I could not be witneſs to all theſe ſcenes, without figuring to myſelf the happy day on which I ſhall return to you. Alas! I ſhall have no place or dignities to bring back to you, but I ſhall at leaſt have done all in my power to bring you back a heart leſs unworthy of your affection. No illuminations will celebrate my return; but

ſhall ſee your eyes, and thoſe of my ſiſter, ſhine through their tears with all the brightneſs of joy. I ſhall receive no flattering compliments on the advancement of my fortune, but I ſhall receive from your mouth the words of love; I ſhall receive your kiſſes and careſſes. I do not envy my friend the favours beſtowed on him by the bounty of heaven: I feel, that he deſerves them better, than I. But when I ſee him in the arms of his mother, I aſk why am not I in thoſe of my dear mamma. I have nothing but you to love on earth, and I am far from you. You are all my riches, and I poſſeſs you not. Oh! mamma, my dear mamma? I muſt break off: I muſt not give myſelf up to theſe cruel reflections! I ſhould have ſtrength enough, perhaps, to ſupport them for myſelf alone, but not for you. It is not my own grief which I fear, it is your's. I ſhould not dread afflictions, were it not for the fear of afflicting you.

FINIS.